

THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER

*A TRANSLATION*

(with Greek Text)

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# HOMER'S ILIAD.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ν'.

Μάχη ἐπὶ ταῖς ναυσίν.

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρωάς τε καὶ Ἑκτορα νηυσὶ πελασσει  
τοὺς μὲν ἕα παρὰ τῇσι πόνον τ' ἐχέμεν καὶ οἰζὺν  
νωλεμέως, αὐτὸς δὲ πῶλιν τρέπεν ὅσσε φαεινῶ,  
νόσφιν ἐφ' ἱπποπόδων Θρηκῶν καθορώμενος αἶαν  
Μυσῶν τ' ἠδ' ἑκατόχων καὶ ἄγαυῶν Ἴππημολγῶν  
γλακτοφ' ἀγέων ἐβίων ἑκακαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων.  
ἐς Τροίην δ' οὐ πάμπαν ἐγὶ τρέπεν ἵπποπόδων  
οὐ γὰρ ὄγ' ἀθανάτων τιν' ἐέλπετο ἵπποπόδων  
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν ἢ Δαῖμοισιν.

Οὐδ' ἄλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·  
καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἦστο πτόλεμόν τε μάχην τε  
ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμου ὑληέσσης  
Θρηκίης· ἔνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἴδη,  
φαίνετο δὲ Πριήμοιο πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.  
ἐνθ' ἄρ' ὄγ' ἐξ ἀλὸς ἔξετ' ἰὼν, ἐλέαιρε δ' Ἀχαιῶν  
Τρῶσιν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμύνητο.

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Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσето παιπαλόνετος  
κραιπνὰ ποσὶ προβιβάς· ἔτρεμε δ' οὐρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη  
ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντο·  
τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἔκετο Πριήμοιο,  
Αἰγὰς, ἐνθα τέ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα βένθεσι λίμνῃς,  
χρύσεα μαρμαίρονται τετεύχεται, ἄφθιτα αἰεὶ.  
ἐνθ' ἐλθὼν ὑπ' ἑχέσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' Ἴππω,  
ὠκυπέτα, χρυστεύων ἐθείρησιν κομόωντε.

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## ILIAE XIII.

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WHEN midst Achaia's galleys all embroil'd  
 Zeus had advanced great Hector and his host,  
 There to their sufferings and unending toil  
 He left them, but aloof his shining eyes  
 Turn'd tow'rd the region of the horseman hordes  
 Of Thrace, the Musæ, in close conflict brave,  
 The Hippomolgi, justest of mankind,  
 Who drink mares' milk, nor know they other wealth :  
 Nor then turn'd his shining eyes to Troy ;  
 It enter'd not his heart that any God  
 Durst now attempt to help to either host.

But not for nought his watch Poseidon held,  
 The sovran Lord of Ocean ; on the peak  
 Loftiest o'er wooded Samothrace he sate  
 Brooding astonied o'er the dire affray ;  
 For thence all Ida stands in clear aspect,  
 And Priam's city, and Achaia's fleet :  
 There therefore he, ascending from the deep,  
 Took seat, and, as he gazed, wax'd wroth with Zeus,  
 Pitiful for Achaia's rout by Troy.  
 Now from the craggy hill he straight came down  
 Impetuous ; and the long hills and the woods  
 Quaked to the foot of an Immortal God.  
 Three strides he strode, the fourth he gain'd his goal,  
 Egæ ; where in the abysses of the deep  
 Glistening and incorruptible of gold  
 His glorious mansion stands : he enter'd in,  
 And to his chariot drew beneath the yoke.  
 Swift horses, hooved with brass and maned with gold,

χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροί· γέντο δ' ἰμάσθλην  
 χρυσεῖην εὐτυκτον, εἰοῦ δ' ἐπεβίησέτο δίφρου·  
 βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ'· ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ  
 πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, οὐδ' ἠγνοίησεν ἄνακτα·  
 γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δίστατο. τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο  
 ῥίμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων·  
 τὸν δ' ἐς Ἀχαιῶν νῆας εὐσκαρθμοὶ φέρον ἵπποι.

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Ἔστι δέ τι σπέος εὐρὺ βαθείης βένθεσι λίμνης,  
 μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἰμβρου παιπαλοέσσης·  
 ἐνθ' ἵππους ἔστ' τε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων  
 λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ  
 ἔδμεναι· ἀμφὶ δὲ σὶ πέδας Ἰθαλὲ χρυσείας,  
 ἀρρήκτους ἀλύτους, ὅφρ' ἔμπε· ἢ μέντοιεν  
 μοστήσαντα ἄνακτα· ὃ δ' ἐς στρῆνον ᾤχετ' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τρῶες δὲ φλογὶ ἰοῦσι πολλέες, ἥε θυέλλη,  
 Ἐκτορι Πριάμίδῃ ἀμοτον μεμαῶτες ἔποντο,  
 ἄβρομοι αὐίαχοι· ἔλποντο δὲ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 αἰρήσειν, κτενέειν δὲ παρ' αὐτόφιν πάντας ἀρίστους.

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Ἀλλὰ Ποσειδάων γαίηοχος ἐνοσίγαιος  
 Ἀργείους ᾠτρυνε, βαθείης ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐλθὼν,  
 εἰσάμενος Κάλχαιτι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·  
 Αἴαντε πρῶτω κρυσέφῃ, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτῷ·

“ Αἴαντε, σφὼ μὲν τε σαώσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἀλκῆς μνησάμενω, μηδὲ κρυεροῖο φόβοιο.  
 ἄλλη μὲν γὰρ ἔγωγ' οὐ δεΐδια χεῖρας ἀντιπύκνῃ  
 Τρώων, οἳ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν· ὅρ' ἄλλοι  
 ἔξουσιν γὰρ ἅπαντας εὐκνήμεδες Ἀχαιοί·  
 τῇ δὲ δὴ αἰνότατον περιδείδια μή τι πάθωμεν,  
 ἧ ῥ' ὄγ' ὁ λυσσώδης φλογὶ εἵκελος ἡγεμονεύει,  
 Ἐκτωρ, δὲ Διὸς εὐχετ' ἐρισθαιεὸς πάϊς εἶναι.  
 σφῶν δ' ὧδε θεῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ ποιήσῃεν,  
 αὐτῷ θ' ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς καὶ ἀνωγέμεν ἄλλους.”

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And with a golden goad, and clad in gold,  
 Drave forth upon the billows ; under whom  
 Gamboll'd the monsters of the deep, and flock'd  
 From all sides, not unknowing of their Lord ;  
 Ocean for gladness stood in sunder clov'n ;  
 Whilst lightly stepp'd the steeds, nor 'neath the car  
 The burnish'd axle moisten'd with the brine.

Thus tow'rd the fleet his courses bare the God.

Faisunken in the abysses of the deep,  
 'Twixt the steep Imbrian cliffs and Tenedos,  
 Lies low a spacious cavern ; there his steeds  
 Earth-shaking Poseidaon reining stay'd,  
 And loosed them from the yoke, and 'fore them threw  
 Ambrosial food, but clasp'd about their feet  
 Links of pure gold indissolubly bound,  
 There to await unmoved their Lord's return,  
 Who, thence ascending, mingled with the camp.

Dense in array, and forceful as a blast  
 Of fire or whirlwind, sateless of the war,  
 Loud and tumultuous, came the Trojan host,  
 Pressing upon the heels of Priam's Son ;  
 And now were hoping all the fleet destroy'd  
 And all the Achaians slaughter'd at their sterns ,  
 When He who shaketh in his clasp the earth  
 Uprose, and, taking image of the form ,  
 And voice of Calchas, quicken'd to the war  
 The Argive host ; and either Ajax first,  
 Themselves most fain for battle, thus address'd :

“ Ye, if to valour, not to chill dismay,  
 Ye turn your thoughts—ye two will save the host.  
 Elsewhere, albeit they swarm across the wall,  
 I dread not unwithstood the ranks of Troy ;  
 Elsewhere our mail'd warriors may suffice ;  
 But there I dread, some mortal hurt may hap,  
 Where Hector flamelike, in this fury's height,  
 Leads, and boasts loud his birth from mighty Zeus.  
 But let some God implant it in your hearts  
 Yourselves to stand, and give your followers cheer,

τῷ κε καὶ ἐσσύμενόν περ ἐρώσαιτ' ἀπὸ νηῶν  
ὠκυπτόρων, εἰ καὶ μιν Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἐγείρει."

Ἡ καὶ σκηπανίῳ γαιήοχος ἐνοσίγαιος  
ἀμφοτέρω κ' ὡπλὸς πλήσεν ἔνεος κρατεροῖο, 60  
γυῖα δ' εἰς ἄλκιφρὰ, πῖν' ἔτι χεῖρας ὑπερθεν.  
αὐτὸς δ', ὡς ἴ' ἔρηξ ὠκύπτιον ὠρτο πέτεσθαι,  
ὅς ῥά τ' ἀπ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης περιμήκεος ἀρθεῖς  
ὀρμήσῃ πεδίοιο διώκειν ὄρνεον ἄλλο,  
ὥς ἀπὸ τῶν ἤιξε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.  
τοῖιν δ' ἔγνω πρόσθεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,  
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντι προσέφη Τελαμώνιον υἱόν·

"Αἴαν, ἐπεὶ σὺ πῶι θεῶν, οἷ' Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν,  
μάντει εἰδόμενος κελεται παρὰ θεῶν μάχεσθαι—  
οὐδ' ὄγε Κάλχας ἐστὶ θεοπρόπος οἰωνιστής· 70  
ἔχνια γὰρ μετόπισθε ποδῶν ἡδὲ κνημῶν  
ῥεῖ' ἔγνωι, καὶ τοὺς ἀρ' ἄγνωτοι δὲ θεοὶ περ—  
καὶ δ' ἐμοὶ τίς ἐκ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισιν  
μᾶλλον ἐφορμᾶται πολέμιζεν ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι;  
μαιμῶωσι δ' ἔνερθε πόδες καὶ χεῖρες ὑπερθεν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·  
"οὕτω νῦν καὶ ἐμοὶ περὶ δούρατι χεῖρες ἄπτοι  
μαιμῶσιν, καὶ μοι μένος ὄρροε, νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν  
ἔσσυμαι ἀμφοτέροισι; μενοινῶ δὲ καὶ οἶος  
Ἐκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄριστον μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι." 80

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,  
χάρμῃ γηθόσυνοι, τὴν σφιν θεὸς ἔμβαλε θυμῷ·  
τόφρα δὲ τοὺς ὀπιθεν γαιήοχος ὤρσεν Ἀχαιοί·  
οἱ παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀνέψυχον φίλον ἦτορ.  
τῷ ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέῳ καμάτῳ φίλα γυῖα λένυντο,  
καὶ σφιν ἄχος κατὰ θυμὸν ἐγίγνετο ἔεργαμένοισιν  
Τρῶας, τοὶ μέγα τείχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὀμίλῳ.  
τοὺς οἳγ' εἰσορόωντες ὑπ' ὀφρύσι ὀακρυα λείβον·  
οὐ γὰρ ἔφην φεύξεσθαι ὑπέκ κακοῦ· ἀλλ' ἐνοσίχθων  
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος κρατερὰς ὥτρυνε φάλαγγας. 90  
Τεῦκρον ἔπι πρῶτον καὶ Λήϊτον ἦλθε κελεύων  
Πηνελέων θ' ἥρωα Θόαντά τε Διήπυρόν τε

Then, though the great Olympian flies him on,  
Ye yet may stave his onset off the ships."

The great Earth-shaker spoke, and with his staff  
Striking, fill'd either Ajax through the heart  
With spirit high, and made his limbs and  
Nimble and light, nor less his hands above  
Then sudden, as a swift-flying falcon starts  
Vanishing from his perch on some steep cliff  
To chase a quarry on the plain below,  
Ev'n thus Poseidon vanish'd from their ken.  
The fleetfoot Ajax, of Oileus son,  
First knew him, and address'd the other thus :

" Since, Ajax, some one of immortal Powers  
Hath bid us battle steadfast 'mongst our ships,—  
This was not Calchas : were prophet this ;  
The flashes of his feet, his armed skirts,  
As he departed, I beheld, and knew,  
For Gods are easy to discern from mortals,  
Therefore my heart beats buoyant with gladness,  
Yea, hand and foot are throbbing to the fray."

Whom the Trojan Ajax answer'd thus :  
" So too my fingers quiver round my spear  
More closely ; and my pulse beats high ; my foot  
Would bear me onward. Oh, to meet in fight  
Yon furious-hearted hero, hand to hand !"

So spoke they, each to other, in the glee  
Of battle, which the God had on them breathed.

Meantime the God bestirr'd the rearward chiefs,  
Who stood refreshing their brave hearts with rest  
Beside the galleys ; for their limbs were slack'd  
With dire fatigue, and pain was at their hearts,  
Seeing the Trojans pouring in dense swarm  
Across the trench : and to themselves they said  
From out this jeopardy was no escape ;  
Till Enosichthon, moving with all ease  
Amongst them, quicken'd every rank to war :  
To Teucer first and Leitus he call'd,  
Deïpyrus, the hero Penelops,  
Thoas, and those two lovers of the fray

Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μῆστωρας αὐτῆς·  
τοὺς ὄγ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Αἰδῶς, Ἀργεῖοι, κοῦροι νέοι· ὕμμιν ἔγωγε  
μαρναμένοισι πέποιθα σωσέμεναι νέας ἀμάς·  
εἰ δ' ὑμεῖς πολέμοιο μεθ' ἑλενγαλίοιο,  
νῦν δὴ εἴδεται ἡμαρ ὑπὸ τσι δαμῆναι.  
ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θάῤυμα τυο ὑφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρώμαι,  
δεινὸν, ὃ οὐποτ' ἔγωγε τελευτήσεσθαι ἔφασκον,  
Τρώας ἐφ' ἡμετέρας ἵεναι νέας, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ  
φυζακινήσ' ἐλάφοισιν ἐοίκεσαν, αἵτε καθ' ὕλην  
θώων παρδαλίων τε λύκων τ' ἥια πέλονται  
αὐτῶς ἡλάσκουσαι ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδ' ἐπὶ χάρμη·  
ὥς Τρώες τὸ πρὶν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν  
μῖμνυν οὐκ ἐθέλεσκον ἐναντίον, οὐδ' ἡβαιόν.  
νῦν δὲ ἐκὰς πόλιος κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νῆυσὶ μάχονται  
ἡγγεμόνος κακότητι μεθημοσύνησὶ τε λαῶν,  
οἳ κείνῳ ἐρίσαντες ἀμυνέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσιν  
νηῶν ὠκυπόρων, ἀλλὰ κτείνονται ἀν' αὐτάς.  
ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ καὶ πάμπαν ἐτήτυμον αἰτίος ἔστιν  
ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
οὔνεκ' ἀπητίμησε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα,  
ἡμέας γ' οὐπὼς ἔστι μεθιέμεναι πολέμοιο.  
ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θῦσσον· ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν,  
ὑμεῖς δ' οὐκέτι καλὰ μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς  
πάντες ἄριστοι ἔοντες ἀνὰ στρατόν. οὐδ' ἂν ἔγωγε  
ἀνδρὶ μαχησαίμην ὅστις πολέμοιο μεθείη  
λυγρὸς ἑών· ὑμῖν δὲ νεμεσσῶμαι περὶ κῆρι.  
ὦ πέπονες, τάχα δὴ τι κακὸν ποιήσετε μεῖζον  
τῇδε μεθημοσύνη· ἀλλ' ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε ἕκαστοι·  
αἰδῶ καὶ νέμεσιν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.  
“ Ἐκτωρ δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοῇν ἀγαθὸς πολεμίζει  
καρτερὸς, ἔρρηξεν δὲ πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχηα.”  
“Ὡς ῥα κελευτιῶν γαιήοχος ὤρσεν Ἀχαιοὺς.  
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἴαντας δοιοὺς ἴσταντο φάλαγγες  
καρτεραί, ἃς οὔτ' ἂν κεν Ἀρης ὀνόσαιτο μετελθὼν  
οὔτε κ' Ἀθηναίη λαοσσόος. οἳ γὰρ ἄριστοι  
κρινθέντες Τρώας τε καὶ Ἐκτορα δῖον ἔμιμνον,  
φράξαντες δόρυ δουρὶ, σάκος· σάκεϊ προθελύνον·

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Meriones, and bold Antilochus ;  
 These he invoked, and spoke his wingèd words  
 "For your own noble names, for honour's sake,  
 Princes, strive now your utmost ! Yea, for my  
 I trust for rescue of our ships and lives  
 And if ye falter in this fearful fight  
 Our hour hath come, to fall subdued by Troy.  
 Oh, what dire marvel these mine eyes behold,  
 A miracle I ne'er had said could hap,  
 The Trojans midst our galleys ! who of late  
 Show'd but as deer to leopards or to wolves  
 Stray in a forest, with no strength to fight,  
 Ev'n thus, some few hours since, they durst not bide  
 Achaia's charge—not one short moment's space ;  
 Yet now are battling on our swift black banks,  
 Far vanward from the city ! This the fault  
 Of our own king, and of our will's perforce,  
 That, wroth with him, we reek not of our lives  
 Nor of our galleys, but fall liever amid the foe,  
 Yet though in very sooth we lay this blame  
 On Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the King,  
 In that he outraged Peleus' blameless Son,  
 Not therefore should we slacken ; rather, haste  
 To purge us (as brave hearts do use) from fear.  
 In what vile fashion shrink ye from the fray,  
 Ye chieftains, ye, our noblest ! Were ye men  
 Who fought thus some poor laggard in the ranks  
 I were not chafed ; with you I wax not wroth.  
 Nay, friends, take heart ; for by this coward show  
 Ye make the ill but greater ; call to mind  
 Your honour, and your shame ; for, lo, the strife  
 Is at its hottest : Hector, Hector stands  
 Fierce at your ships, hath burst your gates and bars."

Thus speaking vast Poseidon cheer'd them on ;  
 Round either Ajax all in phalanx drew  
 Close-gather'd, such as Ares might not scorn,  
 Nor She who kindleth nations unto war ;  
 For there the best and bravest bode the charge  
 Of Hector and his host ; there spear to spear  
 And shield to shield, as rooted to the earth,

ἀσπίς ἄρ' ἀσπίδι' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνήρ·  
 ψαῦον δ' ἵππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισιν  
 νευόντων· ὥς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν·  
 ἔγχεα δ' ἐπτύσσοντο θρασειῶν ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 σείομεν· οἱ δ' ἰθὺς φρόνεον, μέμασαν δὲ μάχεσθαι.

Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ὁλλέες, ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἐκτωρ  
 ἀντικρὺ μεμαῶς, ὄλοοίτροχος ὥς ἀπὸ πέτρης,  
 ὄντε κατὰ στεφάνης ποταμὸς χειμάρροος ὥση,  
 ῥήξας ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης·  
 ὕψι δ' ἀναθρόσκων πέτεται, κτυπέει δὲ θ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ 140  
 ὕλη· ὁ δ' ἀσφαλῶς θέει ἔμπεδον, εἰς ἵκηται  
 ἰσόπεδον, τότε δ' οὔτι κυλινδεται ἐσσύμενός περ·  
 ὥς Ἐκτωρ εἴως μὲν ἀπείλει μέχρι θαλάσσης  
 ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 κτείνων· ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πυκινῆς ἐνέκυρσε φάλαγξιν,  
 στή ῥα μάλ' ἐγχιρμιφθεῖς. οἱ δ' ἀντίοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν,  
 νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγυίοισιν  
 ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμήχθη.  
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Τρῶεσσι γεγωνῶς·

“Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,  
 παρμένετ'· οὔτοι δηρὸν ἐμὲ σχήσουσιν Ἀχαιοί,  
 καὶ μᾶλα πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,  
 ἀλλ', ὁίω, χάσσονται ὑπ' ἔγχεος, εἰ ἔτεόν με  
 ὦρσε θεῶν ὄριστος, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης.” 150

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.  
 Δηϊφοβος δ' ἐν τοῖσι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει  
 Πριαμίδης, πρόσθεν δ' ἔχει ἀσπίδι καὶ ἵπτοσ' εἴσην,  
 κοῦφα ποσὶ προβιβὰς καὶ ὑπὸ πτερύγεσσιν ὑποδίδω.  
 Μηριόνης δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
 καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἴσην 160  
 ταυρεῖην· τῆς δ' οὔτι διήλασεν, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν  
 ἐν καυλῷ ἐάγη δαλιχὸν δόρυ· Δηϊφοβος δὲ  
 ἀσπίδα ταυρεῖην σχέθ' ἀπὸ ἑὸ· δέϊξε δὲ θυμῷ

Fencelike they rallied ; helm to helm they stood,  
 Buckler to buckler, man by man, upstay'd ;  
 Whose nodding plumes upon their glittering crests  
 Mingled, so dense they rallied, side by side,  
 Whose spears from straight up-hands upward shook,  
 Whose blood ran hot, whose hearts were set to fight.

On whom the Trojans push'd, and foremost charged  
 Hector, in onset, as some boulder huge,  
 Borne by a torrent o'er a cliff's sharp brow,  
 In winter, when the rains have rent the bonds  
 That held the monstrous mass upon the ledge,  
 Flies bounding down ; and loud the crash of woods  
 Beneath it ; but it falls apace, unhinder'd,  
 Unhinder'd, till it dashes on the plain,  
 Where, mangle all its force, it rolls no more ;  
 So for a season loud rang the noise of arms,  
 Ev'n to the sea, and to the towers of Troy,  
 To slaughter irresistible the onset ;  
 So ceased he, dash'd upon that serried square ;  
 For there Achæa's sons in bristling band  
 With front of sword and spear, brass-shod, brass-tipp'd,  
 Repell'd him from amongst them ; and he reel'd  
 Some paces in confusion back, and cried ;  
 " Stand, Trojans, Lycians ! Dardan men-at-arms,  
 Stand firm ; the enemy will not stay me long,  
 Though now they gather, like some tower, four-square ;  
 But soon shall turn, if Zeus inspires me true,  
 The Thunderer, Herè's Lord, of Gods supreme."  
 He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

From whom Deïphobus strode foremost forth,  
 With haughty heart advancing, Priam's son,  
 Lightly he moved, and held his orbèd shield  
 Before him, sheltering every stride he strode ;  
 Against him sent Meriones his spear,  
 And struck, nor err'd, full on the orbèd shield  
 Of tough bull-hide, but pierced not through ; the shaft  
 Dropp'd, broken at the splice ; Deïphobus  
 Held from himself his buckler out, in fear

ἔγχος Μηριόναο δαίφρονος· αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἦρως  
 ἄψ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο, χώσατο δ' αἰνῶς  
 ἀμφοτέρου, νίκης τε καὶ ἔγχεος, ὃ ξυνέεαξεν.  
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 οἰσόμενος δόρυ μακρὸν, ὃ οἱ κλισίῃφι λέλειπτο.

Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὁρώρει.

Τεύκρος δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,  
 Ἰμβριον αἰχμητὴν, πολυίππου Μέντορος υἱόν.  
 ναῖε δὲ Πήδαιον, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 κούρην δὲ Πριάμοιο νόθην ἔχε, Μηδεσικάστην·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἦλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,  
 ἄψ' εἰς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δ' ἰβρίσσειν,  
 ναῖε δὲ παρ Πριάμῳ· ὃ δὲ μιν τίμωρα τέκεσσιν.  
 τόν ῥ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ὑπ' οὔατος ἔγχει μακρῷ  
 νύξ', ἐκ δ' ἔσπασεν ἔγχος· ὃ δ' αὖτ' ἔπεσεν μελίῃ ὥς,  
 ἦτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇ ἔκαθεν περιφαινομένοιο  
 χαλκῷ ταμνομένη τέρενα χθονὶ φύλλῳ πεσέειν·  
 ὥς πέσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα τεύχεα χαλκῷ.  
 Τεύκρος δ' ὠρμήθη μεμαῶς ἀπὸ τεύχεα δῦσαι  
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ὀρμηθέντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.  
 ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠγλεύατο χιύλκεον ἔγχος  
 τυτθόν· ὃ δ' Ἀμφίμαχον, Κτεάτου υἱ' Ἀκτορίωνος,  
 μισσόμενον πόλεμόνδε κατὰ στήθος βάλε δουρί.  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.  
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ὠρμήθη κόρυθα κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν  
 κρατὸς ἀφαρπάξαι μεγάλητορος Ἀμφιμάχαιο·  
 Λῆας δ' ὀρμηθέντος ὀρέξατο δουρὶ φαεινῷ  
 Ἐκτορος· ἀλλ' οὔπη χροὺ εἴηατο, πᾶσι δ' ἄρα χαλκῷ  
 σμερδαλέῳ κεκάλυφθ'· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἀσπίδος ἐκφυγὸν οὔτα,  
 ὥσε δέ μιν σθένει μεγάλῳ· ὃ δὲ χάσσαι' ὀπίσσω  
 νεκρῶν ἀμφοτέρων, τοὺς δ' ἐξείρυσσαν Ἀχαιοί·  
 Ἀμφίμαχον μὲν ἄρα Στιχίλος δῖός τε Μενεσθεὺς,  
 ἱρχοὶ Ἀθηναίων, κόμισαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,

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The lance of brave Meniones would pierce ,  
 But back that hero drew him, chafed at heart  
 For either loss—the victory and the spear ;  
 And hasted through the ships and camp, to fetch  
 A second lance that lay within his tent ;  
 Whilst still, with loud uproar, the hosts fought on

First Teucer, son of Telamon, struck down  
 The warrior Imbrius, Mentor's wealthy son,  
 Who, ere the coming of Achaia's host,  
 Dwelt in Pedæus, but had wedded erst  
 A bastard daughter of the king, by name  
 Medesicasta ; wherefore, when the fleet  
 Arrived at Ilion, he return'd, and  
 With Priam, honour'd him, as he was  
 His own dear son, and named throughout the host.  
 Him 'neath the ear the son of Telamon  
 Pierced with long lance, and drew the blood thick.  
 He fell, as falls an ash, by brazen axe  
 Hewn, on the brow of mountain far-beheld,  
 And levelling to the earth its tender leaves ;  
 So he ; and his enamell'd mail clash'd loud.  
 On whom sprang Teucer, eager for the spoil ;  
 But Hector then in turn at Teucer threw ;  
 Who saw, and by strait space the javelin shunn'd ;  
 Which, falling on Amphimachus, the son  
 Of Cteätus Actorion, went driven  
 By his own forward onset through the chest ;  
 He dropp'd ; and loudly on him clash'd the arms  
 Then Hector forward sprang to seize the helm  
 Spoil off the temples of Amphimachus ;  
 But Ajax saw, and struck with gleaming lance,  
 And, though he might not touch him to the skin  
 (Shelter'd from head to foot in brazen mail),  
 Yet on the buckler's boss impinged so full,  
 It dash'd him back perforce, who rearward reel'd  
 From either corse, and either corse was won :  
 Amphimachus the two Athenian chiefs,  
 Divine Menestheus and brave Stychius,  
 Bare from the battle to Achaia's ships :

Ἰμβριον αὖτ' Αἴαντε, μεμαότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς.  
 ὥστε δὴ αἶγα λέοντε κυνῶν ὑπο καρχαροδόντων  
 ἀρπάξαντε φέρητον ἀνὰ ῥωπήια πυκνὰ,  
 ὑψοῦ ὑπὲρ γαίης μετὰ γαμφηλῆσι ἔχοντε,  
 ὥς ῥα τὸν ὑψοῦ ἔχοντε δύνω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ  
 τεύχεα συλήτην· κεφαλὴν δ' ἀπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς  
 κόψεν Ὀϊλιάδης, κεχολωμένος Ἀμφιμάχοιο,  
 ἦκε δέ μιν σφαιρηδὸν ἐλιζάμενος δι' ὀμίλου.  
 Ἔκτορι δὲ προπάρειθε ποδῶν πέσεν ἐν κονίῃσιν.

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Καὶ τότε δὴ περὶ κῆρι Ποσειδάων ἐχολώθη  
 υἱόνοιο πεσόντος ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτήτι,  
 βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 Ἰδομενεὺς Δαναοὺς, Τρώεσσι δὲ κῆδε' ἔτευχεν  
 Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα οἱ δουρικλυτὸς ἀντεβόλησεν,  
 Ἰδομενεὺς παρ' ἑταίρων, ὃ οἱ νέον ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 ἦλθε, κατ' ἰγνύην βεβλήμενος ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ.  
 τὸν μὲν ἑταῖροι ἔνεικαν, ὃ δ' ἰητροῖς ἐπιτείλας  
 ἦεν ἐς κλισίην· ἔτι γὰρ πολέμοιο μενοῖχα  
 ἀντιάαν. τὸν δὲ προσέφη κρείων ἑνοσίχθων,  
 εἰσάμενος φθογγὴν Ἀνδραίμονος υἱὶ Θόαντι,  
 ὃς πάσῃ Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι  
 Λιτωλοῖσιν ἄνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὥς τίετο δῆμῳ·

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“Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαὶ  
 οἴχονται, τὰς Τρωσὶν ἀπείλεον υἱες Ἀχαιῶν;”

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὼς, ἀντίον ἤνδα·  
 “ὦ Θόαν, οὔτις ἀνὴρ νῦν γ' αἷτιος, ὅσσον ἔγωγε  
 γυγνώσκω· πάντες γὰρ ἐπιστάμεθα πτολεμίζειν.  
 οὔτε τινὰ δέος ἴσχει ἀκῆριον οὔτε τις ὄκνῳ  
 εἰκῶν ἀνδύεται πόλεμον κακόν· ἀλλὰ που οὕτως  
 μέλλει δὴ φίλον εἶναι ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίωνι,  
 νωνύμους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 ἀλλὰ, Θόαν, καὶ γὰρ τὸ πάρος μενεδήιος ἦσθα,  
 ὁτρύνεις δὲ καὶ ἄλλον, ὅθι μεθιέντα ἴδῃαι·

But keen on Imbrius either Ajax sprang ;  
 And as two lions carry off a goat  
 From jag-tooth'd hounds, and through thick underwood,  
 Well lifted 'twixt their jaws above the ground,  
 Bear it ; so those two helms and chiefs upbore  
 The body high, and strip it of its arms  
 Off which, for vengeance of Amphimachus,  
 Wiathful, the fleetfoot Ajax shore the head,  
 And sent it, ball-like, whirling through the throng,  
 Till in the dust it dropp'd at Hector's feet.

But when Poseidon saw Amphimachus,  
 His son's son, fall, he wax'd in wrath as straight  
 'Gan range throughout Achaia's canoes and fleet,  
 Quickening the Danaans working woe to Troy.  
 Whose path the brave Menelaus first cross'd,  
 Leaving a comrade, whom a sharp-tipp'd spear  
 Had wounded through the elbow and his arm  
 Had carried from the fray : Idomeneus  
 Had giv'n the leeches charge, and left the tent,  
 Hastening, with spirit yearning to the war,  
 When with a voice as of Andraemon's son,  
 Thoas, Aitolia's chieftain (he the king  
 Of Pleuron and the woods of Calydon,  
 And honour'd by his people like some God),  
 The sovran Lord of Ocean spoke, and said :

“Thou Counsellor and crown'd King of Crete !  
 Idomeneus ! where now the windy threats  
 Achaia's sons so oft would vent on Troy ?”

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :  
 “So far as I have knowledge, not to man,  
 Thoas, this blame belongs ; we know the arts  
 Of war ; faint hearted fear holds none away ;  
 Nor any in the battle yields to sloth.  
 My fear is, peradventure it seems good  
 To Kronos' Son supreme, that all the host  
 Should perish far from Argos nameless here.  
 But, Thoas—since of old thou ever lov'dst  
 The battle, and to chide whom else so'er  
 Thou sawest slack—oh ! judge not from thy wont,

τῷ νῦν μήτ' ἀπόληγε κέλευέ τε φωτὶ ἐκάστω·"

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Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·  
 "Ἴδομενεῦ, μὴ κείνος ἀνὴρ ἔτι νοστήσειεν  
 ἐκ Τροίης, ἀλλ' αὖθι κυνῶν μέληθηρα γένοιτο,  
 ὅστις ἐπ' ἡμάτι τῷδε ἐκὼν μᾶθήσι μάχεσθαι.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε τεύχεα δεῦρο λαβὼν ἴθι· ταῦτα δ' ἅμα χρὴ  
 σπεύδειν, αἶ κ' ὄφελός τι γενώμεθα καὶ δὴ ἔόντε.  
 συμφερετὴ δ' ἄρετὴ πέλει ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν·  
 νῶι δὲ καὶ κ' ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐπισταίμεσθα μάχεσθαι."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἅμ' πόνον ἀνδρῶν·

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Ἴδομενεὺς δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην εὐτυκτον ἴκανε,  
 δύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ περὶ χροὶ γέγυτο δὲ δοῦρε,  
 βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἀστεροπῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἦν τε Κρονίων  
 χεὶρὶ λαβὼν ἐτίναξεν ἀπ' αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,  
 δεικνὺς σῆμα βρότοισιν· ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαί·  
 ὥς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θεόντος.  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ θεράπων εὖς ἀντεβόλησεν  
 ἐγγὺς ἔτι κλισίης· μετὰ γὰρ δόρυ χάλκεον ἦει  
 οἰσόμενος· τὸν δὲ προσέφη σθένης Ἴδομενεὺς·

"Μηριόνη, Μόλου νῆε, πόδας ταχὺν, φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,  
 τίπτ' ἦλθες πόλεμόν τε λιπὼν καὶ δηϊότητα ;

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ἢ τί βέβληται, βέλεος δέ σε τείρει ἀκωκή,  
 ἢ τέυ ἀγγελίης μετ' ἐμ' ἦλυθες ; οὐδέ τοι αὐτὸς  
 ῥῆσθαι ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λιλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἦ᾽δα  
 "Ἴδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουλευφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,  
 ἔρχομαι, εἴ τί τοι ἔγχος ἐμὲ κλισίῃσι λείλειπται,  
 οἰσόμενος· τό νυ γὰρ κατεάξαμεν, ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκον,  
 ἀσπίδα Δηϊφόβοιο βαλὼν ὑπερηνόρεόντος."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἴδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ἦ᾽δα.  
 "δούρατα δ', αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, καὶ ἐν καὶ εἴκοσι δῆεις  
 ἔσταότ' ἐν κλισίῃ πρὸς ἐνώπιον παμφανόωντα,

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Change not thyself, and cheer all others on."

To whom earth-shaking Poseidaion then :  
" Idomeneus ! may ne'er that man return  
Alive from battle home, but fall the food  
Of dogs and vultures, who shows wilful-slack  
This day against the Trojans. „ Haste, fetch forth  
Thy arms, and come ; together let us go ;  
Two men together, we may well work good ;  
Strength is in union, though of meaner men ;  
And we avail to battle with the best."

So ceased the God, and through the moil pass'd on.

But when Idomeneus had gain'd his tent,  
He girt his form in mail, and took two spears,  
And, issuing forth, appear'd, as levin bolt  
Grasp'd by Kioneion on the glittering height  
Of steep Olympus, and thence hurl'd a sign  
To mortal men, who watch the flash afar ;  
Thus shining in his brazen mail he show'd.

Whose path Meriones, his follower brave,  
Cross'd near the tent, whither he made his way  
To fetch a second spear ; to whom the might  
Of old Idomeneus began address :

" Dearest of all my comrades, quick of foot  
And strong of hand, my own Meriones !  
Why com'st thou thus and leav'st the deadly fray ?  
Hast thou a wound ? and wears the dart thy strength ?  
Or com'st thou on some errand unto me ?  
But I not more desire than thou to wait  
Longer among the galleys, but to war."

And thus Meriones replied discreet :  
" Sage guardian of the mail'd Cretan host,  
Idomeneus ! If thou hast haply left  
A spear within thy tent, I come to seek ;  
For that which late I held I lost but now,  
Snapp'd on the shield of haught Deïphobus."

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :  
" One spear or twenty, if thou list, thou'lt find,  
Standing against the side that fronts the light

Τρώϊα, τὰ κταμένων ἀποαίνυμαι. οὐ γὰρ οἶω  
 ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων ἐκὰς ἰστάμενος πολεμίζειν.  
 τῷ μοι δούρατά τ' ἔστι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι,  
 καὶ κόρυθες καὶ θώρηκες λαμπρὸν γανῶνυτες."

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἤῤα·  
 "καὶ τοι ἐμοὶ παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ  
 πόλλ' ἔναρα Τρώων· ἀλλ' οὐ σχεδὸν ἔστιν ἐλέσθαι.  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐμέ φημι λελασμένον ἔμμεναι ἀλκῆς,  
 ἀλλὰ μετὰ πρῶτοισι μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν 270  
 ἵσταμαι, ὅππότε νεῖκος ὀρώρηται πολέμοιο.  
 ἄλλον πού τινα μᾶλλον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτῶνων  
 λήθω μαρνάμενος, σὲ δὲ ἴδμεναι αὐτὸν οἶω."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ἤῤα·  
 "οἶδ' ἀρετὴν οἴός ἐσσι· τί σε χρὴ ταῦτα λέγεσθαι ;  
 εἰ γὰρ νῦν παρὰ νηυσὶ λεγοίμεθα πάντες ἄριστοι  
 ἐς λόχον, ἔνθα μάλιστ' ἀρετὴ διαείδεται ἀνδρῶν,  
 ἔνθ' ὃ τε δειλὸς ἀνὴρ, ὅς τ' ἄλκιμος, ἐξεφάνθη—  
 τοῦ μὲν γάρ τε κακοῦ τρέπεται χρῶς ἀλλυδὶς ἄλλη,  
 οὐδέ οἱ ἀτρέμας ἦσθαι ἐρτυέτ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς 280  
 ἀλλὰ μετοκλάζει καὶ ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρους πόδας ἵζει,  
 ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίῃ μεγάλα στέρνοισι πατάσσει  
 κῆρας οἰομένῳ, πάταγος δέ τε γίγνεται ὀδόντων·  
 τοῦ δ' ἀγαθοῦ οὔτ' ἄρ τρέπεται χρῶς οὔτε τι λίην  
 ταρβεῖ, ἐπὴν δὴ πρῶτον ἐσίζηται λόχον ἀνδρῶν,  
 ἀράται δὲ τάχιστα μυγήμεναι ἐν δαΐ λυγρῇ—  
 οὐδέ κεν ἔνθα τεόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ὄνοιτο. •  
 εἴπερ γάρ κε βλεῖο πονεύμενος ἢ τυπέλης,  
 οὐκ ἂν ἐν αὐχέν' ὀπισθε πέσοι βέλος οὐδ' ἐνὶ νώτῳ,  
 ἀλλὰ κεν ἢ στέρνων ἢ νηδύος ἀντιάσειεν 290  
 πρόσσω ἱεμένοιο μετὰ προμάχων ὀαρίστύν.  
 ἄλλ' ἄγε, μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὥς  
 ἔσταότες, μή πού τις ὑπερφιάλως νεμεσῇσῃ·  
 ἀλλὰ σύγ γε κλισίηνδε κιῶν ἔλεῦ ὄβριμον ἔρχος."

Ὡς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θεοῖς ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηϊ

Within my tent—the trophies oft I win  
From vanquish'd Trojans ; not of those am I  
Who battle at safe distance from their foes :  
And therefore spears have I, and bright-boss'd shields,  
Helmets and corslets laughing in the sun."

And thus Meiones repli'd discreet .  
" In my tent also and aboard my ship  
Such spoil in plenty lies, but far to fetch.  
For I too am not mindless of brave deed ;  
But ever is my station in the front,  
There, where is glory to a man, in fight,  
At the first sound of onset ringing loud.  
Others perchance throughout this mail'd host  
Perceive not, but, I ween, thou know'st this well."

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :  
" I know thy valour, what thou art ; no need  
For thee to tell the tale ; for were we all,  
The bravest of the host aboard the fleet,  
Gather'd within an ambush, where of men  
The stuff is best discern'd—for there most clear  
Craven and hero show their several minds :  
The coward's colour comes and goes apace,  
Nor will his heart allow him to sit firm ;  
He shifts his limbs, and crouches on his hams,  
The pulses of his heart beat fast and loud,  
And his teeth chatter, for he dreads the Fates :  
But let the brave man once take seat therein,  
Nor his cheeks change, nor fears he overmuch ;  
Soon to be up and doing, all his prayer :—  
So, wert thou then amongst us, well I wot  
None could deem lightly of thy heart or arm.  
And, if a sword should strike thee, or a spear,  
Not on the nape nor on the back it falls,  
But on the breast and in an onward charge  
Meets thee a champion constant to the van.  
But haste, nor let us prate, like children, more,  
Lest peradventure we provoke reproach ;  
Quick to the tent, and fetch a second spear."

He spoke ; the other, Ares-like in arms,

καρπαλίμως κλισίηθεν ἀνείλετο χάλκεον ἔγχος,  
 βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἴδομενεῖα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.  
 οἷος δὲ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης πόλεμόνδε μέτεισιν,  
 τῷ δὲ Φόβος φίλος υἱὸς ἅμα κρατερὸς καὶ ἀταρβὴς  
 ἔσπετο, ὅστ' ἐφόβησε ταλάφρονά περ πολεμιστήν·  
 τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκ Θρήκης Ἐφύρουσ μέτα θωρήσσεσθον,  
 ἡὲ μετὰ Φλεγύας μεγαλήτορας· οὐδ' ἄρα τώγε  
 ἔκλυον ἀμφοτέρων, ἑτέροισι δὲ κῦδος ἔδωκαν·  
 τοῖοι Μηριόνης τε καὶ Ἴδομενεὺς, ἀγοὶ ἀνδρῶν,  
 ἦισαν ἐς πόλεμον κεκορυθμένοι αἶθοπι χαλκῷ.  
 τὸν καὶ Μηριόνης πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

300

“Δευκαλίδη, πῆ τ' ἄρ μέμονας καταδῦναι ὄμιλον ;  
 ἢ ἐπὶ δεξιόφιν παντὸς στρατοῦ, ἢ ἀνὰ μέσσοις,  
 ἢ ἐπ' ἀριστερόφιν ; ἐπεὶ οὐ ποθι ἔλπομαι οὕτως  
 δεύεσθαι πολέμοιο κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς.”

310

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἴδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὸς, ἀντίον ἠΐδα·  
 “νηυσὶ μὲν ἐν μέσσησιν ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἄλλοι,  
 Αἶαντές τε δὴ Τεϋκρός θ', ὃς ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν  
 τοξοσύνη, ἀγαθὸς δὲ καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ·  
 οἳ μιν ἄδην ἐλώωσι καὶ ἐσσύμενον πολέμοιο,  
 “Ἐκτορα Πριαμίδην, καὶ εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν.  
 αἰπὺ οἱ ἐσσεῖται, μάλα περ μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι,  
 κείνων νικήσαντι μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους  
 νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε Κρονίων  
 ἐμβάλοι αἰθόμενον δαλὸν νήεσσι θοῇσιν.  
 ἀνδρὶ δέ κ' οὐκ εἴξειε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
 ὃς θνητὸς τ' εἴη καὶ ἔδοι Δημήτερος ἀκτὴν,  
 χαλκῷ τε ῥηκτὸς μεγάλοισι τε χερμαδίοισιν.  
 οὐδ' ἂν Ἀχιλλεῖ ῥηξήνορι χωρήσειεν·  
 ἐν γ' αὐτοσταδίῃ· ποσὶ δ' οὕπως ἐστὶν ἐρίζειν.  
 νῶϊν δ' ὧδ' ἐπ' ἀριστερ' ἔχε στρατοῦ, ὅφρα τάχιστα  
 εἴδομεν ἡέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν ἡέ τις ἡμῖν.”

320

“Ὡς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῶ Ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηῖ

Quick from the tent brought forth a brazen lance  
And follow'd, eager to the work of war.  
Such as to battle murderous Ares moves,  
And in his steps Terror, his son beloved,  
Fierce, fearless, on whose face no wight of earth,  
Be he the bravest born, may look unscared :  
From Thrace to aid the Ephyrî they come,  
Or for the valiant Phleggyans, girt in arms ;  
But hearken not the prayers of both brave hosts,  
And will the victory to which they list ;  
Such seem'd those chieftains moving to the war,  
Idomeneus, and bold Meriones,  
Array'd in flashing harness, head to foot.  
Of whom Meriones began address :

“ Where wouldst thou, noble Son of Deucalus,  
Mix with the throng ? Amongst the midmost ranks ?  
On the right wing ? or on the left array ?  
To me appeareth no such pressing need  
Elsewhere throughout the host as on the left.”

To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus :  
“ And with the central ships are those at hand  
Who well may save them ; either Ajax there,  
And Teucer, best of bowmen in the host,  
Nor in close combat less good man-at-arms :  
How keen and strong soc'er be Priam's Son,  
These will suffice to glut him with the war,  
And, let his ardour be whate'er it may,  
Their mighty strength he will not bring so low  
As burning of our galleys—so but Zeus  
Cast not himself the flaming brand amongst them.  
To none of mortal race, to none who eat  
The fruits of earth, to none whom spear can pierce,  
Or sword can wound, or monstrous stone can crush,  
Will Telamonian-Ajax yield in arms :  
Not ev'n before the great Destroyer of men  
Achilles need he yield in standing fight,  
Though none may vie with him for speed of foot.  
Then let us to the left, and learn, if there  
We conquer, or bestow, renown this day.”

He spoke, and led the way, Meriones,

ἦρχ' ἵμεν, ὅφρ' ἀφίκοντο κατὰ στρατὸν, ἧ μιν ἀνώγει.

Οἱ δ' ὥς Ἰδομενεῖα ἴδον φλογὶ ἐκκελον ἀλκὴν, 330  
 αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν,  
 κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἔπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν.  
 τῶν δ' ὁμὸν ἵστατο νείκος ἐπὶ πρύμνησι νέεσσιν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ λυγέων ἀνέμων σπέρχωνσιν ἄλλαι  
 ἡματι τῷ ὅτε πλείστη κόνις ἀμφὶ κελεύθους,  
 οὔτ' ἄμυδις κούρης μεγάλην ἱστάσιν ὁμίχλην,  
 ὥς ἄρα τῶν ὁμός' ἦλθε μάχη, μέμασαν δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
 ἀλλήλους καθ' ὅμιλον ἐναιρέμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.  
 ἔφριξεν δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος ἐγχείησιν  
 μακρῆς, ἣς εἶχον ταμεσίχροας· ὅσσε δ' ἄμερδεν 340  
 αὖγῃ χαλκεὴ κορύθων ἀπο λαμπομενάων  
 θωρήκων τε νεοσμήκτων σακέων τε φαεινῶν.  
 ἐρχομένων ἄμυδις. μάλα κεν θρασυκάρδιος εἴη,  
 ὅς τότε γηθήσειεν ἰδὼν πόνον οὐδ' ἀκάχαίτο.

Τὼ δ' ἀμφὶς φρονέοντε δύνω Κρόνου νῆε κραταιῶν  
 ἀνδράσιν ἠρώεσσιν ἐτεύχετον ἄλγεα λυγρά.  
 Ζεὺς μὲν ἄρα Τρώεσσι καὶ Ἑκτορι βούλετο νίκην,  
 κυδαίνων Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδ' ὄγε πάμπαν  
 ἠθέλε λαὸν ὀλέσθαι Ἀχαιῶκόν Ἰλιόθι πρὸς,  
 ἀλλὰ Θέτιν κύδαινε καὶ νιέα καρτερόθυμον. 350  
 Ἀργεῖους δὲ Ποσειδάων ὀρόθυνε μετελθών,  
 λάθρῃ ὑπεξαναδὺς πολιῆς ἀλός· ἤχθετο γάρ ῥα  
 Τρῶσιν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐγχεμέσσα.  
 ἧ μὰν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμὸν γένος ἦδ' ἰα πᾶτρη,  
 ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος γεγόνει καὶ πλείονα ἦδη.  
 τῷ ῥα καὶ ἀμφοδίην μὲν ἀλεξέμεναι ἀλέεινεν,  
 λάθρῃ δ' αἰὲν ἔγειρε κατὰ στρατὸν, ἀνδρὶ ἱοικώς.  
 τοὶ δ' ἐρίδος κρατέρῃς καὶ ὁμοῦ πολέμοιο

The peer of murderous Ares, following close,  
Till both had gain'd the side whereto he bade.  
The foe beheld him flamelike in his march,  
Him and his follower in their dædal arms,  
And shouting through their throng bore down upon him,  
Till at the galleys' sterns the fight was stay'd. -

As when before the stress of whistling winds  
The dust-storms gather, on a day when dust  
Lies thickest on the paths, in one huge cloud  
They rear it up, dense-gather'd ; so their ranks  
Closed ; and their hearts throbb'd furious through their  
thrang,  
Each with sharp steel the other to destroy.  
Bristled with spears erect from slaughterous hands  
The deadly battle ; and the eye was dazed  
With the bright brazen gleam of radiant helms,  
White-polish'd corslets, and far-glittering shields,  
Thronging together ; dauntless were the man, -  
And iron-hearted, who could gaze and joy  
Without compassion o'er that deadly stowre.

For now with diverse will the two great Sons  
Of father Kronos shower'd most sore distress  
Upon those heroes' heads to either side.  
Zeus for the glory of Achilles will'd  
To Hector all the victory of this day,  
Yet doom'd not that Achaia's host should fall  
In Ilion's leaguer utterly destroy'd,  
But did this grace to Thetis and her son.  
Wherefore most vehemently wroth 'gainst Zeus,  
Grudging that slaughter to the arms of Troy,  
Poseidon, mounting from the hoary deep,  
Unseen, and mingling with the Argive host  
In secret guise, bastirr'd them to the war.  
Both of the selfsame stock and father came,  
But Zeus the wiser and the elder-born ;  
Therefore the other shunn'd to give his aid  
In open day, but secret moved, and guised  
In form of mortal, kindling to the fray.  
And long those two, with strength alternate, strain'd

πεῖραρ ἐπαλλάξαντες ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάνυσσαν,  
ἄρρηκτόν τ' ἄλυτόν τε, τὸ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.

360

Ἐνθα, μεσαιπόλιός περ ἐὼν, Δαναοῖσι κελεύσας  
Ἰδομενεὺς Τρώεσσι μετάλμνος ἐν φόβον ὤρσεν.  
πέφνε γὰρ Ὀθρυονῆα Καβησόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα,  
ὅς ῥα νέον πολέμοιο μετὰ κλέος εἰληλούθει,  
ἥττε δὲ Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,  
Κασσάνδρην, ἀνάεδνον, ὑπέσχετο δὲ μέγα ἔργον,  
ἐκ Τροίης ἀέκοντας ἀπώσέμεν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν.  
τῷ δ' ὁ γέρων Πριάμος ὑπὸ τ' ἔσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν  
δωσέμεναι· ὁ δὲ μάρναθ', ὑποσχέσῃσι πιθήσας.  
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
καὶ βάλεν ὕψι βιβάντα τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ  
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξεν.  
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο φώνησέν τε·

370

“Ὀθρυονεῦ, περὶ δὴ σε βροτῶν αἰνίζομ' ἀπάντων,  
εἰ ἔτεόν δὴ πάντα τελευτήσεις ὅς' ὑπέστης  
Δαρδανίδῃ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δ' ὑπέσχετο θυγατέρα ἦν.  
καὶ κέ τοι ἡμεῖς ταῦτά γ' ὑποσχόμενοι τελέσαιμεν,  
δοῖμεν δ' Ἀτρεΐδαο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,  
Ἄργεος ἐξαγαγόντες, ὀπυιέμεν, εἴ κε σὺν ἄμμιν  
Ἴλίου ἐκπέρσῃς εὐναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.  
ἀλλ' ἔπει, ὄφρ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ συνώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν  
ἀμφὶ γάμφῳ, ἐπεὶ οὗτοι ἔεδνωται κακοὶ εἰμέν.”

380

Ὡς εἰπὼν ποδὸς ἔλκε κατὰ κρατερῇν ὑσμίνην  
ἥρως Ἰδομενεύς. τῷ δ' Ἀσῖος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ  
πεξὸς πρόσθ' ἵππων· τῷ δὲ πνεύοντε κατ' ὤμων  
αἶν ἐχ' ἡνίοχος θεράπων· ὁ δὲ ἔετο θυμῷ  
Ἰδομενῆα βαλεῖν· ὁ δέ μιν φθάμενος βάλε δουρὶ



At either end drawn even 'twixt the hosts  
A cord, insoluble, inviolate,  
Of endless battle, laying many low.

Calling upon his men, Idomeneus  
Sprang first, and though his hair was grey-beſprent,  
Made fear amongst the Trojans, striking down  
Othryoneus, who dwelt in Priam's house,  
But from Cablesus late had come, to seek  
Glory in war, and ask'd in wedlock there  
The fairest of the daughters of the king,  
Cassandra ; nor made proffer of a dower,  
But of a doughty deed, to drive in arms  
Achaia's leaguer, force-perforce, from 'Troy ;  
And brave he fought for hope of that fair prize.  
But at him famed Idomeneus now aim'd  
His shining spear, nor err'd, but, as he stalk'd  
With haughty step, struck down ; nor then avail'd  
The brazen corslet, his long-wonted guard,  
But, through the navel pierc'd, he fell ; his arms  
Clash'd loud ; and, o'er him vaunting, thus his foe :

“ Myself, Othryoneus, will cry thy name  
Above all mortals else, if thou fulfil  
Thy pact with Dardan Priam—all thou then  
Vauntedst, but he betroth'd his own dear child ;  
Nay, take this surer promise now from us :  
To 'Troy from Argos we will vow to bring  
The fairest of the house of Atreus' Son  
To wed with thee, if thou with us wilt join  
In battle for the fall of Ilion's towers.  
Arise then, follow to our swift black barks,  
There to debate this marriage and the terms ;  
Thou wilt not have her from our hands ill-dower'd.”

Speaking, the hero trail'd him by the foot  
Along the battle-line ; but tow'rd him came  
For vengeance, moving in his chariot's front,  
Asius, to whom his driver held his steeds  
Close, that their breath was hot upon his back :  
And keen his heart against Idomeneus ;  
Who yet forstall'd him piercing in the throat

λαιμόν ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσευ.

ἤριπε δ' ὥς ὅτε τις δρύς ἤριπεν, ἣ ἀχερωὶς,

ἣε πίτυς βλωθρῇ, τήντ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες 390

ἔξεταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήιον εἶναι·

ὥς ὁ πρόσθ' ἔππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο ταυνοσθεῖς,

βεβρυχῶς, κόνιος δεδραγμένον αἵματοέσσης.

ἐκ δέ οἱ ἡνίοχος πλήγη φρένας, ἅς πάρος εἶχεν·

οὐδ' ὄγ' ἐτόλμησεν, δηῖον ὑπὸ χεῖρας ἀλύξας,

ἅψ' ἔππους στρέψαι, τὸν δ' Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης

δουρὶ μέσον περόνησε τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ

χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξεν.

αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου,

ἔππους δ' Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱός, 400

ἔξელασε Τρώων μετ' ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς.

Δηϊφοβος δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἤλυθεν Ἰδομενῆος,

Ἀσίου ἀχνύμενος, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος

Ἰδομενεύς· κρύφθη γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσπίδι πάντοσ' εἴσῃ,

τὴν ἄρ' ὅγε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν καὶ νώροπι χαλκῷ

δινωτὴν φορέεσκε, δύω κανόνεσσ' ἀραρυῖαν·

τῇ ὑπο πᾶς ἐάλη, τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,

καρφαλέον δέ οἱ ἀσπὶς ἐπιθρέξαντος αὔσεν

ἔγχος· οὐδ' ἄλιόν ῥα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκεν, 410

ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' Ἴππασίδην Ἑψήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,

ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἴθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.

Δηϊφοβος δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν αὖσας·

“Οὐ μὰν αὐτ' ἄτιτος κεῖτ' Ἀσῖος, ἀλλὰ ἔφημι  
εἰς Ἀϊδὸς περ ἰόντα πυλάρταο κρατεροῖο  
γηθήσειν κατὰ θυμὸν, ἐπεὶ ρά οἱ ὥπασα πομπόν.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο,  
Ἀντιλόχῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαίφρουι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·  
ἀλλ' οὐδ', ἀχνύμενός περ, ἐοῦ ἀμέλησεν ἐταίρου,  
ἀλλὰ θέων περὶ βῆ καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν. 420  
τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ' ὑποδύντε δύω ἐρήρηες ἐταῖροι,

Under the chin, and drave the point right through.  
He fell, as falls an ash, or poplar pale,  
Or tallgown pine, upon the mountains hewn  
By woodman, to be shaped some vessel's plank ;  
So he, before his steeds and chariot strewn,  
Groaning his last, in dust and blood lay soil'd :  
Whose driver, all aghast, lost such poor wit  
As erst he had, nor found the heart to turn  
His steeds to flight, or from his foes escape,  
But fell, hard stricken by Antilochus,  
Pierced through the middle ; nor the corslet 'vail'd  
To save, but through the belly pass'd the spear ;  
Gasp'g, from off the well-wrought car he dropp'd ,  
And noble Nestor's son Antilochus  
Exultant drave those horses to the fleet.

Much moved for Asius' sake, Deiphobus  
Drew very nigh to brave Idomeneus,  
And hurl'd a shining spear ; Idomeneus  
Saw and escaped it, crouching, all conceal'd  
Behind the orb'd-buckler that he bare,  
Compact of tough bullhides and flashing brass,  
Rounded, and wielded by two rods within ;  
Behind this close he gather'd all his form,  
And o'er it flew the brazen lance ; yet dry  
The buckler rang, as o'er its edge the spear  
Pass'd, grating ; nor in vain the shaft was sped,  
But struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasus,  
A chieftain of the people, through the heart,  
And loosed the limbs beneath him ; whereupon  
The other thus, vainglorious and loud :

“Not unrevenge'd lies Asius ; yea, albeit  
He pass the gates by mighty Hades kept,  
I ween, his haughty spirit yet shall joy,  
Beholding there whom I have sent his guide.”

He spoke ; the Argeians chafing heard the vaunt ;  
But most in bold Antilochus he stirr'd  
The spirit, who, not therefore of his friend  
Mindless, ran round, and cover'd with his shield  
The body ; 'neath which shelter stooping down

Μηκιστεὺς, Ἐχίοιο πάις, καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,  
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντε.

Ἴδομενεὺς δ' οὐ λῆγε μένος μέγα, ἕτεο δ' αἰεὶ  
ἢ τινα Τρώων ἐρεβεννῇ νυκτὶ καλύψαι,  
ἢ αὐτὸς δουπήσαι ἀμύνων λοιγὸν Ἀχαιοῖς.  
ἔνθ' Αἰσυνήταο διοτρεφέος φίλον υἷδν,  
ἦρ' Ἀλκάθοον—γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Ἀγχιόσας·  
πρεσβυτάτην δ' ὥπυιε θυγατρῶν Ἴπποδάμειαν,  
τὴν περὶ κῆρι φίλησε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ  
ἐν μεγάρῳ· πᾶσαν γὰρ ὁμηλικίην ἐκέκαστο  
κάλλει καὶ ἔργοισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ· τοῦνεκα καὶ μιν  
γῆμεν ἀνὴρ ὠριστος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ—  
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' Ἴδομενῇ Ποσειδάων ἐδάμασσεν  
θέλξας ὅσσε φαεινὰ, πέδησε δὲ φαίδιμα γυῖα·  
οὔτε γὰρ ἐξοπίσω φυγέειν δύνατ' οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι,  
ἀλλ' ὥστε στήλην ἢ δῆνδρεον ὑψιπέτηλον  
ἀτρέμας ἐσταότα στήθος μέσον οὔπασε δουρὶ  
ἦρως Ἴδομενεὺς, ῥῆξεν δὲ οἱ ἀμφὶ χιτῶνα  
χάλκεον, ὅς οἱ πρόσθεν ἀπὸ χροὸς ἦρκει ὄλεθρον·  
δὴ τότε γ' αἶον ἄυσεν ἐρεικόμενος περὶ δουρί.  
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, δόρυ δ' ἐν κραδίῃ ἐπεπήγει,  
ἢ ῥά οἱ ἀσπαίρουσα καὶ οὐρίαχον πελέμιζεν  
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης·  
Ἴδομενεὺς δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν αὔσας·

430

440

“ Δηΐφοβ', ἢ ἄρα δὴ τι εἰσκομεν ἄξιον εἶναι  
τρέις ἐνὸς ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι ; ἐπεὶ σύ περ εὐχεαι οὔτως·  
δαιμόνι', ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,  
ὄφρα ἴδῃ οἷος Ζηνὸς γόνος ἐνθάδ' ἐκάνω,  
ὅς πρῶτον Μίνωα τέκε Κρήτη ἐπιούρου·  
Μίνως δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἷδν ἀμύμονα Δευκαλίωνα,  
Δευκαλίων δ' ἐμὲ τίκτε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἀνακτα  
Κρήτη ἐν εὐρείῃ· νῦν δ' ἐνθάδε νῆες ἐννεικαν  
σοὶ τε κακὸν καὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοισι Τρώεσσιν.”

450

ὧς φάτο, Δηΐφοβος δὲ διάνοιχα μερμήριξεν,

Noble Alastor, and brave Echius' son,  
Mecisteus, his two followers well beloved,  
Lifted, and, mourning, bare it to the fleet.

But not for this Idomeneus would slack  
His spirit's force, but ever striving sought  
Or in death's darkness to enshroud some foe,  
Or else himself to fall in that defence  
Of ruin from Achaia. And first the son  
Of Æsyetes, Zeus-sprung chief, by name  
Alcathous—(member of the royal house  
Of prince Anchises, wedded to his child  
Hippodameia ; whom her parents loved,  
Their eldest daughter, with exceeding love,  
For that in beauty and wit and needle-craft  
All of her generation she outpeer'd ;  
And therefore had the noblest man through Troy  
Espoused her)—him beneath Idomeneus ,  
Poseidon now subdued, and charm'd away  
Sight from his eyne, and fetter'd all his limbs ;  
So that he could nor flee, nor shun the dart,  
But, columnlike, or like some tall-topp'd tree,  
Stood motionless, till in the breast he took  
The spear of brave Idomeneus ; it burst  
Round him the coat of brass, that oft had stay'd  
Death from him, but now shivering round the point  
Rang dry ; he dropp'd, the javelin in his heart,  
Which with its heavy pants made throb the shaft  
Upward, till war's strong spirit spent its force ;  
And loud the other with vainglorious vaunt :  
“ Value we this aright, Deiphobus,  
Three slain for one, a not unmeet revenge ?  
Three slain we boast, since thou so boastest one.  
Nay, nearer draw, my friend, thine own brave self,  
And learn me so the child of Zeus supreme ;  
For Zeus gat Minos, guard of ancient Crete ;  
Minos Deucalion, prince of blameless name ;  
Deucalion me, of many cities king  
Through the broad isle, and whom my barks have brought  
A scourge to thee, thy father, and all Troy.”

He spoke ; Deiphobus had diverse will,

ἢ τινά που Τρώων ἐταρίσσαιτο μεγαθύμων  
 ἄψ' ἀναχωρήσας, ἢ πειρήσαιο καὶ οἶος.  
 ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,  
 βῆναι ἔπ' Αἰνείαν· τὸν δ' ὕστατον εὔρεν ὀμίλου  
 ἑσταότ'· αἰεὶ γὰρ Πριάμῳ ἐπεμήνιε δῖω,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα μετ' ἀνδράσιν οὔτι τίεσκεν.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

460

“ Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, νῦν σε μάλα χρῆ  
 γαμβρῷ ἀμυνέμεναι, εἵπερ τί σε κῆδος ἰκάνει.  
 ἄλλ' ἔπευ, Ἀλκαθῷ ἐπαμύνομεν, ὅς σε πάρος περ  
 γαμβρὸς ἐὼν ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἐνι τυτθὸν ἐόντα·  
 τὸν δέ τοι Ἴδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐξενάριξεν.”

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄριεν,  
 βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἴδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.  
 ἄλλ' οὐκ Ἴδομενῆα φόβος λάβει τηλύγετον ὧς,  
 ἄλλ' ἔμεν', ὥς ὅτε τις σὺς οὔρεσιν ἀλκὰ πεποιθὼς,  
 ὅστε μένει κολοσυρτὸν ἐπερχόμενον πολὺν ἀνδρῶν  
 χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, φρίσσει δέ τε νῶτον ὑπερθεῖν.  
 ὀφθαλμῷ δ' ἄρα οἱ πυρὶ λάμπετον· αὐτὰρ ὀδόντας  
 θήγει, ἀλέξασθαι μεμαὼς κύνας ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρας·  
 ὧς μένεν Ἴδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς, οὐδ' ὑπεχώρει,  
 Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα βοηθόον· αὖτε δ' ἑταίρους,  
 Ἀσκάλαφόν τ' ἐσορῶν Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηϊπυρόν τε  
 Μηριόνην τε καὶ Αὐτίλοχον, μήστωρας αὐτῆς·  
 τοὺς ὄγ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

480

“ Δεῦτε, φίλοι, καὶ μ' οἷφ' ἀμύνετε· δεῖδ' αἰνῶς  
 Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα πόδας ταχύν, ὅς μοι ἔπεισιν,  
 ὅς μάλα καρτερός ἐστι μάχῃ ἐνὶ φῶτας ἐναίρειν·  
 καὶ δ' ἔχει ἥβης ἄνθος, ὃ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.  
 εἰ γὰρ ὀμηλική γε γενοίμεθα τῷδ' ἐπὶ θυμῷ,  
 αἰψά κεν ἠὲ φέροιτο μέγα κράτος, ἢ φεροίμην.”

Or to retire and call unto his aid  
Some comrade, or to venture singly there.  
To whom, thus doubting, thus the better seem'd,  
To seek Æneas. Him he found aloof  
In rearmost line of battle ; for he still  
Maintain'd tow'rd royal Priam sore his grudge  
That though he show'd 'mongst men of prowess chief,  
The king esteem'd him not. Deiphobus  
Came to his side, and spoke these wingèd words :

“ Æneas, noble counsellor of Troy !

If aught of sorrow for thy sister's spouse  
Touch thee, now sore the need to save his corse.  
Bestir thee for Alcathous—him who oft  
Would nurse thee infant in thy father's house,  
Being thy sister's husband ; he hath fall'n,  
Slain by the spear of famed Idomeneus.”

He spoke, and deeply stirr'd the other's heart,  
Who straightway on Idomeneus mov'd fierce,  
Fiery, to battle ; but Idomeneus  
Quail'd not, as quails an old man's child, but stood  
Steadfast, as when upon the hills a boar,  
Firm in his strength, abides the onset thick  
Of a great crowd against him, near a fold  
Of bleating sheep ; the bristles o'er his spine  
Start ; and his eyeballs flash with fire ; he grinds  
His teeth, for fury to repel the hunt ;  
Thus stood Idomeneus, and bode the charge ;  
But looking, call'd his comrades to his side,  
Aphreus, Deipyrus, Ascalaphus,  
Meriones, and bold Antilochus,  
Lovers of battle ; loud to these he call'd  
Enkindling, and address'd his wingèd words :

“ Friends, hither haste, and help, where now I stand  
Alone against Æneas ; quick of foot  
Is he, and much I dread his near approach ;  
For strong is he in fight to slay his man,  
And his the chiefest strength, the flower of youth.  
Yet, were our years, as are our hearts, the same,  
Singly betwixt us were the issue tried,  
Whether to his great glory or to mine.”

Ὦς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἕνα φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες  
 πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὥμοισι κλίναντες.  
 Αἰνείας δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἐτάροισιν,  
 Δηϊφοβὸν τε Πάριν τ' ἐσορῶν καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον, 490  
 οἳ οἳ ἅμ' ἠγεμόνες Τρώων ἔσαν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 λαοὶ ἔπονθ', ὥσεί τε μετὰ κτείλον ἔσπετο μῆλα  
 πιόμεν' ἐκ βοτάνης· γάνυται δ' ἄρα τε φρένα ποιμήν·  
 ὥς Αἰνεία θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γεγῆθει,  
 ὥς ἴδε λαῶν ἔθνος ἐπισπόμενον ἐοῖ αὐτῶ.

Οἳ δ' ἅμφ' Ἀλκαθόω αὐτοσχεδὸν ὠρμήθησαν  
 μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι· περὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς  
 σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε τιτυσκομένων καθ' ὅμιλον,  
 ἀλλήλων· δύο δ' ἄνδρες Ἀρήιοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων,  
 Αἰνείας τε καὶ Ἰδομενεὺς, ἀτάλαντοι Ἀρηί, 500  
 ἔεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χροά νηλεῖ χαλκῶ.  
 Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισεν Ἰδομενῆος·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,  
 αἰχμῇ δ' Αἰνείας κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης  
 ὄχετ', ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἄλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.  
 Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Οἰνύμαον βάλε γαστέρα μέσσην,  
 ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς  
 ἤφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίησι πεσὼν ἔλε γαίαν ἀγοστῶ.  
 Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἐκ μὲν νέκυος δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος  
 ἐσπᾶσατ', οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ 510  
 ὥμοισιν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα πῶδων ἦν ὀρμηθέντι,  
 οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαίξαι μεθ' ἐὸν βέλος οὔτ' ἀλῆασθαι.  
 τῷ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,  
 τρέσσαι δ' οὐκέτι ῥίμφα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο.  
 τοῦ δὲ βάδην ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαιινῷ  
 Δηϊφοβος· δὴ γάρ οἳ ἔχεν κότον ἔμμενές αἰεὶ.



He spoke, and, one in heart, they gather'd all  
Round him with bucklers serried in their front.

Then, adverse, tow'rd his friends Æneas look'd  
Likewise, and Paris to his side he call'd  
And brave Agenor and Deiphobus ;  
The chieftains these, but legions in their rear  
Follow'd : as, after pasture, tow'rd a stream  
A flock in multitude behind a ram  
Follows , and with glad heart their shepherd sees ;  
So with glad heart Æneas too beheld  
Legion on legion answering to his cry.

Soon round Alcathous, hand to hand, they closed  
With smooth long spears , and round their breasts the mail  
Clang'd, smitten, as throughout the throng they aim'd  
Each at the other. Two, above the rest,  
Two gallant chiefs, to valiant Ares peer,  
Show'd ardent most to draw each other's blood,  
Æneas and Idomeneus. And first  
Æneas threw ; but the other saw, and shunn'd  
The brazen lance, which, falling in the earth,  
Stood quivering, vainly darted from his hand.  
Idomeneus then threw, nor struck his aim,  
But through the belly pierced CEnomaüs,  
Bursting the corslet's bar ; and through the bowels  
The point pass'd, griding ; in the dust he dropped  
Headlong, and bit the earth for agony.  
From out whose corse Idomeneus pluck'd back  
The shadowing spear, but might not strip the spoil,  
The beauteous armour, off him ; for the shower  
Of javelins press'd him sore ; nor now the limbs  
Were sure beneath him, to recover quick  
His own or to avoid another's spear ;  
Whose fame was now in stationary fight,  
Strong to repel the ruthless hour of death,  
But foot was slow to bear him from the fray  
Retiring. And, as step by step he went,  
At him Deiphobus (in dudgeon still  
That he erst fail'd to strike<sup>2</sup>him) aim'd again,

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ἀλλ' ὄγε καὶ τόθ' ἄμαρτεν, ὃ δ' Ἀσκάλαφον βάλε δουρὶ,  
 υἱὸν Ἐνναλίοιο· δι' ὤμου δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος  
 ἔσχεν· ὃ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῶ. 520  
 οὐδ' ἄρα πῶ τι πέπυστο βριήπυος ὄβριμος Ἄρης  
 υἱὸς ἑοῖο πεσόντος ἐν κρατερῇ ὕσμνῃ,  
 ἀλλ' ὄγ' ἄρ' ἄκρω Ὀλύμπῳ ὑπὸ χρυσέοις νέφεσσι  
 ἦστο, Διὸς βουλῇσιν ἐελμένος, ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι  
 ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἦσαν ἐργόμενοι πολέμοιο.

Οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀσκαλάφῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὥρμήθησαν·  
 Δηίφοβος μὲν ἀπ' Ἀσκαλάφου πῆληκα φαεινὴν  
 ἥρπασε, Μεριόνης δὲ θοῶ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι  
 δουρὶ βραχίονα τύψεν ἐπάλμενος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρὸς  
 αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια χαμαὶ βόμβησε πεσοῦσα. 530  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἐξαυτὶς ἐπάλμενος, αἰγυπιδὸς ὥς,  
 ἐξέρυσσε πρυμνοῖο βραχίονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος,  
 ἅψ' δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο. τὸν δὲ Πολίτης  
 αὐτοκασίγνητος, περὶ μέσσω χεῖρε τιτήνας,  
 ἐξήγειν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ὅφρ' ἴκεθ' ἵππους  
 ὠκέας, οἳ οἱ ὀπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο  
 ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλ' ἔχοντες·  
 οἳ τόνγε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα,  
 τειρόμενον· κατὰ δ' αἶμα νεουτάτου ἔρρε χειρός.

Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοῇ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει. 540  
 ἔνθ' Αἰνέας Ἀφαρῆα Καλητορίδην ἐπορούσας  
 λαιμὸν τύψ', ἐπὶ οἷ τετραμμένον, ὀξείῳ δουρί·  
 ἐκλίνθη δ' ἐτέρωσε κάρη, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσπίς ἐάφθη  
 καὶ κόρυς· ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.  
 Ἀντίλοχος δὲ Θόωνα μεταστρεφθέντα δοκεύσας  
 οὔτασ' ἐπαΐξας, ἀπὸ δὲ φλέβα πάσαν ἔκερσεν,  
 ἥτ' ἀνὰ νῶτα θέουσα διαμπερὲς αὐχέν' ἰκάνει·  
 τὴν ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν· ὃ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν  
 κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλοις ἐτάροισι πετάσσας.  
 Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε, καὶ αἶνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων 550  
 παπταίνων· Ἴρῶες δὲ πεοισταδὸν ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος

But err'd, yet struck Ascalaphus, the son  
Of Enyalios ; and the stout lance held  
Right through the shoulder ; in the dust he dropp'd  
Headlong, and bit the earth for agony.

Nor vast loud-throated Ares then perceived,  
How his own son had fallen in the fight,  
But sate with all the Immortals far withdrawn  
By will of Zeus upon the Olympian height  
Lost in a golden cloud, from war withheld :  
Whilst round about his son the battle grew ;  
For off his head Deiphobus had rent  
The glittering helmet, when Meniones,  
Peer to fierce Ares, sprang with spear, and smote  
His arm, that from his hand the vizor'd helm  
Dropp'd clanging to the ground ; and, falconlike,  
Forth-darting plucked from out the wounded arm  
His stout good lance, and quick withdrew him back  
Into the ranks ; whilst round the other's waist,  
Polites, his own brother, clasp'd his arms  
And led him from the battle's moul to where  
His steeds and driver and enamell'd car  
Stood, some short space aloof, outside the fray ;  
These bore him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town,  
Fainting, for from his wound the blood gush'd free ;  
But still the rest fought on, in uproar loud.

Aeneas forward sprang at Aphreus first,  
Caletor's son, and struck with sharp-tipp'd spear  
The throat, aslant towards him, and away  
To the other side the head droop'd ; shield and helm  
Sway'd with it ; and black death was o'er him shower'd.

Antilochus on Thoön, as he turn'd,  
Laid wait, and struck, and shore away the vein  
That running up the spine sustains the head ;  
All this he shore away ; and prone in dust,  
Outstretching tow'rd his comrades either hand,  
The other dropp'd ; on whom Antilochus  
Sprang, and 'gan off his shoulders strip the arms,  
Behind his buckler crouching. Round about,  
The Trojans, drawing near, oft threw and struck

οὔταζον σάκος εὐρὺ παναίολον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο  
 εἶσω ἐπυγράψαι τέρενα χροά νηλέϊ χαλκῷ  
 Ἀντιλόχου· πέρι γάρ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων  
 Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔρυτο καὶ ἐν πολλοῖσι βέλεσσιν.  
 οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτ' ἄνευ δηίων ἦν, ἀλλὰ κατ' αὐτοὺς  
 στρωφᾷτ'· οὐδέ οἱ ἔγχος ἔχ' ἀτρέμας, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ  
 σειόμενον ἐλέλικτο· τιτύσκετο δὲ φρεσὶν ἦσιν  
 ἥ τευ ἀκοντίσσαι, ἥ δὲ σχεδὸν ὀρμηθῆναι.

Ἄλλ' οὐ λήθ' Ἀδάμαντα τιτυσκόμενος καθ' ὄμιλον, 560  
 Ἀσιάδην, ὃ οἱ οὔτα μέσον σάκος ὀξεί χαλκῷ  
 ἐγγύθεν ὀρμηθεῖς· ἀμενήνωσεν δέ οἱ αἰχμὴν  
 κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων, βιότοιο μεγέρας.  
 καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ μέλιν' ὥστε σκῶλος πυρίκαυστος,  
 ἐν σάκει Ἀντιλόχοιο, τὸ δ' ἥμισυ κεῖτ' ἐπὶ γαίης·  
 ἄψ δ' ἐτάρουν εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων·  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἀπιόντα μετασπόμενος βάλε δουρὶ  
 αἰδοίων τε μεσηγνὺ καὶ ὀμφαλοῦ, ἐνθα μάλιστα  
 γίγνεται Ἄρης ἀλεγεινὸς οἰζυροῖσι βροτοῖσιν.  
 ἐνθα οἱ ἔγχος ἔπηξεν· ὃ δ' ἐσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ 570  
 ἥσπαιρ' ὥς ὅτε βοῦς, τύντ' οὔρεσι βουκόλοι ἄνδρες  
 ἰλλάσιν οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βίῃ δήσαντες ἄγουσιν·  
 ὥς ὃ τυπεῖς ἥσπαιρε μίνυνθά περ, οὔτι μάλα δην,  
 ὄφρα οἱ ἐκ χροὸς ἔγχος ἀνεσπάσας ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν  
 ἥρως Μηριόνης· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν.

Δηίπυρον δ' Ἐλενος ξίφεϊ σχεδὸν ἤλασε κόρσην  
 Θηρῆκιᾳ μεγάλῃ, ἀπὸ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἄραξεν.  
 ἥ μὲν ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα χαμαὶ πέσσε, καὶ τις Ἀχαιῶν  
 μαρναμένων μετὰ ποσσὶ κυλινδομένην ἐκόμισσεν·  
 τὸν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν. 580

Ἀτρεΐδην δ' ἄχος εἶλε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·  
 βῆ δ' ἐπαπειλήσας Ἐλένω ἥρωϊ ἄνακτι.  
 ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων· ὃ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἀνελκεν.  
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὀμαρτήδην, ὃ μὲν ἔγχωϊ ὀξυόεντι

The broad light-wielded shield, but might not reach  
The form within with wound of ruthless spear ;  
For the great God of Ocean gave defence  
To Nestor's Son, though compass'd round with darts ;  
Who never lack'd for enemies, but still  
Would turn and seek them, nor held stiff his spear  
In idle hand, but quivering in quick grasp  
Upbriandish'd , for his heart was set to slay  
Whether by javelin or by near assail.

Nor ranged he thus unmark'd of Adamas,  
The son of Asius, who, high-charging, struck  
Full on the buckler's centre ; yet the God,  
Dark-tress'd Poseidon, grudging him the life,  
Made blunt the point ; and, like some brand half-burnt,  
Half in the buckler stay'd and half to earth  
The spear dropp'd down. Then Adamas drew back,  
Shunning black Fate, amongst the Trojan ranks ;  
But, as he went, Meriones pursued  
And smote, where Ares falls on wretched men  
Most baleful, 'twixt the navel and the groin ;  
There drove he in his spear ; and o'er it prone  
The other bow'd, and gasp'd, like some strong ox  
Slow to a slaughterhouse by cowherds haled,  
Perforce, with cords ; so he, downstricken, dropp'd  
Gasping for breath , but short the pain, nor long  
Ere brave Meriones was at his side,  
Plucking the spear ; then darkness veil'd his eyes.

Next, Helenus with a huge Thracian sword  
Drew near Deipyrus and clave his neck  
In sunder, shearing off the vizor'd helm.  
Which flew far-rolling at the warriors' feet  
Astray, and some Achaian bare it home ;  
But death came darkling o'er Deipyrus.

Whereat much-sorrowing, Menelaüs moved,  
Brandishing threatening spear, on Helenus  
Ev'n as he now 'gan draw his horned bow ;  
At the same moment both—the one discharged

ἴετ' ἀκοντίσσαι, ὃ δ' ἀπὸ νευρήφιν ὀιστῶ.

Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῶ  
θώρηκος γύαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπητο πικρὸς ὀιστός.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ πλατέος πτυόφιν μεγάλην κατ' ἄλωήν  
θρώσκωσιν κύαμοι μελανόχροες, ἣ ἐρέβινθοι,  
πνοιῇ ὑπο λυγυρῇ καὶ λικμητῆρος ἔρωῃ,  
ὥς ἀπὸ θώρηκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο  
πολλὸν ἀποπλαγχθεὶς ἐκὰς ἔπητο πικρὸς ὀιστός.

590

Ἀτρείδης δ' ἄρα χεῖρα, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,  
τὴν βάλεν ἧ ῥ' ἔχε τόξον ἐύξοον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τόξῳ  
ἀντικρὺ διὰ χειρὸς ἐλήλατο χάλκεον ἔγχος.  
ἀψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,  
χεῖρα παρακρεμάσας· τὸ δ' ἐφέλκετο μείλινον ἔγχος.  
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐκ χειρὸς ἔρυσεν μεγάλθυμος Ἀγῆνωρ,  
αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐυστρόφῳ οἶδς Ἀώτῳ,  
σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

600

Πείσανδρος δ' ἰθὺς Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο  
ῆιε· τὸν δ' ἄγε μοῖρα κακὴ θανάτοιο τέλοσδε,  
σοὶ, Μενέλαε, δαμῆναι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτήτι.  
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
Ἀτρείδης μὲν ἄμαρτε, παραλὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,

Πείσανδρος δὲ σάκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο  
οὔτασεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι·  
ἔσχεθε γὰρ σάκος εὐρὺν, κατεκλάσθη δ' ἐνὶ καυλῷ  
ἔγχος· ὃ δὲ φρεσὶν ἦσι χάρη καὶ ἐέλπετο νίκην.

-

Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον  
ἄλτ' ἐπὶ Πείσανδρῳ· ὃ δ' ὑπ' ἀσπίδος εἴλετο καλὴν  
ἀξίνην εὐχαλκον, ἐλαίνῳ ἁμφὶ πελέκῳ,  
μακρῷ ἐυξέστῳ· ἅμα δ' ἀλλήλων ἐφίκοντο.  
ἦτοι ὃ μὲν κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν ἵπποδασείης  
ἄκρον ὑπὸ λόφον αὐτὸν, ὃ δὲ προσιόντα μέτωπον  
ῥινὸς ὑπὲρ πυμάτης· λάκε δ' ὅστέα, τῷ δὲ οἱ ὄσσε  
παρ ποσὶν αἱματόευντα χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν,

610

His spear, the other from the string his shaft.  
The arrow from the hand of Priam's Son  
Struck on the corslet's rib beside the chest  
And off rebounded ; as when dark-husk'd beans  
Or pulse from off a winnowing fan broad-spread  
Bound driven along a spacious threshing-floor  
Neath the sharp gust, and by the winnower's will ;  
So off the corslet of the hero flew  
The bitter arrow dash'd aslant and far  
But Menelaus, Atreus' gallant son,  
Struck on the hand that held the polish'd bow,  
And through both hand and bow the lance went driven.  
Back to his comrades Helenus withdrew  
Fleeing from Fate, but at his side the hand  
Droop'd, trailing at his feet the ashen spear ;  
Till brave Agenor drew the weapon forth,  
And bound up in a sling of twisted wool  
(Borne by the follower of the prince) his hand.

Anon on Atreus' glorious Son bore down  
Pisander, hurrying to the bourne of death  
By evil doom, and in the direful fray  
To fall, O Menelaus, slain by thee !  
For each had near'd the other on the field,  
When Atreus' Son first threw, but err'd, the spear  
Slanted aside ; then full upon the shield  
Pisander struck, yet could not pierce it through ;  
For the broad buckler stay'd the lance, which fell  
Half-broken at the splice ; Pisander's heart  
Leapt high for joy and hope of victory won ;  
And, whilst Atrides drew his hilted brand  
And sprang upon him, 'neath his sheltering shield  
He got to hand a brazen battle-axe  
With olive handle, polish'd bright, and long :  
So each assail'd the other, face to face ;  
Pisander on the horseplumed morion's cone  
Struck underneath the crest, but on the brow  
The other, 'twixt the eyes ; the bone was crack'd  
In sunder, and the eyeballs all in blood  
Dropp'd on the earth before him ; back he fell,

ιδυνώθη δὲ πεσών. ὁ δὲ λάξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων  
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΐδα·

“ Λείψετε θην οὕτω γε νέας Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων, 620  
Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι, δεινῆς ἀκόρητοι αὐτῆς.  
ἄλλης μὲν λώβης τε καὶ αἴσχεος οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς,  
ἦν ἐμὲ λωβήσασθε, κακαὶ κύνες, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ  
Ζηνὸς ἐριβρεμέτεω χαλεπήν ἐδδείσατε μῆνιν  
Ξεινίου, ὅσπερ ποτ' ὕμμι διαφθέρσει πόλιν αἰπὴν.  
οἷ μιν κουριδίην ἄλοχον καὶ κτήματα πολλὰ  
μάψ' οἴχεσθ' ἀνάγοντες, ἐπεὶ φιλέεσθε παρ' αὐτῇ·  
νῦν αὖτ' ἐν νηυσὶν μενεαίνετε ποντοπόροισιν  
πῦρ ὀλοὸν βαλέειν, κτείνειν δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς·  
ἀλλὰ ποθὶ σχήσεσθε, καὶ ἐσσύμενοί περ, Ἄρηος. 630  
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἧ τέ σέ φασι περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,  
ἄνδρῶν ἢ δὲ θεῶν· σέο δ' ἐκ τάδε πάντα πέλονται.  
οἷον δὴ ἄνδρεςσι χαρίζεαι ὑβριστῆσιν,  
Τρῶσιν, τῶν μένος αἶεν ἀτάσθαλον, οὐδὲ δύνανται  
φυλόπιδος κορέσασθαι ὁμοίου πολέμοιο.  
πάντων μὲν κόρος ἐστὶ, καὶ ὕπνου καὶ φιλότῃτος  
μολπῆς τε γλυκερῆς καὶ ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοῖο,  
τῶν πέρ τις καὶ μᾶλλον ἐέλδεται ἐξ ἔρον εἶναι  
ἢ πολέμου· Τρῶες δὲ μάχης ἀκόρητοι ἔασιν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν τὰ μὲν ἔντε' ἀπὸ χροὸς αἱματόεντα 640  
συλήσας ἐτάροισι δίδου Μενέλαος ἀμύμων,  
αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐξαυτὶς ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.

Ἐνθα οἱ νῆες ἐπᾶλτο Πυλαιμένεος βασιλῆος  
Ἀρπαλίω, ὃ ῥα πατρὶ φίλῳ ἔπετο πτολεμίζων  
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ' αὖτις ἀφίκετο πατρίδα γαίαν·  
ὅς ῥα τότε Ἀτρεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὕτασε δουρὶ



Bow'd double ; and Atrides, on his chest  
Stamping his heel, despoil'd him of his arms,  
And o'er him spoke his vaunt, and cried aloud :

“ Now haply, now, O Trojans, howso'er  
Haughty of soul and sateless in the thirst  
Of bloody battle, ye will leave perchance  
The Danaan ships at peace ! Ye traitorous hounds,  
Of shame to me no sparer from the first—  
Wronging me, and regardless quite of Him,  
Who ruleth caring for the hearths of men,  
Zeus, the Avenger ; and who yet shall wreak  
Destruction on your city's lofty towers !  
Robbers of much my wealth and of my wife,  
My wedded wife, what time to you she gave  
Fond welcome, and ye ravish'd her away !  
And on the top of this would ye aspire  
To burn our galleys with your wasting fires  
And slaughter all our noblest ! Nay, I ween,  
Whate'er your ardour, this will check you back.  
O Father Zeus ! They tell how thou excell'st  
In wondrous wisdom men and Gods alike ;  
And yet 'tis thou who bring'st these things to pass.  
To men of overweening hearts misproud  
What grace thou show'st—these Trojans, whose hot blood  
Knows no restraint of reason, nor will e'er  
Be satiate with the toil of changeful war.  
Of all things else comes sweet satiety ;  
Of love, and slumber, and melodious song,  
And dance delicious ; things of more delight  
And more to be desired than fierce affray ;  
Yet Troy will never sate her soul with war.”

Speaking, the blameless hero off him stripp'd,  
And to his comrades gave, the bloodstain'd arms,  
Then turn'd, and mingled with the van again.

There first the son of King Pylæmenes,  
Harpalion, assailed him : he had come  
Following his father to this war with Troy  
But never to his own dear land return'd.  
Full on the centre of Atrides' shield

ἐγγύθεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι,  
 ἄψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο Κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,  
 πάντοσε παπταίνων, μή τις χροά χαλκῷ ἐπαύρη.  
 Μηριόνης δ' ἀπιόντος ἴει χαλκῆρε' οἰστὸν  
 καὶ ῥ' ἐβαλεῖ γλουτὸν κάτα δεξιόν· αὐτὰρ οἰστὸς  
 ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ' ὀστέον ἐξεπέρησεν.  
 ἐξόμενος δὲ κατ' αὖθι, φίλων ἐν χερσὶν ἐταίρων  
 θυμὸν ἀποπνείων, ὥστε σκώληξ ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 κεῖτο ταθείς· ἐκ δ' αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.  
 τὸν μὲν Παφλαγόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,  
 ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνέσαντες ἄγον προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν  
 ἀχνύμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι πατὴρ κίε δάκρυα λείβων,  
 ποιυῇ δ' οὔτις παιδὸς ἐγίγνετο τεθνηῶτος.

650

Τοῦ δὲ Πάρις μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη.  
 ξείνος γάρ οἱ ἔην πολέσιν μετὰ Παφλαγόνεσσιν·  
 τοῦ ὅγε χωόμενος προίει χαλκῆρε' οἰστόν.  
 ἦν δέ τις Εὐχήμενος, Πολυείδου μάντιος υἱὸς,  
 ἀφνειὸς τ' ἀγαθὸς τε, Κορινθόθι οἰκία ναίων,  
 ὃς ῥ' εὖ εἰδὼς Κῆρ' ὀλοὴν ἐπὶ νηὸς ἐβαινευ.  
 πολλάκι γάρ οἱ ἔειπε γέρων ἀγαθὸς Πολυείδης,  
 νούσω ὑπ' ἀργαλὴ φθίσθαι οἷς ἐν μεγάροισιν,  
 ἢ μετ' Ἀχαιῶν νηυσὶν ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι·  
 τῷ ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέην θωὴν ἀλέεινεν Ἀχαιῶν  
 νούσόν τε στρυγερὴν, ἵνα μὴ πάθοι ἄλγεα θυμῷ.  
 τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς  
 ἔχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στρυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἶλεν.

660

670

Ὡς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·  
 Ἐκτωρ δ' οὐκ ἐπέπυστο Διὶ φίλος, οὐδέ τι ᾔδη  
 ὅττι ῥά οἱ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ δηϊώωντο  
 λαοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείων· τάχα δ' ἂν καὶ κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν

He struck with spear, yet might not pierce it through .  
And, whilst he drew him backward to the ranks,  
Shunning his fate, and glancing timorously,  
Lest some sharp javelin strike him from the foe,  
Straight at him, as he went, Meriones  
Discharged a brass-barb'd arrow ; and it struck  
In the right flank ; beneath the spine sheer through  
The point pass'd out ; he writhing sate, upheld  
In his friends' arms, till, rendering up the ghost,  
He dropp'd, like twisting worm, stretch'd flat on earth,  
And the black blood made wet the ground about  
Round him the gallant Paphlagonian troop  
Gave tendance, and uplifting to his car  
Bare him to sacred Ilion ; whilst behind  
His father follow'd, dropping bitter tears,  
Nor gain'd a father's vengeance for his son.

For whose sad death was Paris anger'd most,  
For that of all the Paphlagonian tribe  
He was his friend ; wroth therefore for his sake,  
He sent a brass-barb'd arrow through the host.  
Of whom a certain man, Euchenor, fought,  
Son of the seer Poleidus, rich and brave,  
Who had embark'd and left his wealthy house  
In Corinth, of his mournful fate forewarn'd ;  
To whom the seer his father oft had told  
An early death, by fell disease at home  
If there he bode, or, if he went to war,  
To fall amongst the ships by Trojan hand.  
Therefore he went, and 'scaped the heavy mulct  
(That else Achaia's chieftains had imposed)  
And the loath'd pains of lingering disease.  
Him under car and jaw the arrow struck ;  
Swift from his limbs the spirit fled away,  
And hideous night enwrapp'd his eyes in death.

Thus, like some fiery furnace, raged the war.  
But all this while not yet had Hector heard  
Nor knew at all, how on the battle's left  
His host was falling by the Achaian arms,

ἔπλετο· τοῖος γὰρ γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος  
 ὥτρυν' Ἀργείους, πρὸς δὲ σθένει αὐτὸς ἄμυνεν·  
 ἀλλ' ἔχεν ἥ τὰ πρῶτα πύλας καὶ τεῖχος ἐσᾶλτο,  
 ῥηξάμενος Δαναῶν πυκινὰς στίχας ἀσπιστάων, 680  
 ἐνθ' ἔσαν Αἴαντός τε νέες καὶ Πρωτεσιλάου  
 θῶν' ἔφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς εἰρυμέναι· αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεῖν  
 τεῖχος ἐδέδμητο χθαμαλώτατον, ἐνθα μάλιστα  
 ζαχρηεῖς γίννοντο μάχῃ αὐτοὶ τε καὶ ἵπποι.

Ἐνθα δὲ Βοιωτοὶ καὶ Ἰάονες ἐλκεχίτωνες,  
 Λοκροὶ καὶ Φθῖοι καὶ φαιδιμόεντες Ἐπειοὶ,  
 σπουδῇ ἐπαίσσουντα νεῶν ἔχον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο  
 ὤσαι ὑπὸ σφείων φλογὶ εἴκελον Ἐκτορα δῖον·  
 οἱ μὲν Ἀθηναίων προλελεγμένοι· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν 690  
 ἦρχ' υἱὸς Πηλεῖω Μενεσθεὺς, οἱ δ' ἄμ' ἔποντο  
 Φεῖδας τε Στιχίος τε Βίας τ' εὖς· αὐτὰρ Ἐπειῶν  
 Φυλειδης τε Μέγης Ἀμφίων τε Δρακίος τε,  
 πρὸ Φθίων δὲ Μέδων τε μενεπτόλεμός τε Ποδάρκης.  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Οἰλῆος θεῖοιο  
 ἔσκε Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν  
 ἐν Φυλάκῃ, γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτὰς,  
 γνωτὸν μητρυνῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Οἰλεύς·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ, Ἰφίκλοιο πάϊς τοῦ Φυλακίδαο·  
 οἱ μὲν πρὸ Φθίων μεγαθύμων θωρηχθέντες,  
 ναῦφιν ἀμυνόμενοι, μετὰ Βοιωτῶν ἐμάχοντο. 700

Αἶας δ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν, Οἰλῆος ταχὺς υἱός,  
 ἵστατ' ἀπ' Αἴαντος Τελαμωνίου, οὐδ' ἠβαιὸν,  
 ἀλλ' ὥστ' ἐν νειῷ βόε οἶνοπε πηκτὸν ἄροτρον,  
 ἴσον θυμὸν ἔχοντε, τιταίνετον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφιν  
 πρυμνοῖσιν κεράεσσι πολλὺς ἀνακηκίει ἰδρώς·  
 τὼ μὲν τε ζυγὸν οἶον ἐύξοον ἀμφὶς ἐέργει

And victory there inclined to Argos' sons,  
(So much Poseidon quicken'd every heart,  
Yea, and gave succour with his own strong hand) ;  
But still that hero bode where first he leap'd  
Into the breach, and burst the dense array  
Of shielded Danaans. On that part the ships  
Of Ajax and Protesilaus stood  
High from the crested billows up the shore.  
The rampart in their front stood, lowest built,  
On sunken ground, and there they press'd the foe  
In fiercest mellay, men and steeds alike.  
For there the Locrian and the Phthian troop,  
The far-renown'd Epeians, and the band  
Bœotian, and the Ionian long-robed ranks  
Of Athens, stay'd the onset from the fleet ;  
Yet could not so repel their noble foe,  
Hector, like flame infuriate. First in front  
The Athenians stood, commanded by the son  
Of Peteus, brave Menestheus ; by whose side  
Pheidias, and Stychius, and huge Bias, led :  
Meges, and Drachius, and Amphion, there  
Headed the Epeians : in the Phthian van  
Stood Medon, and Podarces, flower of war ;  
Medon, renown'd Oileus' bastard son,  
Brother of royal Ajax, but afar  
Dwelling in Phylace, by guilt of blood  
Exiled from Locris ; for he there had slain  
The son of Iphiclus, Phylacides,  
A kinsman of his godlike father's wife ;  
These were the chieftains who in arms complete  
Vanmost of all the valiant Phthians fought  
Before the galleys by Bœotia's side.

But fleetfoot Ajax, Oiliades, \*  
Fast unto Telamonian Ajax clave,  
Nor left him, though 'twere e'er so little space,  
But as two oxen, darkly hued like wine,  
One in their ardour, draw a well-join'd plough  
Across a fallow land ; below their horns  
Sweat in thick drops stands gathering ; and they strain

ἰεμένω κατὰ ὦλκα· τεμεῖ δέ τε τέλσον ἀρούρης·  
 ὥς τὼ παρβεβαῶτε μάλ' ἔστασαν ἀλλήλοιν.  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι Τελαμωνιάδῃ πολλοὶ τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ  
 λαοὶ ἔπονθ' ἔταροι, οἳ οἱ σάκος ἐξεδέχοντο, 710  
 ὁππότε μιν κάματός τε καὶ-ἰδρὼς γούναθ' ἴκοιτο.  
 οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀϊλιάδῃ μεγαλήτορι Λοκροὶ ἔποντο·  
 οὐ γάρ σφι σταδὴν ὑσμῖνῃ μίμνε φίλον κῆρ·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἔχον κόρυθας χαλκήρεας ἵπποδασειάς,  
 οὐδ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους καὶ μέλινα δούρα,  
 ἀλλ' ἄρα τόξοισιν καὶ εὐστρόφῳ οἶδς ἰώτῳ  
 Ἴλιον εἰς ἅμ' ἔποντο πεποιθότες, οἷσιν ἔπειτα  
 ταρφέα βάλλουτες Τρώων ῥήγνυντο φάλαγγας.  
 δῆ ῥα τόθ' οἳ μὲν πρόσθε σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισιν  
 μάρναντο Τρωσὶν τε καὶ Ἑκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ, 720  
 οἳ δ' ὀπιθεν βάλλοντες ἐλάνθανον· οὐδέ τι χάρμης  
 Τρῶες μιμνήσκοντο· συνεκλόνεον γὰρ οἷστοί.

Ἐνθα κε λευγαλέως νηῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων  
 Τρῶες ἐχώρησαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡνεμόεσσαν,  
 εἰ μὴ Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἑκτορα εἶπε παραστῆς·

“Ἑκτορ, ἀμήχανός ἐσσι παραῤῥητοῖσι πιθέσθαι.  
 οὐνεκά τοι περὶ δῶκε θεὸς πολεμῆϊα ἔργα,  
 τοὔνεκα καὶ βουλῇ ἐθέλεις περιίδμεναι ἄλλων.  
 ἀλλ' οὐπὼς ἅμα πάντα δυνήσσαι αὐτὸς ἐλέσθαι.  
 ἄλλω μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκε θεὸς πολεμῆϊα ἔργα· 730  
 [ἄλλω δ' ὀρχηστὺν, ἐτέρῳ κίθαριν καὶ αἰοδὴν·]  
 ἄλλω δ' ἐν στήθεσσι τιθεῖ νόον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
 ἐσθλὸν, τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ ἐπαυρίσκοντ' ἄνθρωποι,  
 καὶ τε πολέας ἐσάωσε, μάλιστα δέ κ' αὐτὸς ἀνέγειν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.  
 πάντῃ γὰρ σε περὶ στέφανος πελέμοιο δέδθεν·

Along the furrow sever'd by the breadth  
Of the yoke only, ploughing up the field ;  
So either Ajax, moving side by side,  
Each close to the other fought. Many and brave  
The followers of the Son of Telamon,  
Who would relieve him of his shield, if e'er •  
Fatigue and sweat fell heavy on his limbs.  
But nearer to Oileus' valiant son  
The Locrians durst not draw ; to close affray  
Their hearts were not enured ; nor orb'd shields,  
Nor horseplumed brazen helms, nor ashen spears  
Were theirs : but they had come to Ilion's walls  
Trusting their bows and slings of tight-twined wool ;  
Wherewith they now pour'd down a ceaseless shower,  
Breaking the Trojan line ; in mail of proof  
Their chieftains battled in their front, but they,  
So shelter'd, from the rear pour'd still their darts,  
'Till Troy 'gan lose her ardour in the fight,  
Wavering beneath the arrows' endless shower. •

Then had the Trojans made laborious flight  
To wind-swept Ilion from the camp and fleet,  
But near to Hector's side Polydamas  
Took stand, and thus address'd his wing'd words :

“ Hector, too stubborn to advice art thou.  
Think'st thou, because thou hast pre-eminence  
Of strength to war on thee bestow'd by heaven,  
In council therefore thou must needs excel ?  
Nay, verily ; thou wilt not 'vail to take  
All knowledge to thyself. As Heav'n to one  
Gives strength in war, but to another grants  
Grace in the dance, and to a third the power  
Of harp and song melodious, so a fourth  
Hath in his breast implanted by great Zeus  
The excellent gift of wisdom ; many men  
Reap good thereof, and States are saved thereby,  
But none hath richer harvest than himself.  
So hear me, what now seemeth to me best.  
Battle enrings thee as with flaming fire ;  
And since they storm'd the bulwark o'er the trench,

Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι, ἐπεὶ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβησαν,  
 οἱ μὲν ἀφεστᾶσιν σὺν τεύχεσιν, οἱ δὲ μάχονται  
 παυρότεροι πλεόνεσσι, κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας.  
 ἄλλ' ἀναχασσάμενος κάλει ἐνθάδε πάντας ἀρίστους· 740  
 ἔνθεν δ' ἂν μάλα πᾶσαν ἐπιφρασsaίμεθα βουλήν,  
 ἥ κεν ἐνὶ νῆεσσι πολυκλήισι πέσωμεν,  
 αἷ' κ' ἐθέλῃσι θεὸς δόμεναι κράτος, ἥ κεν ἔπειτα  
 παρ νηῶν ἔλθωμεν ἀπήμονες. ἥ γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 δεῖδω μὴ τὸ χθιζὸν ἀποστήσωνται Ἀχαιοὶ  
 χρεῖος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀνὴρ ἄνθρωπος πολέμοιο  
 μίμνει, ὃν οὐκέτι πάγχυ μάχης σχήσεσθαι οἶω."

Ὡς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἅδε δ' ἔκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων,  
 [αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε,]  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα. 750

“Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν αὐτοῦ ἐρύκακε πάντας ἀρίστους·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιῶ πολέμοιο·  
 αἴψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὖτις, ἐπήν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω.”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ὠρμήθη ὄρει νιφόεντι ἔοικώς,  
 κεκληγώς, διὰ δὲ Τρώων πέτετ' ἠδ' ἐπικούρων.  
 οἱ δ' ἔς Πανθοίδην ἀγαπήνορα Πουλυδάμαντα  
 πάντες ἐπεσσεύοντ', ἐπεὶ ἔκτορος ἔκλυον αὐδὴν.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Διήφοβόν τε βίην θ' Ἑλένοιο ἀνακτος  
 Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα καὶ Ἀσιον, Ἑρτάκου υἱόν,  
 φοῖτα ἀνὰ προμάχους διζήμενος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι. 760  
 τοὺς δ' εὖρ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἀπημονας οὐδ' ἀνολέθρους·  
 ἄλλ' οἱ μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπὶ πρύμνησιν Ἀχαιῶν  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες,  
 οἱ δ' ἐν τείχει ἔσαν βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.  
 τὸν δὲ τάχ' εὖρε μάχης ἔπ' ἀριστερὰ δακρυόεσσης  
 δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, Ἑλένης πόσιν ἠυκόμοιο,  
 θαρσύνονθ' ἐτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος προσέφη αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσιν.

“Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμᾶνες, ἡπεροπευτὰ,  
 ποῦ τοι Διήφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἀνακτος 770



The gallant Trojans either stand aloof  
Waiting in arms, or still are struggling on,  
Few against many, scatter'd through the ships.  
Therefore retire awhile, and hither call  
The noblest chieftains, hence to take survey,  
Whether to charge in onset midst their barks,  
Should Heav'n vouchsafe to us such mastery,  
Or to withdraw, if need be, still unharm'd.  
Myself I dread, lest soon Achaia's host  
Mete back with ample usury their debt  
Of yester-eve ; whose chiefest hero still  
Abides unroused, unsated of affray—  
Who will not alway hold him thus aloof."

He ceased , his rede, of evil issue clear,  
Seem'd good to Hector, who full-arm'd to earth  
Leapt down, and thus return'd his wingèd words :

"Therefore, Polydamas, remain thyself  
'To stay the chieftains, whilst I yonder pass  
'To call them thence, and face the battle's brunt ;  
Thereafter I will haste me back forthwith."

He spoke, and moved away, and show'd in arms  
Like some snow-crested mountain ; loud he raised  
His cry, and to and fro amongst the ranks  
Flew, ordering ; and whoe'er received his hest,  
Made tow'rd the side of brave Polydamas :  
Whilst he still sought the champions of the van,  
If haply he might find Deiphobus,  
Or the vast strength of princely Helenus,  
Asius, or Adamas, great Asius' son :  
Not scathless, not unvisited by death,  
He found them, but beside the galleys some  
Reft of their lives by hands of Argives lay,  
And some within the city wounded sore.  
But on the mournful battle's left extreme  
He came on Paris, lovely Helen's lord,  
Kindling, bestirring, to the war his men,  
Drew near him, and upbraiding chode him thus :

"Foul-omen'd Paris ! fair in form alone !  
Infatuate, soft beguiler of fond girls !  
Where is Deiphobus ? And where the might

Ἄστιάδης τ' Ἀδάμας ἥδ' Ἄσιος, Ἵρτάκου υἱός ;  
 ποῦ δέ τοι Ὀθρυονεύς ; νῦν ὤλετο πᾶσα κατ' ἄκρης  
 Ἴλιος αἰπυνή· νῦν τοι σῶς αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·  
 “Ἐκτορ, ἐπεὶ τοι θυμὸς ἀναίτιον αἰτιάσθαι,  
 ἄλλοτε δὴ ποτε μᾶλλον ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο  
 μέλλω, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ πᾶμπαν ἀνάγκιδα γείνατο μήτηρ.  
 ἐξ οὗ γὰρ παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἤγειρας ἐταίρων,  
 ἐκ τοῦδ' ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες ὀμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν  
 νωλεμέως· ἔταροι δὲ κατέκταθεν, οὓς σὺ μεταλλάξ. 780  
 οἷω Δηίφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος  
 οἴχεσθον, μακρῇσι τετυμμένω ἐγχέησιν  
 ἀμφοτέρω κατὰ χεῖρα· φόνον δ' ἤμυνε Κρονίων.  
 νῦν δ' ἄρχ', ὅππῃ σε κραδίη θυμός τε κελεύει·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐμμεμαῶτες ἅμ' ἐψόμεθ', οὐδέ τί φημι  
 ἀλκῆς δευήσεσθαι, ὅση δύναμὶς γε πάρεστιν.  
 παρ δύναμιν δ' οὐκ ἔστι, καὶ ἐσσύμενον, πολεμίζειν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως.  
 βᾶν δ' ἔμεν ἐνθα μάλιστα μάχῃ καὶ φύλοπις ἦεν,  
 ἀμφὶ τε Κεβριόνην καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα, 790  
 Φάλην Ὀρθαῖόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολυφήτην  
 Πάλλμυν τ' Ἀσκανίον τε Μόρυν θ', υἱ' Ἴπποτίωνος,  
 οἷ ῥ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης ἐριβώλακος ἦλθον ἀμοιβοὶ  
 ἡοῖ τῇ προτέρῃ· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς ὥρσε μάχεσθαι.  
 οἱ δ' ἴσαν, ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀτάλαντοι ἀέλλη,  
 ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρὸς Διὸς εἴσι πέδονδε,  
 θεσπεσίῳ δ' ὁμᾶδ' ἀλλ' μίσγεται, ἐν δέ τε πολλὰ  
 κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλάσσης,

Of royal Helenus? And Asius' Son?  
And Asius, son of noble Hyrtacus?  
And where Othryoneus? Alas, this day  
Ilion hath toppled headlong from her height,  
Yea, utter ruin now must surely come."

Whom godlike Alexander answered thus :  
"Hector, thou blam'st me, where no blame is due.  
Albeit perchance at other whiles I seem  
To lag in battle, yet my mother bare  
Her son no common craven ; and, since here  
Amongst the galleys thou hast pitch'd the war,  
We on this part have battled, hand to hand,  
Unresting, respiteless, against the foe.  
But they of whom thou askest, all have fall'n,  
Only the might of royal Helenus,  
And brave Deiphobus, survive, and both,  
Wounded with javelins through the hand, have gone,  
But Zeus hath saved their lives. Lead therefore thou,  
Whither thy heart and spirit prompt thee on ;  
We will be near behind thee undismay'd,  
Nor blench, so far as in us lies the strength ;  
For, howsoe'er the spirit burn to war,  
No man can pass the measure of his strength."

The hero spoke, and won his brother's heart :  
And thither made their way, where now the fight  
Raged hottest, round the brave Polydamas,  
Phalkas, Orthæus, and Cebriones,  
And godlike Polyphetes, and the sons  
Of King Hippotion, Morus, Ascanus,  
And Palmys, who had join'd the yestermorn  
Relief from rich Ascania ; these now stood  
Together, rallied to the war by Zeus.

And on they went, like some dense-gathering storm  
Of violent winds that come with thunder-clap  
From Father Zeus upon the earth, and fall  
Tumultuous, as they mingle with the deep,  
Whereon a thousand billows rise upcurl'd,  
White-crested, spattering off their heads the foam,  
Along the echoing ocean, line on line,

κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα, πρὸ μέν τ' ἄλλ', αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλα·  
 ὥς Τρῶες πρὸ μέν ἄλλοι ἀρηρότες αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλοι, 800  
 χαλκῷ μαρμαίροντες ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἔπειντο.  
 "Ἐκτωρ δ' ἡγεῖτο, βροτολονιγῷ ἴσος Ἄρηι,  
 Πριαμίδης· πρόσθεν δ' ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἴσῃν,  
 ῥινοῖσιν πυκινήν, πολλὸς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ σείετο πῆληξ.  
 πάντη δ' ἀμφὶ φύλαγγας ἐπειρᾶτο προποδίζων,  
 εἴ πως οἱ εἴξιαν ὑπασπίδια προβιβάντι·  
 ἄλλ' οὐ σύγχχει θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος προκαλέσσατο, μακρὰ βιβιάσθων·

"Δαιμόνιε, σχεδὸν ἔλθέ· τίη δειδίσσσαι αὐτως 810  
 Ἀργείους; οὔτοι τι μίχης ἀδαήμονές εἰμεν,  
 ἀλλὰ Διὸς μάστιγι κακῇ ἐδάμνημεν Ἀχαιοί.  
 ἦ θήν πού τοι θυμὸς ἐέλπεται ἐξαλαπάξειν  
 νῆας· ἄφαρ δέ γε χεῖρες ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἡμῖν.  
 ἦ κε πολὺν φθαίῃ εὐναιομένη πόλις ὑμῇ  
 χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.  
 σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ φημὶ σχεδὸν ἔμμεναι, ὅππότε φεύγων  
 ἀρήσῃ Διὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισιν  
 θάσσοντας ἱρήκων ἔμμεναι καλλίτριχας ἵππους,  
 οἳ σε πόλινδ' οἴσουσι κοινίοντες πεδίοιο." 820

"Ὡς ἄρα οἱ εἰπόντι ἐπέπτατο δεξιὸς ὄρνις,  
 αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης· ἐπὶ δ' ἔαχε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν  
 θάρσυνος οἶωνῷ· ὁ δ' ἀμείβετο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ·

"Αἴαν ἀμαρτοεπέες, βουγαίε, ποῖον ἔειπες;  
 εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν οὔτω γε Διὸς παῖς αἰγιόχοιο  
 εἴην ἥματα πάντα, τέκοι δέ με πότνια Ἥρη,  
 τιόιμην δ' ὥς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,  
 ὥς νῦν ἡμέρη ἦδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν  
 πᾶσι μάλ'· ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι πεφήσῃαι, αἳ κε τυλάσσης  
 μεῖναι ἐμὸν δόρυ μακρὸν, ὃ τοι χροά λειριόοντα 830  
 δάψει· ἀτὰρ Τρῶων κορέεις κύνας ἡδ' οἶωνοὺς  
 δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο· τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἔπειντο

First these, then others, so in war-array,  
First these, then others, with their leaders came  
The Trojan troops, whom Hector, Priam's son,  
Led first, nor less than slaughterous Ares seem'd  
With full-orb'd buckler, in his front out-thrust,  
Of hides compact, but boss'd with brazen studs,  
And the bright morion nodding round his brows.  
Such show'd he, striding round Achaia's ranks,  
Sheltering each step, if haply they would yield;  
But might not so confound their fearless hearts;  
And Ajax forward strode, and challenged loud:

"Draw nearer, friend! why fright'st thou Argos' sons  
Thus vainly? Though the evil scourge of Zeus  
This day subdues us, not so all untrain'd  
Are we, that merest show should fright us back.  
Thy soul aspires, I ween, to burn our ships;  
Our arms are strong as thine, to guard them still  
Rather shall your rich city perish first,  
Under our conquering arms despoil'd and strewn.  
And to thine own proud self I give this rede:  
The hour is near when thou in flight shalt call  
On Zeus and all the Powers of Heav'n to lend  
Wings to your glossy horses, swift as hawks,  
To bear you home, dust-clouded o'er the plain."

And, as he spoke, a soaring eagle flew  
On the right hand above him; all the host  
Acclaim'd, exultant in the sign, but thus  
Hector, the hero of the glancing helm:

"Thou gross injurious braggart, wide of truth!  
What saying this? For would I were begot  
Of mighty Zeus to everlasting life,  
The child of royal Herè, and adored  
As Phœbus and Athenè are in heaven,  
As surely as this day brings evil plight  
On all Argeians—and on thee not least,  
If thou dar'st wait my javelin! I will rend  
Thy lily skin, and leave thy dainty flesh  
Fattening the vultures and the dogs of Troy,  
Where thou shalt fall, downstricken 'mid the fleet."

He spoke, and led the way, with whom advanced

ἤχῃ θεσπεσίῃ, ἔπλ' ἰάχε λαὸς ὄπισθεν.  
'Αργεῖοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπίαχον, οὐδ' ἐλάθοντο  
ἄλκῃς, ἀλλ' ἔμενον Τρώων ἐπιόντας ἀρίστους.  
ἤχῃ δ' ἀμφοτέρων ἵκετ' αἰθέρα καὶ Διὸς αὐγὰς.

With terrible shout the chieftains, and, behind,  
Their legions, cheering , but the ranks adverse  
Of Argos stood, not mindless of their might,  
And answer'd cheer for cheer, and stedfast bode  
Troy's best and bravest · and the sound went up  
To the empyrean and the rays of heaven.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ε΄.

Διὸς ἀπάτη.

Νέστορα δ' οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχὴ πίνοντά περ ἔμπης,  
ἀλλ' Ἀσκληπιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Φράζεο, διέ Μαχᾶον, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα·  
μείζων δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοή θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν πῖνε καθήμενος αἴθοπα οἶνον,  
εἰσόκε θερμὰ λοστρά ἐϋπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη  
θερμήνῃ καὶ λούσῃ ἀπο βρότον αἵματόεντα·  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἔλθὼν τάχα εἴσομαι ἐς περιωπὴν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν σάκος εἴλε τετυγμένον υἱὸς ἑοῖο,  
κείμενον ἐν κλισίῃ, Θρασυμήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο,  
χαλκῷ παμφαῖνον· ὃ δ' ἔχ' ἀσπίδα πατρὸς ἑοῖο.  
εἶλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
στῇ δ' ἐκτὸς κλισίης, τάχα δ' εἵσιδεν ἔργον αἰεὶς,  
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὀπισθεν,  
Τρῶας ὑπερθύμους· ἐρέριπτο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.  
ὥς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,  
ὁσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψήρᾳ κέλευθα  
αὐτῶς, οὐδ' ἄρα τε προκηνλίνδεται οὐδετέρωσε,  
πρὶν τινα κεκριμένον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρου,  
ὥς ὁ γέρων ὥρμαινε δαιζόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν  
διχθάδι, ἧ μεθ' ὅμιλον ἴοι Δαναῶν ταχυνπώλων,  
ἧε μετ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.  
ᾧδε δὲ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,  
βῆναι ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδην. οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνᾶριζον

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## ILIAD XIV.

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NOR Nestor in the tent, though drinking wine,  
Mark'd not the cry of battle louder borne,  
But rose, and thus addressed Asclepius' Son ;  
" Weigh well, Machaon, noble-hearted chief,  
What way these deeds are being accomplishèd :  
The battle-cry comes louder from the ships :  
Remain thou still, and drink this glowing wine,  
Till fair-hair'd Hecamede in my tent  
With heated waters cleanse from off thy wound  
The clotted blood , but I must quickly forth  
To some high place, gaze round me, and know all."

Speaking, he raised the shield of Thrasymed  
His son (for Thrasymed had ta'en his sire's),  
Embossed with glittering brass ; brass-tipp'd and strong  
A lance he likewise took, and stood in arms  
Without the tent , and thence beheld, and knew  
The shameful rout—the Argeians now in flight,  
And the haught Trojans thronging on their heels,  
And all Achaia's rampart burst and strewn.  
As a great sea, in one dumb heaving wave,  
Foreshadowing sudden passage of shrill winds,  
Stands, purpling, nor is roll'd to either side,  
Till down the blast hath come inclined from heaven ;  
So sway'd the Elder, and his heart was cleft  
In sunder, or to turn him to the throng  
Of swift-horsed Danaans, or to seek the king  
Atrides Agamemnon. Thus in doubt  
It seem'd to him the better to resort  
Unto Atrides. They meantime fought on,  
Slaughtering each other ; and their mails of proof

μαρναμένοι· λάκε δέ σφι περὶ χροὶ χαλκὸς ἀτειρὴς  
 νυσοσμένων ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.

Νέστορι δὲ ξυμβληντο Διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες  
 παρ νηῶν ἀνιόντες, ὅσοι βεβλήατο χαλκῷ,  
 Τυδείδης Ὀδυσσεύς τε καὶ Ἑστρείδης Ἀγαμέμνων.  
 πολλὸν γάρ ῥ' ἀπάνευθε μάχης εἰρύατο νῆες 30  
 θῖν ἔφ' ἄλδος πολίης· τὰς γὰρ πρῶτας πεδίονδε  
 ἔρυσαν, αὐτὰρ τείχος ἐπὶ πρύμνησιν ἔδειμαν.  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ', εὐρύς περ ἐὼν, ἐδυνήσατο πάσας  
 αἰγιαλὸς νῆας χαδέειν, στείνοντο δέ λαοί·  
 τῷ ῥα προκρόσσας ἔρυσαν, καὶ πλήσαν ἀπάσης  
 ἡϊόνος στόμα μακρὸν, ὅσον συνέεργαθον ἄκραι.  
 τῷ ῥ' οὔγ' ὀψείοντες αὐτῆς καὶ πολέμοιο,  
 ἔγχει ἐρειδόμενοι, κίον ἀθρόοι· ἄχυντο δέ σφιν  
 θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν. ὁ δὲ ξυμβλητο γεραιὸς,  
 Νέστωρ, πτήξε δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν. 40  
 τὸν καὶ φωνήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

“ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 τίπτε λιπὼν πόλεμον φθισήνορα δεῦρ' ἀφικάνεις;  
 δαίδω μὴ δὴ μοι τελέσῃ ἔπος ὄβριμος Ἐκτωρ,  
 ὥς ποτ' ἐπηπείλησεν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ' ἀγορεύων,  
 μὴ πρὶν παρ νηῶν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέεσθαι,  
 πρὶν πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, κτεῖναι δὲ καὶ αὐτούς.  
 κεῖνος τὼς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὲ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται.  
 ὦ πόποι, ἦ ῥα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἐν θυμῷ βάλλονται ἐμοὶ χόλον, ὥσπερ Ἀχιλλεύς, 50  
 οὐδ' ἐθέλουσι μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρύμνησι νέεσσιν.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμέμβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ.  
 “ἦ δὴ ταῦτά γ' ἐτοῖμα τετεύχεται, οὐδέ κεν ἄλλως  
 Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης αὐτὸς παρατεκτῆναιτο.  
 τείχος μὲν γὰρ δὴ κατερήριπεν, ᾧ ἐπέπιθμεν  
 ἄρρηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἴλαρ ἔσεσθαι·  
 οἱ δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσι μάχην ἀλλιάστον ἔχουσιν  
 νωλεμές· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτι γνοίης, μάλα περ σκοπιάζων,

Rang round their bodies smitten, as they met  
The dint of sword and pointed spokèd spear.

Tow'rd Nestor meeting came the heav'nsprung chiefs,  
Tydides, Odysseus, and Atreus' Son,  
The wounded three, now moving from their ships.  
For many barks along that white sea-shore  
Were ranged at distance from the battle-field ;  
Out to the plain the foremost stretch'd, and there  
The rampart hard upon their sterns was rear'd ,  
Nor thus the breadth of shingle could contain  
Their number, but the host had straiten'd room ;  
Hence, step by step, they ranged them, ladder-like,  
Filling the inlet long of all that coast,  
'Twixt the two promontories, either side.  
Therefore together, leaning on their spears,  
The three came forth, desiring whence to view  
The battle, though their hearts were sore with pain.  
And thus the Elder met them ; their dear minds  
Were stricken to behold him : whilst the king  
Atrides Agamemnon spake and said :  
" O Nestor, Neleus' son, our nation's boast !  
Why com'st thou thus, and leav'st the deadly fray ?  
Truly I fear lest Hector in his pride  
Fulfil the threats he threaten'd loud in Troy,  
Never to wind-swept Ilion to return,  
Ere he had burnt our ships and slain the crews.  
Yea, this will surely now be brought to pass :  
For, verily, not less than Peleus' Son,  
Hath every gallant warrior through the host  
Nursed up a grudge against me, and is loth  
To battle, though it be to save his bark."

To whom Gerenè's chief made answer thus :  
" This that thou sayest hath pass'd, and o'er the past  
Not Zeus the Thunderer in heaven hath power  
To turn it from its course. Behold the wall,  
The boasted bulwark of our ships and lives,  
Wherein we trusted, burst and strewn to earth ;  
Whilst hard upon our arrowy ships the foe ,  
Maintains a ceaseless and unending fight.

ὀπποτέρωθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ὀρινόμενοι κλονέονται·  
 ὥς ἐπιμῖξ κτείνονται, αὐτὴ δ' οὐρανὸν ἵκει. 60  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ' ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,  
 εἴ τι νόος ῥέξει· πόλεμον δ' οὐκ ἄμμε κελεύω  
 δύμεναι· οὐ γάρ πως βεβλημένον ἔστι μάχεσθαι.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “Νέστορ, ἐπειδὴ νηυσὶν ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχονται,  
 τεῖχος δ' οὐκ ἔχραισμε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τι τάφρος,  
 ἧ ἐπὶ πόλλ' ἔπαθον Δαναοὶ, ἔλποντο δὲ θυμῷ  
 ἄρρηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἴλαρ ἔσεσθαι,  
 οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενεί φίλον εἶναι,  
 νωνύμους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς. 70  
 ἦδεα μὲν γάρ ὅτε πρόφρων Δαναοῖσιν ἄμυνεν,  
 οἶδα δὲ νῦν ὅτι τοὺς μὲν ὁμῶς μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν  
 κυδάνει, ἡμέτερον δὲ μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἔδησεν.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἵπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
 νῆες ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύαται ἄγχι θαλάσσης,  
 ἔλκωμεν, πάσας δὲ ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἄλα διαν,  
 ὕψι δ' ἐπ' εὐνάων ὀρμίσσομεν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ  
 νυξ ἀβρότη, ἣν καὶ τῇ ἀπόσχονται πολέμοιο  
 Τρῶες· ἔπειτα δέ κεν ἐρυσσάμεθα νῆας ἀπάσας.  
 οὐ γάρ τις νέμεσις φυγέειν κακὸν, οὐδ' ἀνὰ νύκτα. 80  
 βέλτερον δὲ φεύγων προφύγῃ κακὸν ἢ ἐὶ ἀλώῃ.”

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 “Ἀτρεΐδῃ, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων.  
 οὐλόμεν', αἰθ' ὥφελλες ἀεικελίου στρατοῦ ἄλλου  
 σημαίνειν, μῆδ' ἄμμιν ἀνασσέμεν, οἷσιν ἄρα Ζεὺς  
 ἐκ νεότητος ἔδωκε καὶ ἐς γῆρας τολυπεύειν  
 ἀργαλέους πολέμους, ὅφρα φθιόμεσθα ἕκαστος.  
 οὕτω δὴ μέμονας Τρώων πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν  
 καλλεΐψειν, ἥς εἵνεκ' οἰζύομεν κακὰ πολλὰ ;  
 σίγα, μή τίς τ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν τοῦτον ἀκούσῃ 90  
 μῦθον, ὃν οὐ κεν ἀνὴρ γε διὰ στόμα πάμπαν ἄγριοιτο,  
 ὅστις ἐπίσταιτο ἧσι φρεσὶν ἄρτια βάζειν

Nor couldst thou, though with keenest ken, discern  
Who be the victors, who the vanquish'd, there ;  
So throng'd they fall, and mingled raise the cry.  
Weigh therefore well, what way these deeds may end,  
If counsel may do aught , for to the fray  
I bid ye not ; the wounded may not fight."

To whom the King made answer thus, and said :  
" Since, Nestor, at our galleys' sterns the foe,  
Nor aught the wall hath 'vail'd, nor aught the trench  
(For there was heaviest loss, albeit we hoped  
Therein the bulwark of our ships and lives),  
I ween that Zeus hath will'd Achaia's sons  
Must perish far from Argos nameless here :  
Full well I knew what time his help was ours,  
As now I know that he vouchsafes our foes  
A glory that exalts them to the strain  
Of blissful Gods, but fetters all our might.  
Hear therefore, and obey as I enjoin.  
The hindmost galleys, highest to the sea,  
These launch forth now upon the sacred deep,  
Yet make them fast to moorings still ashore,  
'Till night ambrosial fall, if haply night  
Will stay the Trojans from their fierce assail :  
Then be the whole fleet launch'd out to sea.  
What shame to flee from ruin, though by night ?  
Better ev'n thus to flee, than captives fall."

Sternly Odysseus frown'd and made reply :  
" Say'st thou, Atrides ! what new saying this  
Hath slipp'd the ivory portal of thy teeth ?  
Most evil Chief ! I tell thee, would to Heaven  
Thou wert the captain of some sorry crew  
Nor rul'dst us—to whom, 'twould nathless seem,  
Zeus hath ordain'd that from our youth to age  
We must spin on, till every man hath died,  
This endless thread of battle and distress !  
Was this thy word, to leave broad-streeted Troy  
Standing, and all our sorrows unavenged ?  
Oh, tell it not abroad, lest others hear  
Counsel which none should suffer on his tongue  
Who knew the words of wisdom, or who ruled,

σκηπτοῦχος τ' εἴη, καί οἱ πειθοίατο λαοὶ  
 τοσσοῖδ' ὅσσοισιν σὺ μετ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσεις·  
 [νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἶον ἔειπες·]  
 ὅς κέλειαι πολέμοιο συνεσταότος καὶ αὐτῆς  
 νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἄλαδ' ἐλκέμεν, ὅφρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον  
 Τρωσὶ μὲν εὐκτὰ γένηται ἐπικρατέουσιν περ ἔμψης,  
 ἡμῖν δ' αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος ἐπιρρέπη. οὐ γὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 στήσουσιν πόλεμον νηῶν ἄλαδ' ἐλκομενάων,  
 ἀλλ' ἀποπαπταέουσιν, ἐρωήσουσι δὲ χάρμης.  
 ἔνθα κε σὴ βουλή δηλήσεται, ὄρχαμε λαῶν.”

100

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “ὦ Ὀδυσεῦ, μάλα πῶς με καθίκεο θυμὸν ἐνιπῇ  
 ἀργαλήῃ· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὲν ἐγὼν ἀέκοντας ἄνωγα  
 νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἄλαδ' ἐλκέμεν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.  
 νῦν δ' εἴη ὅς τῆσδέ γ' ἀμείνονα μῆτιν ἐνίσποι,  
 ἢ νέος ἢ παλαιός· ἐμοὶ δέ κεν ἀσμένῳ εἴη.”

Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.  
 “ἐγγὺς ἀνὴρ—οὐ δηθὰ ματεύσομεν—αἶ κ' ἐθέλητε  
 πείθεσθαι, καὶ μή τι κότῳ ἀγάσῃσθε ἕκαστος,  
 οὐνεκα δὴ γενεῇφι νεώτατός εἰμι μεθ' ὑμῖν·  
 πατὴρ δ' ἐξ ἀγαθοῦ καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὐχομαι εἶναι.  
 [Τυδέος, ὃν Θήβησι χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει.]  
 Πορθεῖ γὰρ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,  
 ὥκεον δ' ἐν Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι,  
 Ἄγριος ἡδὲ Μέλας, τρίτατος δ' ἦν ἵπποτα Οἶνεὺς,  
 πατὴρ δ' ἐμοῖο πατήρ· ἀρετῇ δ' ἦν ἔξοχος αὐτῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μέινει, πατήρ δ' ἐμὸς Ἀργεὶ νάσθη  
 πλαγχθεῖς· ὥς γάρ που Ζεὺς ἤθελε καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.  
 Ἀδρήστοιο δ' ἐγήμε θυγατρῶν, ναῖε δ' ἐδῶμα  
 ἀφνειὸν βιότοιο, ἄλλης δὲ οἱ ἦσαν ἄρουραι  
 πυροφόροι, πολλοὶ δὲ φυτῶν ἔσαν ὄρχατοι ἀμφίς,  
 πολλὰ δὲ οἱ πρόβατ' ἔσκε· κέκαστο δὲ πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς  
 ἐγχείη· τὰ δὲ μέλλετ' ἀκουέμεν, εἰ ἔτεόν περ.  
 τῷ οὐκ ἄν με γένος γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φάντες  
 μῦθον ἀτιμήσαιτε πεφασμένον, ὃν κ' εὖ εἶπω.”

110

120

A sceptred King o'er nations of renown  
Like these o'er whom in Argos thou hast sway.  
I blame thee openly, without restraint,  
For this thy rede, who bidd'st us, whilst the war  
Hedgeth us round, and in our ears the cry,  
To launch our benchèd galleys out to sea :  
'Twould be to bring to pass the hopes of Troy,  
And draw destruction quicker on our heads.  
For surely, when the Achæians saw their ships  
Now thrusting out, they must perforce cast back  
Their longing eyes and slacken in the fight.  
Yea, sovran chieftain, though 'twere only this,  
Thee to condemn this only would suffice."

To whom the King made answer thus, and said :  
"Severe thou speak'st, Odysseus, and on me  
Reflectest more than due, who counsell'd not  
Achæia's sons, if loth at all, to launch ;  
Rather let any, be he young or old,  
Give better counsel, welcome most to me."

Then freely spoke 'Tydides 'mongst them all :  
"And one is nigh to give it, whom if ye  
Will hearken, long we shall not linger here.  
Nor cast my youth, I pray you, in my teeth ;  
For from a noble sire I draw my birth,  
Ev'n Tydeus, whom his tomb now holds in Thebes.  
Pentheus begat three valiant sons, who dwelt  
In Pleuron and the woods of Calydon,  
Agrius and Melas, two, but Æneus, third,  
The father of my father, famed in arms :  
He lived and died in Pleuron, but his son  
A wandering exile thence (so seem'd it good  
'To Zeus and other gods) to Argos came,  
Where of the daughters of Adrastus' house  
He took his wife, and with him dwelt, renown'd  
And wealthy ; plenteous fields of waving corn  
Were his, and many rows of vines about,  
Large flocks and herds ; nor better spearman lived  
In Argos : this ye need not me to vouch.  
Wherefore, what well I speak, ye may not slur  
By charge of poor dishonourable birth."

δεῦτ' ἵομεν πόλεμόνδε, καὶ οὐτάμενοί περ, ἀνάγκη·  
 ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' αὐτοὶ μὲν ἐχώμεθα δημοτῆτος  
 ἐκ βελέων, μή ποὺ τις ἐφ' ἔλκει ἔλκος ἄρηται·  
 ἄλλους δ' ὀτρύνοντες ἐνήσομεν, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ  
 θυμῷ ἦρα, φέροντες ἀφесτᾶσ' οὐδὲ μάχονται.”

130

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἦδ' ἐπ' οντο·  
 βὰν δ' ἴμεν, ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.

Οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος,  
 ἀλλὰ μετ' αὐτοὺς ἦλθε παλαῖω φῶτὶ ζοικῶς,  
 δεξιτερὴν δ' ἔλε χεῖρ' Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν δὴ πού Ἀχιλλῆος ὀλοὸν κῆρ  
 γηθεῖ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, φόνον καὶ φύζαν Ἀχαιῶν  
 δερκομένω, ἐπεὶ οὗ οἳ ἐνὶ φρένες οὐδ' ἠβαιαί.  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ὥς ἀπόλοιτο, θεὸς δέ ἐσιφλώσειεν·  
 σοὶ δ' οὐπω μάλα πάγχυ θεοὶ μάκαρες κοτέουσιν,  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι πού Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἦδὲ μέδοντες  
 εὐρὺ κοῖουσιν πεδίου, σὺ δ' ἐπόψεαι αὐτὸς  
 φεύγοντας προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων.”

140

ὣς εἰπὼν μέγ' ἄυσεν, ἐπεσσύμενος πεδίοιο.  
 ὅσσοι δ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι  
 ἄνδρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρηος,  
 τόσσην ἐκ στήθεσφιν ὅπα κρείων ἐνοσίχθων  
 ἦκεν· Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ' ἐκάστω  
 καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἦδὲ μάχεσθαι.

150

Ἥρῃ δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσόθρονος ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
 στᾶσ' ἐξ Οὐλύμπιο ἀπὸ ρίου· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω  
 τὸν μὲν ποιπνύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν,  
 αὐτοκασίγνητον καὶ δαέρα, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·  
 Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπύδακος Ἰδης  
 ἦμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερόν δέ οἳ ἐπλετο θυμῷ.  
 μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρῃ  
 ὅπως ἐξαπάφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο.  
 ἦδε δέ οἳ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βούλῃ,  
 ἔλθειν εἰς Ἰδην εὖ ἐντύνασαν ἐ αὐτήν,  
 εἴ πως ἰμείραιτο παραδραθῆεν φιλότῃτι

160



We must to battle forth, despite our wounds ,  
Yet, lest we haply so add hurt to hurt,  
Beyond the fray take stand, and clear of darts ,  
Thence can we rally and quicken those, who now  
For pleasure of their own faint hearts retire."

He spoke ; to whom they listen'd, nothing loth,  
And moved ; and Agamemnon led the way.

Nor then for nought his watch Poseidon held  
But, following in the guise of aged man,  
Took by the right hand Atreus' Son the King  
And spoke and thus address'd his wingèd words :

"Now leaps the murderous heart of Peleus' Son  
For joy within him, that he vengeful sees  
The slaughter and the rout of thy brave host,  
Nay, let him to the ruin doom'd by Heaven ;  
He hath no knowledge in him—not a gleam.  
For not with thee the blissful Gods are wroth ;  
And soon the princes and the chiefs of Troy  
O'er yonder plain shall raise the clouding dust  
Fleeing, and thine own self shalt see their flight."

He spoke, and charging shouted loud, as when  
Nine thousand or ten thousand men of war  
Uplift their voices in the shock of arms ;  
So loud the voice the sovran Ocean-God  
Gave from his throat, and breathed on Argos' son ;  
A giant strength, to endless battle fain.

And golden-thronèd Herè view'd their plight  
From off the Olympian pillar, where she stood,  
And joy'd, beholding in the ennobling strife  
Her own and husband's brother ranging free ;  
Thence turn'd her gaze, and on the topmost peak  
Of many-fountain'd Ida spied her Lord  
Still sitting ; and she loathed him in her heart.  
Therefore the broad-brow'd Goddess 'gan revolve  
How best to guile the sense of mighty Zeus.  
This show'd the wisest counsel to her mind :  
To go to Ida, in rich garments dight,  
And haply to beguile him to her side,

ἢ χροῖῃ, τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπήμονά τε λιάρόν τε  
 χεῦν ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμησιν.  
 βῆ δ' ἔμην ἐς θάλαμον, τόν οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν,  
 "Ἢφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπήρσει  
 κληιδὶ κρυπτῇ, τὴν δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄλλος ἀνῶγεν.  
 ἔνθ' ἤγ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φαεινὰς.  
 ἀμβροσίῃ μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροὸς ἡμερόεντος  
 λύματα πάντα κάθηρεν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,  
 ἀμβροσίῳ ἔδανῳ, τό βᾶ οἱ τεθυωμένον ἦεν.  
 τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο Διὸς κατὰ χαλκοβατῆς δῶ  
 ἔμπης ἐς γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἔκετ' αὐτμή.  
 τῷ ῥ' ἦγε χροά καλὸν ἀλειψαμένη, ἰδὲ χαίτας  
 πεξαμένη, χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἔπλεξε φαεινοὺς,  
 καλοὺς ἀμβροσίους, ἐκ κράατος ἀθανάτοιο.  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιον ἑανὸν ἔσαθ', ὃν οἱ Ἀθήνη  
 ἔξυσ' ἀσκήσασα, τίθει δ' ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πολλά·  
 χρυσεῖης δ' ἐνετῆσι κατὰ στήθεος περονᾶτο.  
 ζώσατο δὲ ζώνην, ἑκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀραρυῖαν,  
 ἐν δ' ἄρα ἔρματα ἦκεν ἐντρήτοισι λοβοῖσιν,  
 τρίγληνα μορόεντα· χάρις δ' ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.  
 κρηδέμῳ δ' ἐφύπερθε καλύψατο δῖα θεῶν  
 καλῷ νηγατέῳ· λευκὸν δ' ἦν ἡέλιος ὥς·  
 ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντα περὶ χροῖ θήκατο κόσμον,  
 βῆ ῥ' ἔμην ἐκ θαλάμοιο, καλεσσαμένη δ' Ἀφροδίτην  
 τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε θεῶν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

170

180

"Ἢ βᾶ νῦ μοί τι πίθοιο, φίλον τέκος, ὅττι κεν εἴπω, 190  
 ἢ κεν ἀρνῆσαιω, κοτεσσαμένη τόγχε θυμῷ,  
 οὐνεκ' ἐγὼ Δαναοῖσι, σὺ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγεις ;"

Τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·  
 "Ἢρῃ, πρέσβα θεὰ, θύγατερ μεγάλιο Κρόνιοι,  
 αὐδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,  
 εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἔστιν."

Τὴν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρῃ·  
 "δὸς νῦν μοι φιλότῃτα καὶ ἡμερον, ᾧτε σὺ πάντας  
 δαμνᾷ ἀθανάτους ἢ δὲ θνητοὺς ἀνθρώπους.

To lie with her, and then upon his lids  
And sense and soul to shower a painless sleep.  
She sought the chamber therefore, to her bed  
Built by her son Hephæstus, who had raised  
Thick portals to its posts, which moved to key  
Unknown ; no other God e'er opened that door.  
She enter'd and she closed the shining valves.  
There first she cleansed of every taint and spot  
Her lovely form in pure ambrosial stream ;  
Anointing her with oil, divinely sweet,  
Rich, fragrant , as she shower'd it o'er her limbs  
Deep in Zeus' brass-paved mansion, floated forth  
The odorous breath thereof through earth and heaven.  
Thereafter, and with hair disparted smooth,  
About her heavenly brows she wound long locks ,  
And clothed her in ambrosial delicate robe,  
Wrought with embroidery by Athenè's hand,  
And broach'd across her breasts with clasps of gold ;  
A girdle with a hundred pendants hung  
She donn'd, and through the pierced lobes of her ears  
Drew the bright earrings, triple-jewell'd gems,  
Fine-wrought, whereof the beauty shone far round ;  
Then from her head she veil'd her in thin veil,  
White, and its whiteness shone as shines the sun,  
And bound rich sandals 'neath her glistening feet.  
So, having deck'd her in a rich array,  
She issued from the chamber, and she call'd  
Fair Aphroditè to a place apart,  
Where no God else might list them, and she spake .

“My child, wilt grant the boon I now may ask,  
Or wilt thou still deny me, for thy wrath  
That I befriend the Danaans, thou their foes ?”

And Zeus-sprung Aphroditè made reply :  
“O Herè, most revered, and eldest-born,  
Daughter of mighty Kronos ! Speak thy will ;  
My heart is quick to do it, so it be  
That which I may, and that which can be done.”

And Herè of her guile gave answer thus ;  
“Grant me the loveliness and sweet desire,  
Thine own, wherewith thou sway'st to thee all hearts,

εἶμι γὰρ ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης 200  
 Ὀκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,  
 οἳ μ' ἐν σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐν τρέφον ἡδ' ἀπίταλλον,  
 δεξάμενοι Ῥεΐης, ὅτε τε Κρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
 γαίης νέρθε καθεῖσε καὶ ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης.  
 τοὺς εἶμ' ὀψομένη, καὶ σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·  
 ἡδὴ γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται  
 εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότῃτος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.  
 εἰ κείνω γ' ἐπέεσσι παραιπεπιθοῦσα φίλον κῆρ,  
 εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνέσαιμι ὁμωθῆναι φιλότῃτι,  
 αἰεὶ κέ σφι φίλῃ τε καὶ αἰδοίῃ καλεοίμην." 210

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε φιλομμειδῆς Ἀφροδίτῃ·  
 “οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲ ἔοικε τεδὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι·  
 Ζηνος γὰρ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἱαίεις.”

Ἡ καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστὸν ἱμάντα  
 ποικίλον, ἐνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·  
 ἐνθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἱμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς  
 πάρφασις, ἥτ' ἐκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.  
 τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Τῇ νῦν, τοῦτον ἱμάντα τεῶ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ,  
 ποικίλον, ᾧ ἐνὶ πάντα τετεύχεται· οὐδέ σέ φημι 220  
 ἀπρηκτόν γε νέεσθαι, ὃ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς.”

Ὡς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ βοῶπις πόντια Ἥρῃ,  
 μειδήσασα δ' ἔπειτα ἐῶ ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ.

Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτῃ,  
 Ἥρῃ δ' ἀλῆσασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,  
 Πιερίην δ' ἐπιβᾶσα καὶ Ἡμαθίην ἐρατεινὴν  
 σεύατ' ἐφ' ἵπποπόλῳ Ἰθρηκῶν ὄρεα νιφόνετα,  
 ἀκροτάτας κορυφάς· οὐδὲ χθόνα μάρπτε ποδοῖν·  
 ἔξ Ἀθώω δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἐβήσατο κυμαίνοντα,  
 Λῆμνον δ' εἰσαφίκανε, πόλιν θείοιο Θόαντος. 230  
 ἐνθ' Ὀπυνῶ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτοιο,  
 ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Ὀπνε, ἄναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ' ἀνθρώπων,  
 ἡμὲν δὴ ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες, ἡδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν

Or mortal or immortal I would go  
Far as the limits of the teeming earth,  
Ev'n to th' Original of heavenly Gods,  
Oceanus, and Tethys, who of old  
Cherish'd and loved me well, to them consign'd  
By Rhea when wide-glancing Zæus had heap'd  
The earth and seas on Kronos' fallen head.  
And I would quench the broil, wherewith long while  
They hold them from their mutual love's delights.  
For, should my prayer win way into their hearts,  
Should I unite them by old bond again,  
They love and honour me for evermore."

To whom the laughter-loving Queen of Love .  
"Unmeet it were, and idle, to deny  
Her who rejoiceth in the bed of Zeus."

Speaking, the broider'd zone beneath her breast,  
She loosed, wherein all charms to win the sense,  
Love, dream, and fond discourse, that steals away  
The wisdom of the wisest, lay enwrought ;  
This throwing to her hands, she spake anew :

"Take therefore, in thy bosom lay this zone :  
Closed in its broidery all witchery lies ;  
Thus arm'd, whate'er thy heart's desire may be,  
I promise that thou shalt not seek in vain."

She spoke, and broadbrow'd Herè, smiling, took,  
And, smiling, in her bosom laid the zone,  
Whilst Aphrodite turn'd her to the hall.

Forth from the pillar o' the Olympian height  
Sprang then the other ; o'er Pieria  
She soar'd, and pass'd Æmathia's beauteous vale ;  
So to the loftiest summits of the earth,  
'The snow-crown'd hills o'er horse-abounding Thrace ;  
Yet gave to earth no footstep, but moved down  
From Athos on the waters to the isle  
Of Lemnos, realm of Thoas, chief divine.  
There Sleep, the brother of Death, she sought and found,  
Clung to his hand, and spoke his name, and said :  
"Sovran of all the world of God and man,  
As thou would'st hear me oft, so hearken now,

παίθου· ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἥματα πάντα.  
κοίμησόν μοι Ζηνὸς ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν ὅσσε φαεινῶ,  
αὐτίκ' ἐπεὶ κεν ἐγὼ παραλέξομαι ἐν φιλότῃ.  
δῶρα δέ τοι δώσω καλὸν θρόνον, ἄφθιτον αἰεὶ,  
χρύσειον· Ἡφαιστος δέ κ' ἐμὸς παῖς ἀμφιγυῖς  
τεύξει ἀσκήσας, ὑπὸ δὲ θρήνῳ ποσὶν ἦσει,  
τῷ κεν ἐπισχολῆς λιπαροὺς πόδας εἰλαπινάζων.”

240

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμβιβόμενος προσεφώνεε νήδυμος Ὕπνος·  
“Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεὰ, θύγατερ μεγάλαιοι Κρόνιοι,  
ἄλλον μὲν κεν ἔγωγε θεῶν αἰειγενετάων  
ῥεῖα κατευνήσαιμι, καὶ ἂν ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα  
Ὀκεανοῦ, ὅσπερ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται·  
Ζηνὸς δ' οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε Κρονοῖον ἄσπον ἰκοίμην,  
οὐδὲ κατευνήσαιμ', ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε κελεύει.  
ἦδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλο τεῖ ἐπίνυσσεν ἐφετμή,  
ἥματι τῷ ὅτε κεῖνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς  
ἔπλεεν Ἰλιόθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξας.  
ἦτοι ἐγὼ μὲν ἔλεξα Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο  
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· σὺ δέ οἱ κακὰ μῆσαο θυμῷ,  
ὕρσας ἄργαλέων ἀνέμων ἐπὶ πόντον ἀήτας,  
καὶ μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ' εὐναιομένην ἀπένεικας,  
νόσφι φίλων πάντων· ὁ δ' ἐπεγρόμενος χαλέπαινευ,  
ῥιπτάζων κατὰ δῶμα θεοὺς, ἐμὲ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων  
ζήτει· καὶ κέ μ' ἄϊστον ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἔμβαλε πόντιν,  
εἰ μὴ Νύξ δμητέρα θεῶν ἐσάωσε καὶ ἀνδρῶν·  
τὴν ἰκόμην φεύγων, ὁ δ' ἐπαύσατο, χωόμενός περ.  
ἄζετο γὰρ μὴ Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀποθύμια ἔρδοι.  
νῦν αὖ τοῦτό μ' ἀνωγας ἀμήχανον ἄλλο τελέσσαι.”

250

260

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·  
“Ὕπνε, τίη δὲ σὺ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς;  
ἦ φῆς ὥς Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν  
ὥς Ἡρακλῆος περιχώσατο, παιδὸς ἑοῖο;

O Sleep, once more ; and I will all my days  
Acknowledge this thy grace. When soon I lie  
With Zeus embiacing, steep beneath their lids  
His shining eyes in slumber ; grant me this ,  
And I will give to thee a throne of gold,  
Fair, incorruptible, the Halt-foot's work,  
Hephæstus : he shall frame the step, whereon  
Thou may'st in revel rest thy glistening feet."

She spoke ; but gentle Sleep made answer thus :  
" O Hère most revered, and eldest born,  
Daughter of mighty Kronos ! Easy task  
'Twere to lull other of Immortal Gods,  
Yea, ev'n the old Original of all,  
'The streams of River Ocean, into sleep.  
But Zeus, great Zeus—nigh him I venture not  
Nor seal his eyes save at his own high hest  
Already hath one task thou sett'st me read  
Another lesson, on the day when erst  
The misproud son of Zeus from Ilion sail'd  
After his plunder of the town of Troy.  
Softly around Zeus shower'd I then beguiled  
His sense to slumber, whilst upon the sea  
Thou in fulfilment of thine evil will  
Wok'st every blast that blows of stormful winds,  
Which drave his favour'd son from off his bent,  
And far from all his crew, to Coos' isle.  
But Zeus awoke, and on his waking rose  
Wrathful, and to and fro, whome'er he reached,  
He hurl'd the Gods, but of them all he sought  
Me mainly, and I doubt not would have whelm'd  
Headlong from heaven into the abysmal sea,  
Had not Night saved me--Night, of God and man  
'The all-subduer, to whose lap I fled  
For refuge ; and, though wroth, he ceased, in fear  
Lest he give umbrage unto Night's dread Power.  
And to like madness thou would'st bid me now !"

But royal broadbrow'd Herè thus rejoind' :  
" What foolishness, O Sleep, hath left thy lips !  
Think'st thou our Father's wrath in 'Troy's behalf  
Such as it burn'd for sake of Hercules,

ἀλλ' ἴθ', ἐγὼ δὲ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτεράων  
 δώσω ὀπιυέμεναι καὶ σὴν κεκληῆσθαι ἄκοιτιν,  
 [Πασιθέην, ἧς αἰὲν ἐέλδεαι ἥματα πάντα.]”

ᾠς φάτο, χήρατο δ' Ὀπνος, ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·  
 “ ἄγρει νῦν μοι ὄμοσον ἄάατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ· 271  
 χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἐτέρῃ μὲν ἔλε χθόνα πουλυβοτείρην  
 τῇ δ' ἐτέρῃ ἄλλα μαρμαρέην, ἵνα νῶιν ἅπαντες  
 μάρτυροι ὦσ' οἱ ἐνερθε θεοὶ Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες,  
 ἦ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὀπλοτεράων,  
 Πασιθέην, ἧς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἥματα πάντα.”

ᾠς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
 ὦμνυε δ' ὥς ἐκέλευε, θεοὺς δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἅπαιτας  
 τοὺς ὑποταρταρίους, οἳ Τιτῆνες καλέονται.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὄμοσέν τε τελεύτησέν τε τὸν ὄρκον, 280  
 τὼ βήτην Λήμνου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου ἄστνυ λιπόντες,  
 ἡέρα ἐσσημένω, ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.  
 Ἰδην δ' ἰκέσθην πολυπίδακα μητέρα θηρῶν,  
 Λεκτὸν, ὅθι πρῶτον λιπέτην ἄλα· τὼ δ' ἐπὶ χέρσου  
 βήτην, ἀκροτάτῃ δὲ ποδῶν ὑπο σείετο ὕλη.  
 ἐνθ' Ὀπνος μὲν ἔμεινε πάρος Διὸς ὅσσε ἰδέσθαι,  
 εἰς ἐλάτῃν ἀναβὰς περιμήκετον, ἣ τότε ἐν Ἰδῇ  
 μακροτάτῃ πεφυυῖα δι' ἡέρος αἰθέρ' ἵκανε.  
 ἐνθ' ἦσθ' ὄξοισιν πεπυκασμένος εἰλατίνουσιν,  
 ὄρνιθι λιγυρῇ ἐναλγῆκιος, ἦντ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν 290  
 χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν.

Ἥρη δὲ κραιπνῶς προσεβήσετο Γάργαραν ἄκρον  
 Ἰδης ὑψηλῆς· ἔδε δὲ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς.  
 ὥς δ' ἔδεν, ὥς μιν ἔρωσ πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκαίλυνεν,  
 οἷον ὅτε πρῶτόν περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότῃτι,



His son, his best beloved? But ponder this ;  
That I will give thee for thy wedded wife  
The younger of the Graces, her for whom  
This many a year thy heart is all aflame,  
The fair Pasithea."

And Sleep, who heard,  
Felt his heart leap for joy, and spake anew :  
" Swear this by stream of Styx inviolate,  
Swear it with one hand touching fruitful earth,  
But lay the other on the hoary sea ;  
So may the Elder Gods in nether realms  
Round Father Kronos witness 'twixt us twain.  
Swear, thou wilt give me for my wedded wife  
The younger of the Graces, her for whom  
This many a year my heart is all aflame,  
The fair Pasithea."

He said ; nor shrink  
She of the milkwhite arm, but, as he bade,  
She sware, and call'd to witness, each by name,  
The sub-Tartarean Godheads, Titans high.

But when the oath was utter'd to its close,  
Together from the Imbrian citadel  
And Lemnos, wrapt in mist they trod their way  
Lightly upon the sea, nor left the waves  
Ere they set sole on Lectus, at the cape  
Of Ida, mother of all beasts of prey.  
There first they skim'd the land, and 'neath their feet  
The summits of the piny forest shook.  
But Sleep, ere Zeus espied, ensconced him there,  
Perch'd on a lofty fir, that tallest grew  
On Ida, piercing through earth's mists to heav'n.  
There couch'd he, cover'd in with matted boughs,  
In likeness of the clear-voiced mountain-bird,  
Of Gods cleped Chalcis, but of men the hawk.

But Herè with light foot ascended high  
To Gargarus the mountain's topmost peak ;  
Whom Zeus beheld approaching ; and such love  
Came clouding o'er his mind, as when of old

εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντε, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆας.

στη δ' αὐτῆς προπάρουθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Ἥρη, πῇ μεμαυῖα κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνεις;  
ἵπποι δ' οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἄρματα, τῶν κ' ἐπιβαίης.”

Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα πρὸς ἡνὺδα πότνια Ἥρη·

300

“ἔρχομαι ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,  
ᾠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,  
οἳ μ' ἐν σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐν τρέφον ἡδ' ἀτίταλλον·  
τοὺς εἴμ' ὀψομένη, καὶ σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω.

ἦδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται  
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεισε θυμῷ.

ἵπποι δ' ἐν πρυμνωρεῖη πολυπίδακος Ἰδης  
ἔστᾱσ', οἳ μ' οὔσουσιν ἐπὶ τραφερῇν τε καὶ ὑγρὴν.  
νῦν δὲ σεῦ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κατ' Οὐλύμπου τόδ' ἱκάνω,

μή πῶς μοι μετέπειτα χολώσεται, αἶ κε σιωπῇ  
οἴχωμαι πρὸς δῶμα βαθυρῥόου ᾠκεανοῖο.”

310

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·

“Ἥρη, κεῖσε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ὕστερον ὀρμηθῆναι,  
νῶϊ δ' ἄγ' ἐν φιλότῃ τραπέομεν εὐνηθέντε·  
οὐ γὰρ πώποτέ μ' ὦδε θεᾶς ἔρος οὐδὲ γυναικὸς  
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στηθεσσι περιπροχυθεὶς ἐδάμασσεν,  
[οὐδ' ὁπότε ἤρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο,

ἢ τέκε Πειρίθοον, θεόφιν μῆστωρ' ἀτάλαντον·  
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Δανύης καλλισφύρου Ἀκρισιώνης,  
ἢ τέκε Περσῆα, πάντων ἀριδείκετον ἀνδρῶν·

320

οὐδ' ὅτε Φοῖνικος κούρης τηλεκλειτοῖο,  
ἢ τέκε μοι Μίνω τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ῥαδάμανθυν·  
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Σεμέλης οὐδ' Ἀλκμήνης ἐνὶ Θήβῃ,  
ἢ ῥ' Ἥρακλῆα κρατερόφρονα γείνατο παῖδα·

ἢ δὲ Διώνυσον Σεμέλη τέκε, χάρμα βροτοῖσιν·  
οὐδ' ὅτε Δήμητρος καλλιπλοκάμοιο ἀνάσσης,  
οὐδ' ὁπότε Λητοῦς ἐρικυδέος, οὐδὲ σεῦ αὐτῆς,]

For the first time they laid them side by side  
Embracing, and beguiled their parents' watch.  
Before her face he stood, and spake, and said :

“Whither, my Herè, and with what desire  
Descend'st thou from Olympus? I behold  
Nor steeds nor chariot to convey thee back.”

Whom broadbrow'd Herè answer'd of her guile  
“Far to the limits of the teeming Earth,  
Ev'n to the Original of heavenly Gods,  
Oceanus, and Tethys, I would speed.  
Of old they cherished me within their halls :  
And I would quench the broil, wherewith long while  
They hold them from their mutual love's delights.  
My horses, that shall post o'er land and sea,  
Stand upon many-fountain'd Ida's root.  
But hither on my path for thee I turn'd  
Descending from Olympus, lest perchance  
In aftertimes thy high displeasure burn,  
For that in silence, mute to thee, I roved  
To old Oceanus' far river-home.”

But answer made the Ruler of the clouds :  
“Hereafter, Herè, journey where thou list ;  
But now come hither ; lay thee by my side.  
For ne'er till now hath such desire inflamed  
For Goddess or for woman my whole heart.  
Not such the passion for Ixion's spouse,  
Who bare to me Pirithoüs, peer of Gods ;  
Not such for shapely-ancled Danaë,  
Daughter of Acrisus, who thence conceived  
Perseus, the marvel of all human kind ;  
Not such for that fair virgin far-renown'd,  
Daughter of Phoenix, of whose sweet embrace  
Minos and godlike Rhadamanthus sprang ;  
Not such for Semele ; nor such in Thebes  
For her of whom great Hercules was born,  
Alcmèna ; but fair Semele gave birth  
To merry Dionysus, man's delight ;  
Nor for the Imperial Goddess golden-hair'd  
Demeter ; nor for Leto, famed yet more ;  
Nay, nor for thine own self ; as this, that now

ὥς σέο νῦν ἔραμαι καὶ με γλυκὺς ἥμερος αἶρεί.”

Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·

“ αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες ; 330

εἰ νῦν ἐν φιλότῃτι λιλαίεαι εὐνηθῆναι

Ἰδὼς ἐν κορυφήσιν, τὰ δὲ προπρέφονται ἅπαντα,

πῶς κ' ἔοι, εἴ τις νῶϊ θεῶν αἰειγενετῶν

εὐδοντ' ἀθρήσειε, θεοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι μετελθὼν

πεφράδοι ; οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγε τεδὸν πρὸς δῶμα νεοίμην

ἔξ εὐνῆς ἀνστᾶσα, νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη.

ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ ῥ' ἐθέλεις καὶ τοι φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ,

ἔστιν τοι θάλαμος, τὸν τοί φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν

Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπήρσεν·

ἐνθ' ἴομεν κείμεντες, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὐαδεν εὐνή.” 340

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·

“ Ἥρη, μήτε θεῶν τόγῃ δειδίθι μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν

ὄψεσθαι· τοῖόν τοι ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω,

χρῦσεον· οὐδ' ἂν νῶϊ διαδράκοι Ἥελιός περ,

οὔτε καὶ ὀξύτατον πέλεται φάος εἰσοράσθαι.”

Ἥ ῥα καὶ ἀγκὰς ἔμαρπτε Κρόνου παῖς ἦν παράκοιτιν·

τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθῶν διὰ φύεν νεοθηλέα ποίην,

λωτόν θ' ἐρσήεντα ἰδὲ κρόκον ἦδ' ὑάκινθον

πυκνὸν καὶ μαλακὸν, δὲ ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργεν.

τῷ ἐνι λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο

καλὴν χρυσεῖην· στιλπναὶ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔερσαι. 350

Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμας εὔδε πατὴρ ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ

ὑπνῷ καὶ φιλότῃτι δαμείς, ἔχε δ' ἀγκὰς ἀκοιτιν·

βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν νήδυμος Ὕπνος,

ἀγγελίην ἔρέων γαιηόχῳ ἐννοσιγαίῳ.

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Πρόφρων νῦν Δαναοῖσι, Ποσείδαον, ἐπάμυνε,

καὶ σφιν κῦδος ὄπαζε μίνυνθιά περ, ὅφρ' ἔτι εὔδει

Ζεὺς, ἐπεὶ αὐτῷ ἐγὼ μαλακὸν περὶ κῶμ' ἐκάλυψα·

Ἥρη δ' ἐν φιλότῃτι παρήπαφεν εὐνηθῆναι.” 360

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ᾤχετ' ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φύλ' ἀνθρώπων,

Inflames me, and sweet passion thrills me through "  
Whom broadbrow'd Herè answer'd of her guile ;  
" Most dread my Lord ! what falleth from thy lips ?  
If now thou bid us each in other's arms  
To lie embracing, high on Ida's peak,  
Whence all is open to the eyes of all—  
How will it be, if some immortal God  
Descry us sleeping, and straight bear the tale  
Throughout all heav'n wide-bruited ? Ne'er might I  
Rise from that bed, nor move into thy house  
Thenceforth ; but I were shamed for evermore.  
But, if thou hast this longing at thy heart,  
Not distant is the chamber, by our son  
Hephæstus built, whereto are closèd doors ;  
Thither, if such thy pleasure, we withdraw."

But answer made the Ruler of the clouds .  
" My Herè, fear not eye of God or man :  
So thick a golden cloud will I shower round  
About us, that not ev'n the Sun, whose light  
Is keenest to espy, through it shall peer."

He spoke, and caught the Goddess to his arms.  
Brake forth beneath them from the heavenly sward  
Fresh-springing turf, and lily dew-besprènt,  
And hyacinth, and crocus, flowering thick  
And soft and high, and held them from the earth ;  
Whilst round them grew a golden cloud, and clung  
About them, slowly dropping sparkling dew.

So on the peak of Gargarus at peace  
Clasping her in his arms the Father lay  
By sleep and love subdued ; but gentle Sleep  
Quick hied him tow'rd Achaia's fleet, to bear  
His errand to Poseidon ; by whose side  
He came, and stood, and spoke these wingèd words :

" Poseidon, now vouchsafe thy strongest help,  
And, though it be but for a little space,  
Increase the fame to Argos, whilst Zéus lies  
Fast-bound ; whom I have wrapp'd in softest cloud,  
And Ilerè to her love's embrace hath guiled."

He spoke, and to the noble race of men

τὸν δ' ἔτι μάλλον ἀνῆκεν ἀμυνέμεναι Δαναοῖσιν.  
αὐτίκα δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα προθορῶν ἐκέλευσεν·

“ Ἀργεῖοι, καὶ δ' αὖτε μεθίεμεν Ἐκτορι νύκην  
Πριαμίδην, ἵνα νῆας ἔλῃ καὶ κῦδος ἄρῃται ;  
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὕτω φησὶ καὶ εὐχεται, οὐνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσι μένει κεχολωμένος ἦτορ·  
κείνου δ' οὐτι λῆν ποθὴ ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν οἱ ἄλλοι  
ἡμεῖς ὀτρυνώμεθ' ἀμυνέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.  
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
ἀσπίδας, ὅσσαι ἄρισται ἐνὶ στρατῷ ἡδὲ μέγισται,  
ἑσάμενοι, κεφαλὰς δὲ παναίθῃσιν κορύθεσσιν  
κρύψαντες, χερσὶν τε τὰ μακρότατ' ἔγχε' ἐλόντες,  
ἵομεν· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἡγήσομαι, οὐδ' ἔτι φημί  
Ἐκτορα Πριαμίδην μενέειν, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα.  
[ὅς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ μενέχαρμος, ἔχει δ' ὀλίγον σάκος ὦμῳ,  
χείρονι φωτὶ δότω, ὃ δ' ἐν ἀσπίδι μείζονι δύτω.]”

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“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύουν ἡδ' ἐπίθοντο·  
τοὺς δ' αὐτοὶ βασιλῆες ἐκόσμεον, οὐτάμενοί περ,  
Τυδείδης Ὀδυσσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων·  
οἰχόμενοι δ' ἐπὶ πάντας Ἀρήϊα τεύχε' ἀμειβον.  
ἑσθλὰ μὲν ἑσθλὸς ἔδυνε, χέρηα δὲ χείρονι δόσκειν.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἔσσαντο περὶ χροὶ νόροπα χαλκόν,  
βῆν ῥ' ἵμεν· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφι Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,  
δεινὸν ἄορ ταυνύηκες ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,  
εἴκελον ἀστεροπῇ· τῷ δ' οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ μιγῆναι  
ἐν δαί λευγαλέῃ, ἀλλὰ δέος ἰσχάνει ἄνδρας.

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Τρῶας δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκόσμει φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ.  
δὴ ῥα τότε αἰνοτάτην ἔριδα πτολέμοιο τάνυσσαν  
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων καὶ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ,  
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν Τρῶεσσιν, ὃ δ' Ἀργεῖοισιν ἀρήγων.  
ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα ποτὶ κλισίας τε νέας τε  
Ἀργείων· οἱ δὲ ξύνισαν μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ.  
οὕτε θαλάσσης κύμα τόσον βοάει ποτὶ χέρσον,

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Departing, pass'd away ; but kindled more  
The other to the Danaan cause, who sprang  
Far forward, and amongst their vanmost cried :  
    "Yield we, Argians, yield we victory  
To Priamian Hector—to destroy  
Our galleys, and to win immortal name?  
He threats this loud, and vaunts, because he knows  
Achilles in his ship, for wrath removed.  
Yet, if we each would fire the other on,  
Him we might lack, nor feel it overmuch.  
Hear then, and all obey as I give word;  
Don we the trustiest bucklers in the camp,  
With the best gleaming morions guard our heads,  
And take the longest lances in our hands ;  
Then charge ! Whom I will lead ; nor Priam's Child,  
I promise you, shall stand, though brave he be.  
And let who hath a spirit to this fight,  
Yet bears a buckler to his shoulder small,  
Changing, on baser man bestow his own."

He spoke : they heard him gladly, and obey'd ;  
Whom their own chieftains marshall'd into rank,  
Tydides, Odysseus, and Atreus' Son,  
Despite their wounds, and moving through the host  
Bade them exchange their harness, each with each.  
A proven warrior donn'd a proven mail,  
But gave the baser arms to baser man.  
So girt in dazzling brass, they rallying went,  
Whom great Poseidon led, and held a sword,  
Gleaming like lightning, of a terrible edge,  
In his broad hand ; whom man may not assail  
In fearful fray, but all behold appall'd.

Meantime bright-helmèd Hector marshall'd Troy.

Nor long ere, ranged in either's ranks, the two,  
Bright Hector, and the dark-tress'd Ocean-God,  
Stood to the terrible tug of deadly war ;  
Whilst tow'rd the Argian ships and tents the sea  
Surged, and the charging hosts in uproar clash'd.  
Loud booms a billow dash'd from out the deep

ποντόθεν ὀρνύμενον πνοιῇ Βορέω ἀλεγεινῇ·  
οὔτε πυρὸς τόσσος γε πέλει βρόμος αἰθομένοιο  
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο καιέμεν ὕλην·  
οὔτ' ἄνεμος τόσσον γε ποτὶ δρυσὶν ὑψικόμοισιν  
ἠπύει, ὅσῃ μάλιστα μέγα βρέμεται χαλεπαίνων,  
ὅσση ἄρα Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἔπλετο φωνῇ 400  
δεινὸν ἀυσάντων, ὅτ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν.

Αἶαντος δὲ πῶτος ἀκόντισε φαίδιμος Ἴκτωρ  
ἔγχει, ἐπεὶ τέτραπτο πρὸς ἰθύ οἶ, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν,  
τῇ ῥα δὺν τελαμῶνε περὶ στήθεσσι τετάσθην,  
ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σάκεος, ὁ δὲ φασγάνου ἀργυροῆλου·  
τῷ οἱ ῥυσάσθην τέρενα χροά. χῶσατο δ' Ἴκτωρ,  
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρὸς,  
ἄψ' δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο Κῆρ' Ἀλεείνων.  
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπιόντα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας  
χερμαδίῳ, τὰ ῥα πολλὰ, θαῶν ἔχματα νηῶν, 410  
πὰρ ποσὶ μαρναμένων ἐκυλίνδετο· τῶν ἐν αἰέρας  
στήθεος βεβλήκειν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ἀγχόθι δειρήs,  
στρόμβον δ' ὥς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἔδραμε πάντη.  
ὥς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ πληγῆς πατὴρ Διὸς ἐξερίπη δρῦς  
πρόρριζος, δεινὴ δὲ θεοῦ γίγνεται ὁδμή  
ἐξ αὐτῆς· τὸν δ' οὔπερ ἔχει θράσος ὅς κεν ἴδῃται  
ἐγγὺς ἑὼν· χαλεπὸς δὲ Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνὸς,  
ὥς ἔπεσ' Ἴκτορος ὦκα χαμαὶ μένος ἐν κούρησιν.  
χειρὸς δ' ἐκβαλεν ἔγχος, ἐπ' αὐτῷ δ' ἀσπὶς ἐάφθη  
καὶ κόρυς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ. 420  
οἱ δὲ μέγα ἰάχοντες ἐπέδραμον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν,  
ἐλπόμενοι ἐρύεσθαι, ἀκόντιζον δὲ θαμειὰς  
αἰχμὰς· ἀλλ' οὔτις ἐδυνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν  
οὐτάσαι οὐδὲ βαλεῖν· πρὶν γὰρ περιβήσαν ἄριστοι,  
Πουλυνδάμας τε καὶ Αἰνεΐας καὶ δῖος Ἀγῆνωρ  
Σαρπηδὼν τ', ἀρχὸς Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων.  
τῶν δ' ἄλλων οὔτις εὖ ἀκήδεσεν, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν  
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους σχέθον αὐτοῦ. τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐταῖροι  
χερσὶν αἰείραντες φέρουν ἐκ πόνου, ὅφρ' ἴκεθ' ἵππους  
ὠκέας, οἳ οἱ ὀπίσθῃ μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο 430



By stress of Northern blast upon a coast ;  
And loud the roaring in a mountain-glen  
Of flame that leaps to prey upon the woods ,  
And loud the howl amid huge-branchèd oaks  
Of winds that there rave loudest in their wrath ; .  
But louder yet the roaring of the war,  
Each with loud war-whoop leaping on his foe.

Bright Hector first at Ajax aim'd his spear,  
For face to face he met ; nor miss'd the spot  
Where the two belts across the breast are braced,  
The shield-belt and the sword-belt ; but the two  
Saved him unscathed. Then Hector, groaning wroth  
That that swift dart had 'scaped his hand in vain,  
Shunning his fate, 'gan rein his horses back ;  
But, as he went, the son of Telamon,  
Huge Ajax, of the stones that scatter'd lay  
Roll'd at the warriors' feet (of mass to be  
The moorings to their galleys), lifting one,  
Struck him across the railing of his car  
Hard on the chest and close beneath the neck :  
Disc-like he whirl'd it ; with full arc it fell :  
And ev'n as by the impelling arm of Zeus  
An oak may fall uprooted—dire therefrom  
The sulphurous smell upriseth, and so dread  
The flash, that all who see disperse appall'd—  
Thus fell the might of Hector prone in dust,  
Who dropp'd his spear ; his shield and helm were crush'd  
Above him ; and his armour rang aloud.  
Tow'rd whom Achaia's legions shouting rush'd  
With hope to gain his body, raining thick  
A storm of darts ; yet none might wound the prince  
Nor strike him more ; for all the bravest there,  
Noble Agenor, and Polydamas,  
Æneas, and Sarpedon, Lycia's chief,  
And blameless Glaucus, to his front had come ;  
Nor these alone ; but all his legions show'd  
Most heedful and before him held a screen  
Of orbèd shields, whilst in their hands his men  
Uplifting bare him from the moil aloof,  
To where his swift steeds stood behind the fray—

ἔστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλ' ἔχοντες·  
οὐ τόνγε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἱξον εὐρῤῥέϊος ποταμοῖο,  
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς,  
ἐνθα μιν ἐξ ἵππων πέλασ' αὖ χθονὶ, καὶ δέ οἱ ὕδωρ  
χεῦαν· ὁ δ' ἀμπνύνθη καὶ ἀνέδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
ἐξόμενος δ' ἐπὶ γούνα κελαϊνεφές αἶμ' ἀπέμεσσε.  
αὐτίς δ' ἐξοπίσω πλῆτο χθονὶ, τῷ δέ οἱ ὅσσε  
νύξ ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα· βέλος δ' ἔτι θυμὸν ἐδάμνα.

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ὥς οὖν ἴδον Ἐκτορα νόσφι κίοντα, 440  
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.  
ἐνθα πολὺν πρῶτιστος Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας  
Σάτνιον οὔτασε δουρὶ μετάλμενος ὀξύοντι  
Ἥνοπίδην, ὃν ἄρα νύμφη τέκε Νηῆς ἀμύμων  
Ἥνοπι βουκολέοντι παρ' ὄχθας Σατνιόεντος,  
τὸν μὲν Ὀιλιάδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν  
οὔτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὁ δ' ἀνετράπετ', ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ  
Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὕσμίνην.  
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Πουλυδάμας ἐγχεσπαλὸς ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ  
Πανθοίδης, βάλε δὲ Προθοήνορα δεξιὸν ὦμον 450  
υἱὸν Ἀρηιλύκοιο, δὲ ὦμον δ' ὄβριμον ἐγχος  
ἔσχευ, ὁ δ' ἐν κονίησι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.  
Πουλυδάμας δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν αὔσας·

“Ὅ μὲν αὖτ' οἶω μεγαθύμου Πανθοίδαο  
χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς ἄλιον πηδῆσαι ἄκοντα,  
ἀλλὰ τις Ἀργείων κόμισε χροὶ, καὶ μιν ὅτω  
αὐτῷ σκηπτόμενον κατίμεν δόμον Ἀῖδος εἴσω.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·  
Αἴαντι δὲ μάλιστα δαίφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν,  
τῷ Τελαμωνιάδῃ· τοῦ γὰρ πέσεν ἄγχι μάλιστα.  
καρπαλῖμος δ' ἀπίοντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.  
Πουλυδάμας δ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν  
λικριφὶς ἀλέας, κόμισεν δ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς 460

His steeds, and driver, and enamell'd car ,  
These bare him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town.

But when they gain'd the ford of that brimm'd stream  
Xanthus, own offspring of Immortal Zeus,  
There from the car they took him to the ground  
And shower'd fresh water upon him ; till, anon,  
He gain'd his breath and oped his eyes once more ;  
He raised himself upon his knee, and stanch'd  
The black blood off him, yet again to earth  
Dropp'd backward, and black night across his eyes  
Came clouding, for the blow subdued him still.

The Aergeians saw great Hector thus withdrawn  
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set  
Their whole hearts to the battle. Foremost far  
Oileus' son with pointed spear sprang forth  
And struck the son of (Enops, Satnius ;  
Him the fair Naiad Nymph to (Enops bare,  
The shepherd, on the banks of Satnoeis ;  
Whom spear-renowned Ajax drawing nigh  
Struck in the flank ; he backward fell to earth,  
Whilst round in baleful battle clash'd the hosts.

For vengeance charged Polydamas, and struck  
Brave Prothoenor through the shoulder-blade,  
The son of Areilycus , right through  
The stout lance held ; and in the dust he dropt  
Biting the earth for anguish ; with loud shout  
O'er him vaingloriously the other cried :

“ Verily, from the mighty arm, I ween,  
Of this great son of Panthous the spear  
Never leapt idly, but some Argive foe  
Hath borne it in his body driven home,  
To help him on his way to Hades' realm ! ”

He spoke ; the Achaians chafing heard the vaunt :  
In Telamonian Ajax most he stirr'd  
Anger, for at his feet the slain had fall'n.  
Ev'n as the other went, he sent his spear ;  
Yet by a leap aslant Polydamas  
Escaped the fate, which on Archilochus,

Ἄρχελοχος· τῷ γάρ ῥα θεοὶ βούλευσαν ὀλεθροιν.  
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλῆς τε καὶ αὐχένος ἐν συνορχομῷ.  
νεύατον ἀστράγαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·  
τοῦ δὲ πολὺν πρότερον κεφαλῇ στόμα τε ῥῖνές τε  
οὔδεις πληῖν ἤπερ κυῖμαι καὶ γούνα πεσόντος.  
Αἴας δ' αὖτ' ἐγέγωνεν ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι·

“Φράξεο, Πουλυδάμα, καὶ μοι νημερτὲς ἐνίσπεε,  
ἦ ῥ' οὐχ οὗτος ἀνὴρ Προθοήνορος ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι  
ἄξιος; οὐ μὲν μοι κακὸς εἶδεται οὔδ' ἐκ κακῶν ἔξ,  
ἀλλὰ κασίγνητος Ἀντήνορος ἵπποδάμοιο,  
ἦ παῖς· αὐτῷ γὰρ γενεὴν ἄγχιστα ἐφείκει.”

Ἦ ῥ' εἴ τι γινώσκων, Τρώας δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.  
ἐνθ' Ἀκάμας Πρόμαχον Βοιωτίων οὔτασε δουρὶ,  
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτῳ βεβαῶς· ὁ δ' ὕφελκε ποδοῖν.  
τῷ δ' Ἀκάμας ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ὕσας·

“Ἀργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἀπειλῶν ἀκόρητοι,  
οὐ θην οἴοισιν γε πόνος τ' ἔσεται καὶ διζὺς  
ἡμῖν, ἀλλὰ ποθ' ὧδε κατακτανέεσθε καὶ ὕμμες.  
φράξεσθ' ὥς ὑμῖν Πρόμαχος δεδμημένος εὔδει  
ἔγχρ' ἐμῷ, ἵνα μή τι κασιγνήτιό γε ποιῶν  
δηρὸν ἔη ἄπιτος. τῷ καὶ κέ τις εὔχεται ἀνὴρ  
γνωτὸν ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα λιπέσθαι.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀργεῖοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένιοι·  
Πηνέλεω δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄριεν·  
ὠρμήθη δ' Ἀκάμαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ὑπέμεινε ἐρωήν  
Πηνελέοιο ἀνακτος· ὁ δ' οὔτασεν Ἴλιονῆα,  
υἱὸν Φόρβαντος πολυμήλου, τόν ῥα μάλιστα  
Ἑρμείας Τρώων ἐφίλει καὶ κτῆσιν ὅπασσεν·  
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ μήτηρ μοῦνον τέκεν Ἴλιονῆα·  
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' ὀφρύος οὔτα κατ' ὀφθαλμοῖο θέμεθλα,  
ἐκ δ' ὥσε γλήνην· δόρυ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖο διαπρὸ  
καὶ διὰ ἰνίου ἦλθεν, ὁ δ' ἔξετο χεῖρε πετάσσας  
ἄμφω. Πηνέλεως δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ  
αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσειν, ἀπήραξεν δὲ χαμᾶζε  
αὐτῇ σὺν πῆληκι κάρη· ἔτι δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος  
ἦεν ἐν ὀφθαλμῷ· ὁ δὲ φῆ κώδειαν ἀνασχών

Antenor's son (doom'd then to evil death),  
 Fell ; for it struck him where the head and neck  
 Commingle, at the upper end o' the spine.  
 Both tendons through it shore, and head and face,  
 Long ere his mailèd limbs, went dash'd to earth  
 Then Ajax to Polydamas thus cried :

“Take thought, Polydamas, and answer true ,  
 To Prothoenor may not this be match'd ?  
 No caitiff seems he, nor of caitiffs born ;  
 Nay, to Antenor's house so like he shows,  
 Maybe, he is his brother or his son.”

He spoke, well knowing : sorrow seized on 'Troy.  
 And Acamas before his brother's corse  
 Advancing struck a brave Bæotian chief  
 Promachus, who had else withdrawn it off ;  
 And o'er him in vainglorious boast cried loud :

“Boasters insatiate ! Nathless doom'd to ill !  
 Ye men of Argos ! not on us alone  
 Falls bloody death ; there are of you who die.  
 Sound is this slumber of Algenor's son ;  
 Nor long my brother's blood hath cried in vain  
 For vengeance—yea, with ev'n this hope a man  
 Prays for a brother to avenge his wrongs.”

He spoke ; th' Argeians sorrow'd o'er the boast ,  
 But most in warlike Peneleus he stir'd  
 The spirit, and on Acamas he charg'd ;  
 Who stood not, but retired before his spear.  
 Then struck he down Ilioneus, the son  
 Of Phorbas, rich in herds, whom Hermes loved  
 Most of all Troy, and with great wealth endow'd ,  
 Ilioneus, his mother's only son ; —  
 But him beneath the eyelash, at the roots  
 O' the eye he pierced, and thrust the eyeball out,  
 As through the eye and brain the point pass'd on.  
 He sate one moment, either hand outstretch'd,  
 Till Peneleus with sharp-edged falchion drawn  
 Smote through his neck and lopp'd sheer off to earth  
 The head—not so dishelm'd, for in the eye  
 The heavy spear remain'd ; aloft he waved  
 The head as 'twere a poppy's head shorn off,

πέφραδέ τε Τρώεσσι καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΰδα ·

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“ Εἰπέμεναί μοι, Τρώες, ἀγαυοῦ Ἴλιονῆος  
πατρὶ φίλω καὶ μητρὶ γοήμεναι ἐν μεγάροισιν ·  
οὐδὲ γὰρ ῥ᾽ Προμάχοιο δάμαρ Ἀλεγηνορίδαο  
ἀνδρὶ φίλω ἐλθόντι γανύσσεται, ὅππότε κεν δὴ  
ἐκ Τροίης σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.”

ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἄρα πάντας ὑπὸ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυνία,  
πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπη φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,  
ὅστις δὴ πρῶτος βροτόεντ' ἀνδράγρι' Ἀχαιῶν  
ἦρατ', ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἔκλινε μάχην κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος.

510

Αἶας ῥα πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος Ὕρτιον οὐτα  
Γυρτιάδην, Μυσῶν ἡγήτορα καρτεροθύμων ·  
Φάλκην δ' Ἀντίλοχος καὶ Μέρμερον ἐξενάριξεν ·  
Μηριόνης δὲ Μόρυν τε καὶ Ἴπποτίωνα κατέκτα,  
Τεῦκρος δὲ Προθόωνά τ' ἐνήρατο καὶ Περικλήτην ·  
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρ' ἔπειθ' Ὑπερήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,  
οὐτα κατὰ λαπάρην, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσσεν  
δηώσας · ψυχὴ δὲ κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλήν  
ἔσσυτ' ἐπειγομένη, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὕσσε κάλυψεν.  
πλείστους δ' Αἶας εἶλεν, Οἰλῆος ταχὺς υἱός ·  
οὐ γάρ οἱ τις ὁμοῖος ἐπισπένθαι ποσὶν ἦεν  
ἀνδρῶν τρεσσάντων, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς ἐν φόβον ὄρση.

520

And vaunting to the Trojans cried and said :

“Go, Trojans, bid ye both his parents deal—  
For brave Ilioneus go bid them raise  
The cry of lamentation in their halls,  
Thus be the wife of Promachus avenged ;  
Albeit she ne’er may greet her lord again,  
Algenor’s son, returning when at length  
We all abroad our galleys sail from Troy.”

He spoke, and pale the panic held their host ,  
And each ’gan cast behind him looks of dread  
For place of refuge from the coming death.

Now ye, whose homes are on the Olympian steep,  
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer, and sing  
Who of Achaia’s sons first gain’d him spoil,  
When great Poseidon turn’d the tide of war !

First Telamonian Ajax struck the son  
Of Gurtius, of the staunch Museans chief,  
Hurtius ; whilst by Antilochus fell slain  
Phalces and Mermerus ; and by the spear  
Of brave Meriones, Hippotion  
And Morus ; and by Teucer, Prothoüs  
And Periphetes. Atreus’ Son, meantime,  
Struck Hyperenor, shepherd of his realm,  
Deep in the flank, and through the bowels the point  
Went, griding ; at the mouth’d wound his ghost  
Came hurrying forth, and darkness veil’d his eyes.  
But most Oileus’ son, swift Ajax, slew,  
For none was swift as he in fell pursuit,  
When Heav’n had breathed a panic on the foe.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ο΄.



Παλίωξις παρὰ τῶν νεῶν.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διὰ τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν  
φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμην Δαναῶν ὑπὸ χερσίν,  
οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,  
χλωροὶ ὑπαὶ δαίους, πεφοβημένοι, ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς  
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι παρὰ χρυσοθρόνου Ἥρης.  
στῇ δ' ἄρ' ἀναίξας, ἴδε δὲ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,  
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὀπισθεν  
Ἀργείους, μετὰ δέ σφι Ποσειδάωνα ἄνακτα.  
Ἔκτορα δ' ἐν πεδίῳ ἴδε κείμενον, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι  
εἶαθ'· ὁ δ' ἄργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι κῆρ ἀπινύσσων,  
αἶμ' ἐμέων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μιν ἀφανρότατος βάλ' Ἀχαιῶν.  
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,  
δευνὰ δ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν Ἥρην πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

10

“Ἡ μάλα δὴ κακότεχνος, ἀμήχανε, σὸς δόλος,” Ἦρη,  
Ἔκτορα δῖον ἔπαυσε μάχης, ἐφόβησε δὲ λαοὺς.  
οὐ μὰν οἷδ' εἰ αὖτε κακοῖράφνης ἀλεγεινῆς  
πρώτῃ ἐπαύρηαι καὶ σε πληγῇσιν ἰμάσσω.  
ἦ οὐ μέμνη ὅτε τ' ἐκρέμω ὑψοθεν, ἐκ δὲ ποδοῖν  
ἄκμονας ἦκα δύω, περὶ χερσὶ δὲ δεσμὸν ἦλα  
χρῦσεον ἄρρηκτον; σὺ δ' ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν  
ἐκρέμω· ἡλάστεον δὲ θεοὶ κατὰ μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,  
λῦσαι δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο παρασταδόν· ὃν δὲ λάβοιμε,  
ρίπτασκον τεταγὼν ἀπὸ βηλοῦ, ὅφρ' ἂν ἵκηται  
γῆν ὀλιγηπελέων· ἐμὲ δ' οὐδ' ὥς θυμὸν ἀνίεε

20



## ILIAD · XV.



AND many had fallen by the Danaan sword,  
Before the Trojans in that rout repass'd  
The stakes and trench, and scarce in rally stood,  
All pale with panic, where they left their cars ·  
But Zeus then woke by gold-throned Herè's side  
Upon the peaks of Ida ; to his feet  
He started, and beheld the hosts, the one  
Now routed, but the Argives on their foes  
Charging resistless, by Poseidon led.  
He saw too Hector prostrate on the ground ;  
Whose comrades sate around him ; but he lay,  
With hard and painful breath, and vomiting blood,  
Fainting—no feeble hand had dealt that blow.  
On whom the Father of the world took ruth,  
And, with stern frown, to Herè turn'd, and spake :  
    “ Thy craft it is, thy malice unrepress'd,  
Disloyal Herè, that hath thus made cease  
The noble Hector from the fray, and fill'd  
His people with this panic. Scarce I know  
But that the first-fruits of this evil guile  
Shall be thine own to taste, and I once more  
Shall lash thee with my scourge. Remember'st not  
The day I hung thee far aloft, and bound  
About thy feet two anvils, but a chain  
Of gold inviolable upon thy hands,  
To swing suspended in the clouds mid-air ?  
Nor, though the Gods throughout Olympus wax'd  
For thee indignant, could they help at all ;  
But, one by one, I caught them and they fell,  
I hurl'd headlong o'er the threshold of the sky,  
Panting to earth : yet not thereby I 'sued

ἀζηχῆς ὀδύνη Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,  
 τὸν σὺ ξὺν Βορέῃ ἀνέμῳ πεπιθοῦσα θυέλλας  
 πέμψας ἔπ' ἀτρύγετον πόντον, κακὰ μητιόωσα,  
 καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ' εὐναιομένην ἀπένεικας.  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ἐνθεν ῥυσάμην καὶ ἀνήγαγον αὐτὶς  
 "Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον, καὶ πολλὰ περ ἀθλήσαντα. 30  
 τῶν σ' αὐτὶς μνήσω, ἵν' ἀπολλήξῃς ἀπατρίων,  
 ὄφρα ἴδῃς ἦν τοι χραίσμη φιλότης τε καὶ εὐνή,  
 ἦν ἐμίγῃς ἐλθοῦσα θεῶν ἄπο καὶ μ' ἀπάτησας."

"Ὡς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια "Ἥρη,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἴστω νῦν τόδε Γαῖα καὶ Οὐρανὸς εὐρύς ὑπερθευ  
 καὶ τὸ κατειβόμενον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ, ὅστε μέγιστος  
 ὄρκος δεινότατός τε πέλει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν,  
 σὴ θ' ἱερὴ κεφαλὴ καὶ νωίτερον λέχος αὐτῶν  
 κουρίδιον, τὸ μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ ποτε μαψ ὁμόσαιμι· 40  
 μὴ δι' ἐμὴν ἰότητα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων  
 πημαίνει Τρῳάς τε καὶ Ἑκτορα, τοῖσι δ' ἀρήγει,  
 ἀλλὰ πού αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει,  
 τειρομένους δ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰδὼν ἐλέησεν Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 αὐτάρ τοι καὶ κείνῳ ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην  
 τῇ ἔμην ἢ κεν δὴ σὺ, κελαινεφές, ἡγεμονεύῃς."

"Ὡς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,  
 καὶ μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Εἰ μὲν δὴ σύγ' ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια "Ἥρη,  
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ φρονέουσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι καθίζεις, 50  
 τῷ κε Ποσειδάων γε, καὶ εἰ μάλα βούλεται ἄλλη,  
 αἶψα μεταστρέψῃε νόον μετὰ σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κῆρ.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ δὴ ῥ' ἐτεόν γε καὶ ἀτρεκέως ἀγορεύεις,  
 ἔρχεο νῦν μετὰ φύλα θεῶν, καὶ δεῦρο κάλεσσον  
 Ἴρίν τ' ἐλθέμεναι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα κλυτότοξον,  
 ὄφρ' ἡ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
 ἔλθῃ, καὶ εὔπησι Ποσειδάωνι ἀνακτι  
 παυσάμενον πολέμοιο τὰ ἅ πρὸς δῶμαθ' ἰκέσθαι.

My grief for Hercules my heavenly son ;  
Since Boreas and the other winds were gain'd  
Unto thy side, and o'er the barren sea  
Thou dravest him, and fulfill'dst thine evil wish,  
Till thou hadst brought him into Cos' rich isle ;  
Whom, rescued thence, to Argos at the last  
I saved, but after heaviest tasks fordone.  
Needs must I put this in thy mind again,  
To rid thee of this treacherous trick henceforth,  
And teach thee too how little this false love  
Avails thee, wherewithal thou camest from heaven  
Alone, and hast beguiled me to my bed."

He spoke ; and broadbrow'd Herè quaked for fear,  
But answer'd thus with wingèd words, and spake ;

"Hear me, O Earth, and ye broad Heavens above,  
And Styx below, O Thou the name most dread  
And greatest witness to an oath in heaven,  
And by thy sacred self I swear, and by  
Our own first marriage-bed, whereof the name  
Think not I ever would invoke in vain :  
Not of my prompting hath Poseidon risen  
To work this woe to Hector and to Troy,  
Or to give succour to the Argive host ;  
But his own heart hath urged him thereunto ;  
Who look'd and saw the Achæans sore bested,  
And had compassion on them in their need.  
Yea, mine own self will bid him thence depart  
The way, O cloud-wiapp'd Father, thou mayst show."

She spoke ; the Father of the World, well-pleased,  
Smiled at her words, and spake in answer thus :

"If of a truth hereafter thou wouldst rest,  
O royal broadbrow'd Herè, at my side,  
And with a mind accordant to mine own,  
Soon would Poseidon, whatsoe'er his will,  
Bend his high heart to thy and my desire.  
And, if what now thou say'st be truth indeed,  
Haste to call hither from the assembled Gods  
Iris, and Phoebus of the silver bow ;  
And Iris to the mailrock'd Argive host  
Shall haste her, to command Poseidon back,  
Stay'd from this battle, to his own abode ;

Ἕκτορα δ' ὀτρύνησι μάχην ἐς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 αὖτις δ' ἐμπνεύσῃσι μένος, λελάθῃ δ' ὀδυνάων 60  
 αἰ νῦν μιν τείρουσι κατὰ φρένας, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
 αὖτις ἀποστρέψῃσιν, ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐνόρσας,  
 φεύγοντες δ' ἐν νηυσὶ πολυκλήσι πέσωσιν  
 Πηλεΐδew Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἀνστήσει δν ἑταῖρον  
 Πάτροκλον· τὸν δὲ κτενεῖ ἔγχει φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ  
 Ἴλίου προπάροιθε, πολέας ὀλέσαντ' αἰζηοὺς  
 τοὺς ἄλλους, μετὰ δ' υἱὸν ἐμὸν Σαρπηδόνα δῖον.  
 τοῦ δὲ χολωσάμενος κτενεῖ Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 ἐκ τοῦ δ' ἄν τοι ἔπειτα παλλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν  
 αἰὲν ἐγὼ τεύχοιμι διαμπερὲς, εἰσόκ' Ἀχαιοὶ 70  
 Ἴλιον αἰπὺ ἔλοιεν Ἀθηναίης διὰ βουλάς.  
 τὸ πρὶν δ' οὐτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ παύω χόλον οὔτε τιν' ἄλλον  
 ἀθανάτων Δαναοῖσιν ἀμυνέμεν ἐνθάδ' ἐάσω,  
 πρὶν γε τὸ Πηλεΐδαο τελευτηθῆναι ἐέλδωρ,  
 ὥς οἱ ὑπέστην πρῶτον, ἐμῶ δ' ἐπένευσα κάρητι,  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτ' ἐμεῖο θεὰ Θέτις ἤψατο γούνων,  
 λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον."

"Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν αἶξῃ νύος ἀνέρος, ὅστ' ἐπὶ πολλῇν 80  
 γαίαν ἐληλουθῶς φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ  
 "ἔνθ' εἴην, ἢ ἔνθα," μενοινήησ' τε πολλὰ,  
 δις κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο πότνια Ἥρη·  
 ἴκετο δ' αἰπὺν Ὀλυμπον, ὀμηγερέεσσι δ' ἐπῆλθεν  
 ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι Διὸς δόμῳ· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες  
 πάντες ἀνῆϊξαν καὶ δεικανόωντο δέπασσιν.  
 ἢ δ' ἄλλους μὲν ἔασε, Θέμιστι δὲ καλλιπαρήφ  
 δέκτο δέπας· πρώτη γὰρ ἐναντὶ ἦλθε θέουσα,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

"Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας, ἀτυζομένη δὲ ἔοικας;  
 ἢ μάλα δὴ σ' ἐφόβησε Κρόνου παῖς, ὅς τοι ἀκόλῃς;" 90

Τὴν δ' ἡμέλβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·

“μή με, θεὰ Θέμι, ταῦτα διείρεο· οἴσθα καὶ αὐτὴ,  
οἷος ἐκείνου θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηγής.  
ἀλλὰ σύγ’ ἄρχε θεοῖσι δόμοις ἐνὶ δαιτὸς εἰσής·  
ταῦτα δὲ καὶ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀκούσεται ἀθανάτοισιν,  
οἷα Ζεὺς· κακὰ ἔργα πιφάυσκεται· οὐδέ τί φημι  
πᾶσιν ὁμῶς θυμὸν κεχαρησέμεν, οὔτε βροτοῖσιν  
οὔτε θεοῖς, εἴπερ τις ἔτι νῦν δαίνυται εὐφρων.”

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ’ ὥς εἰποῦσα καθέζετο πότνια Ἥρη,  
ᾧχθησαν δ’ ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοί· ἡ δ’ ἐγέλασσεν  
χείλεσιν, οὐδὲ μέτωπον ἐπ’ ὀφρύσι κυανέησιν  
ἰάνθη· πᾶσιν δὲ νεμεσσηθεῖσα μετηύδα·

100

“Νήπιοι, οἳ Ζηνὶ μενεαίνουмен ἀφρονέοντες.  
ἡ ἔτι μιν μέμαμεν καταπανσέμεν ἄσσον ἰόντες,  
ἡ ἔπει ἡὲ βίῃ· ὁ δ’ ἀφήμενος οὐκ ἀλεγίξει  
οὐδ’ ὀθεται· φησὶν γὰρ ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν  
κάρτεϊ τε σθένει τε διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστος.  
τῷ ἔχεθ’ ὅττι κεν ὕμμι κακὸν πέμπησιν ἐκάστω.  
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν ἔλπομ’ Ἀρηί γε πῆμα τετύχθαι·  
υἷος γὰρ οἱ ὄλωλε μάχῃ ἐνι, φίλτατος ἀνδρῶν,  
Ἀσκάλαφος, τόν φησιν δν ἔμμεναι ὄβριμος Ἀρης.”

110

Ὡς ἔφατ’, αὐτὰρ Ἀρης θαλερῶ πεπλήγετο μηρῷ  
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ’, ὀλοφυρόμενος δ’ ἔπος ηὔδα·

“Μὴ νῦν μοι νεμεσήσεται, Ολύμπια δώματ’ ἔχοντες,  
τίσασθαι φόνον υἱὸς ἰόντ’ ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
εἴπερ μοι καὶ μοῖρα Διὸς πλεγέντι κεραννῶ  
κεῖσθαι ὁμοῦ νεκύεσσι μεθ’ αἵματι καὶ κονίησιν.”

Ὡς φάτο, καί ῥ’ ἵππους κέλετο Δεῖμόν τε Φόβον τε  
ζευγνύμεν, αὐτὸς δ’ ἔντε’ ἐδύσετο παμφανώοντα.  
ἐνθα κ’ ἔτι μείζων τε καὶ ἀργαλεώτερος ἄλλος  
πὰρ Διὸς ἀθανάτοισι χόλος καὶ μῆνις ἐτύχθη,  
εἰ μὴ Ἀθήνη πᾶσι περιδδείσασα θεοῖσιν  
ᾧρτο διέκ προθύρου, λίπε δὲ θρόνον ἐνθα θάασεν,  
τοῦ δ’ ἀπὸ μὲν κεφαλῆς κόρυθ’ εἴλετο καὶ σάκος ὦμων,

120

"Ask me not, heavenly Themis, of these things.  
Thyself well knowest his temper, how misproud  
And unrelenting. Rather rest content  
Here in thy place of honour at the feast.  
Though soon ev'n here in this Immortal throng .  
Thou wilt hear talk of what disastrous deeds  
Zeus now portends ; and, certes, when ye hear,  
The world will scarce be gladden'd—God or man—  
If indeed any still can feast content."

So speaking, royal Herè sat her down,  
And the Gods murmur'd through the hall , but she  
Laugh'd with her lips, yet o'er her azure brows  
The forehead was not soften'd, till anon  
In scorn and indignation she renew'd :

"Fools, of our folly to be wroth with Zeus !  
Or to desire at all to stay his course,  
Enforcing or persuading ! He the while  
Recks not, but sits secure withdrawn, and knows  
His power supreme and unapproach'd in heaven.  
Bow therefore to your burdens, and endure  
The sorrows, whatsoe'er he lays on each.  
Already hath the blow on Ares fall'n ;  
Yea, he whom bloody Ares names his son,  
The man whom most of all mankind he loves,  
Ascalaphus, hath perish'd in the war."

She spoke ; but Ares smote his youthful thighs  
With hands abandon'd to his grief, and said :

"Now ye, whose homes are on the Olympian steep,  
Grudge me not that I go to avenge my son,  
Though for that cause thereafter doom'd to lie  
Scathed with the thunder, stretch'd amongst the slain,  
Long ages on this bloody field of death."

He spoke, and call'd to Terror and to Flight  
To yoke his steeds, and girt his own bright arms.  
And heavier then, and direr far, had wrath  
Fall'n from high Zeus in vengeance on the Gods,  
Hath not Athenè, fearing for their fate,  
Hasted her from the threshold through the hall,  
Leaving the throne whereon she sate, and pluck'd  
Shield off his shoulder, helmet off his head,

ἔγχος δ' ἔστησε στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἐλοῦσα  
χάλκεον· ἥ δ' ἐπέεσσι καθύπτετο θοῦρον Ἄρηα.

“Μαίνόμενε, φρένας ἤλῃ, διέφθορας. ἦ νύ τοι αὐτως  
οὔατ' ἀκονέμεν ἐστὶ, νόος δ' ἀπόλωλε καὶ αἰδώς.  
οὐκ αἰεὶς ἅ τέ φησι θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
ἦ δὴ νῦν παρ Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου εἰλήλουθεν ;  
ἦ ἐθέλεις αὐτὸς μὲν ἀναπλήσας κακὰ πολλὰ  
ἅψ' ἵμεν Ὀλυμπόνδε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ, ἀνάγκη,  
αὐτὰρ τοῖς ἄλλοισι κακὸν μέγα πᾶσι φυτεύσαι ;  
αὐτίκα γὰρ Τρῶας μὲν ὑπερθύμους καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς  
λείψει, ὃ δ' ἡμέας εἰσι κυδοιμήσων ἐς Ὀλυμπον,  
μάρψει δ' ἐξείης ὅς τ' αἵτιος ὅς τε καὶ οὐκί.  
τῷ σ' αὖ νῦν κέλομαι μεθέμεν χόλον υἱὸς ἔηος·  
ἤδη γάρ τις τοῦγε βίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων  
ἦ πέφατ', ἦ καὶ ἔπειτα πεφήσεται· ἀργαλέον δὲ  
πάντων ἀνθρώπων ῥύσθαι γενεήν τε τόκον τε.”

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ὣς εἰποῦς ἵδρυσε θρόνῳ ἐνὶ θοῦρον Ἄρηα.  
Ἥρη δ' Ἀπόλλωνα καλέσσατο δώματος ἐκτὸς  
Ἴριν θ', ἥτε θεοῖσι μετάγγελος ἀθανάτοισιν·  
καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ζεὺς σφὼ εἰς Ἴδην κέλετ' ἐλθέμεν ὅττι τάχιστα·  
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἔλθητε, Διὸς τ' εἰς ὧπα ἵδωσθε,  
ἔρδειν ὅττι κε κείνος ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ.”

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσα πάλιν κίε πότνια Ἥρη,  
ἔζετο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ· τῷ δ' αἵξαντε πετέσθην  
Ἴδην δ' ἵκανον πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,  
εὖρον δ' εὐρύνοπα Κρονίδην ἀνα Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ  
ἤμενον· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θυόεν νέφος ἔστεφάνωτο.  
τῷ δὲ πάροιθ' ἐλθόντε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο  
στήτην· οὐδέ σφῶν ἰδὼν ἐχολώσατο θυμῷ,  
ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἐπέεσσι φίλης ἀλόχοιο πιθέσθην.  
Ἴριν δὲ προτέρην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

150

“Βάσκ' ἔθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα, Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι  
πάντα τὰδ' ἀγγεῖλαι, μηδὲ ψευδάγγελος εἶναι.

And planted in the floor the brazen spear  
From out his giant hand ; then led him back  
Still chafing, and upbraiding spake and said .  
    " Insensate ! By this madness quite undone !  
Say, hast thou ears to hear, and hearest not,  
Or have all mind and honour vanish'd clean ?  
Knowest not what tidings white-arm'd Herè brings,  
This moment from Olympian Zeus arrived ?  
Or wouldst thou first fulfil thine own distress,  
In anguish and by dire constraint perforce  
Returning to Olympus, and thereby  
Bring a like ruin upon all in heaven ?  
For He would leave these armies then, and come  
To smite us to confusion, all alike,  
Guilty and guiltless, in one general wrack.  
Cease, therefore, cease this anger for thy son :  
Full many a man of mightier arm than his  
Hath fallen already or will hereafter fall ;  
It were a task indeed to seek to save  
The generation of all human kind."

She spoke, and to his throne thrust the God down.

But Herè call'd Apollo from the hall,  
With Iris, who is messenger in heaven,  
And spake, and with wing'd words address'd them thus :

    " Zeus bids you both haste hence to Ida's height ;  
When ye arrive, and look upon his face,  
There to perform whate'er his hest may be."

So having spoken, royal Herè turn'd  
Into the hall again and took her throne ;  
Whilst they sprang down, and flew, and gain'd the hill  
Of many-fountain'd Ida ; on the peak  
Of Gargarus they found great Kronos' Son,  
And round him was a cloud of incense wreath'd  
Before the Ruler of the Clouds they stood  
Attentive ; nor on them he look'd ill-pleased,  
(That they had hastened to obey the word  
Of his dear wife), and thus to Iris spake :

    " Quick hence, swift Iris ; carry these my words  
To King Poseidon, nor convey them false.



παυσάμενόν μιν ἄνωχθι μάχης ἥδ' ἐπτολέμοιο 160  
 ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φύλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἄλα διαν.  
 εἰ δέ μοι οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεται, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσει,  
 φραζέσθω δὴ ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,  
 μή μ' οὐδὲ κρατερός περ ἐὼν, ἐπιόντα ταλάσση  
 μείναι, ἐπεὶ εὖ φημι βίῃ πολὺν φέρτερος εἶναι  
 καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ὅθεται φίλον ἦτορ  
 ἴσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι, τόντε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."

"Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ποδὴνέμος ὠκέα Ἴρις,  
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ νεφέων πτήται νιφὰς ἢ χάλαζα 170  
 ψυχρὴ ὑπὸ ῥυπῆς αἰθρηγενέος Βορέας,  
 ὥς κραιπνῶς μεμανῦα διέπτατο ὠκέα Ἴρις,  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη προσέφη κλυτὸν ἐννοσίγαιον·

" Ἀγγελίην τινά τοι, γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,  
 ἦλθον δεῦρο φέρουσα παραὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.  
 παυσάμενόν σ' ἐκέλευσε μάχης ἥδ' ἐπτολέμοιο  
 ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φύλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἄλα διαν.  
 εἰ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεις, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσεις,  
 ἠπείλῃ καὶ κείνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων 180  
 ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσεσθαι· σὲ δ' ὑπεξαλέασθαι ἀνώγει  
 χεῖρας, ἐπεὶ σέο φησὶ βίῃ πολὺν φέρτερος εἶναι  
 καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· σὸν δ' οὐκ ὅθεται φίλον ἦτορ  
 ἴσόν οἱ φάσθαι, τόντε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος·  
 "ὦ πόποι, ἦ ῥ', ἀγαθὸς περ ἐὼν, ὑπέροπλον ἔειπεν,  
 εἴ μ' ὁμότιμον ἔοντα βίῃ ἀέκοντα καθέξει.  
 τρεῖς γάρ τ' ἐκ Κρόνου εἰμὲν ἀδελφεοὶ, οὓς τέκετο Ῥέα,  
 Ζεὺς καὶ ἐγώ, τρίτατος δ' Ἀΐδης, ἐνέροισιν ἀνάσσω.  
 τριχθὰ δὲ πάντα δέδασται, ἕκαστος δ' ἔμμορε τιμῆς·  
 ἦτοι ἐγὼν ἔλαχον πολλὴν ἄλα ναιέμεν αἰεὶ 190  
 παλλουένων, Ἀΐδης δ' ἔλαχε ζόφον ἡερόεντα,

Say that I bid him from the war withdraw  
Into the deep divine, if so he lists,  
Or up amongst the assembled Gods in heaven ;  
But from the war he needs must straight retire.  
If he denies thee, nor will reck my words,  
Yet let him weigh it well in heart and mind,  
Ere he dares wait my coming ; for, in sooth,  
Elder by birth and mightier far in strength,  
Strong though he be, I well may ween myself.  
All others stand in awe of me aloof ;  
Him his heart fears not to assert my peer."

Nor swift windfooted Iris disobey'd ;  
From Ida down to Ilion straight she flew ,  
Swift as flies hail or snowstorm on the blast  
Of sky-born Boreas from the clouds to earth,  
So swift flew Iris wing'd upon her hest ;  
And to the farfamed Shaker of the World  
Drew near, and with wing'd words address'd him thus :

" O Thou, the Earth-embracer, Azure-hair'd !  
Hear me, for with behest from Zeus I come.  
He bids thee from the war depart, and go  
Into thy deep divine, if so thou list,  
Or up amongst the assembled Gods in heaven.  
But if thou wilt not hear nor reck his words,  
He threats to come and battle, strength to strength,  
Against thee ; yet would bid thee rather shun  
Thine elder and thy mightier far in arms ;  
From whom all others stand aloof in awe,  
To him thy heart would dare assert thee peer."

But answer all in wrath Poseidon gave :  
" Great though he be, yet overmuch he now  
Encroaches, if he would constrain me thus,  
His peer in honour, by mere might of arm.  
All sons of Kronos and of Rheia born  
Three brothers were we ; Hades was the third.  
In three the world was parted, and to each  
Assign'd like share of majesty and place.  
Three lots were shaken ; and I drew the sea,  
To dwell for ever in its hoary depths ;  
Hades the far dim islands of the west ;

Ζεὺς δ' ἔλαχ' οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν·  
 γαῖα δ' ἔτι ξυνὴ πάντων καὶ μακρὸς Ὀλυμπος.  
 τῷ ῥα καὶ οὔτι Διὸς βέομαι φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ ἔκηλος,  
 καὶ κρατερός περ ἑὼν, μενέτω τριτάτῃ ἐνὶ μοίρῃ,  
 χερσὶ δὲ μῆτι με πάγχυ κακὸν ὥς δειδισσέσθω.  
 θυγατέρεςσιν γάρ τε καὶ υἷάσι βέλτερον εἴη  
 ἐκπάγλοις ἐπέεσσιν ἐνισσέμεν, οὓς τέκεν αὐτὸς,  
 οἳ ἔθεν ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούσονται καὶ ἀνάγκη."

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδῆνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις·  
 "οὔτω γὰρ δὴ τοι, γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,  
 τόνδε φέρω Διὶ μῦθον ἀπηνέα τε κρατερόν τε  
 ἢ τι μεταστρέψεις; στρεπταὶ μὲν τε φρένες ἐσθλῶν.  
 οἶσθ' ὥς πρεσβυτέροισιν Ἑρινύες αἰὲν ἔπονται."

200

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Πόσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·  
 "Ἴρι θεὰ, μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·  
 ἐσθλὸν καὶ τὸ τέτυκται, ὅτ' ἄγγελος αἴσιμα εἰδῇ.  
 ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἰκάνει,  
 ὅππότε' ἂν ἰσόμορον καὶ ὁμῇ πεπρωμένον αἶσῃ  
 νεικεῖειν ἐθέλῃσι χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν.  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι νῦν μὲν κε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑποεἶξω·  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρέω, καὶ ἀπειλήσω τόγε θυμῷ·  
 αἶ κεν ἄνευ ἐμέθεν καὶ Ἀθηναίης ἀγελεύεις,  
 "Ἡρῆς Ἑρμείω τε καὶ Ἥφαίστοιο ἀνακτος,  
 Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς πεφιδύσεται, οὐδ' ἐθελήσει  
 ἐκπέρσαι, δοῦναι δὲ μέγα κρᾶτος Ἀργείοισιν,  
 ἵστω τοῦθ', ὅτι νῶϊν ἀνῆκεστος χόλος ἔσται."

210

Ὡς εἰπὼν λίπε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶκόν ἐννοσίγαιος,  
 δύνε δὲ πόντον ἰὼν, πόθεσαν δ' ἥρωες Ἀχαιοί.  
 καὶ τότε Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·

220

"Ἐρχεο νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, μεθ' Ἑκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν·  
 ἤδη μὲν γάρ τοι γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος  
 οὔχεται εἰς ἄλα δῖαν, ἀλευάμενος χόλον αἰπὺν  
 ἡμέτερον· μάλα γάρ κε μάχης ἐπύθοντο καὶ ἄλλοι,

Zeus the broad heaven in upper air and clouds ;  
Earth and Olympus left our common realm.  
I move not therefore by the breath of Zeus :  
Content within his portion let him dwell ;  
Nor with his strength, for all it be so great,  
Threat me as in his bondage. Let him chide  
The sons and daughters whom himself begat,  
With these loud words ;—they needs must brook his will,  
And, force-perforce, obey ;—but leave me free !”

But windfoot Iris answer'd thus, and spake :  
“ O Thou, the Earth-embracer, Azure-hair'd !  
Must I then bear such answer from thy lips,  
So harsh and unrelenting, back to Zeus ?  
Repent ; repentance is of noble minds.  
Also the Furies, as thou knowest, incline  
Their hearts with favour to the Elder-born.”

Then azure-hair'd Poseidon made reply :  
“ Wise and discreet, fair Iris, this thy word.  
Well fares a message so discreetly brought.  
Yet to mine inmost soul I feel the sting,  
Whene'er he would with angry words suppress  
One who in place and honour is his peer.  
Howbeit, I bow me to his will this while  
Obedient, and depart. But this thing more  
Tell him, and from my soul the threat proceeds :  
If, against me, and thwarting Herè's will,  
And Pallas, gatherer of the spoils in war,  
And Hermes, and Hephæstus, Kings in heaven,  
He spares proud Ilion's towers, nor grants her fall,  
But takes the mastery from Achaia's sons,  
So be it —yet this warning let him weigh ;  
The wrath between us two shall ne'er be heal'd.”

He spoke, and left the Achaian host, and sank  
Into the deep away ; and greatly grieved  
Thereat the Danaan heroes. Turning then,  
The Ruler of the Clouds to Phœbus spake :

“ Phœbus, my son, to brass-helm'd Hector haste ;  
For now within the Ocean-depths divine  
The great Enclasper of the Earth hath gone,  
And shunn'd the encounter of our wrath, well-known

οὔπερ ἐνέρτεροί εἰσι θεοὶ, Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἔοντες.  
 ἀλλὰ τόδ' ἤμῃν ἔμοι πολὺν κέρδιον ἢ δὲ οἱ αὐτῷ  
 ἔπλετο, ὅττι πάροιθε νεμεσσηθείς ὑποείξεν,  
 χεῖρας ἑμὰς, ἐπεὶ οὐ κεν ἀνδρωτί γ' ἐτελέσθη.  
 ἀλλὰ σύγ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι λάβ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,  
 τὴν μάλ' ἐπισσείων φοβέειν ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς·  
 σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ μελέτω, ἑκατηβόλε, φαίδιμος Ἔκτωρ·  
 τόφρα γὰρ οὖν οἱ ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, ὄφρ' ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 φεύγοντες νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἴκωνται.  
 κεῖθεν δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ φράσομαι ἔργον τε ἔπος τε,  
 ὥς κε καὶ αὐτίς Ἀχαιοὶ ἀναπνεύσωσι πόνοιο.”

230

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων,  
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων, ἱρηκι ἐοικὼς  
 ὠκέϊ φασσοφόνῳ, ὅστ' ὠκιστος πετεηνῶν.  
 εὖρ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαίφρονος, Ἐκτορα δῖον,  
 ἤμενον, οὐδ' ἔτι κεῖτο, νέον δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμὸν,  
 ἀμφὶ ἑ γιγνώσκων ἐτάρους· ἀτὰρ ἄσθμα καὶ ἰδρὼς  
 παύετ', ἐπεὶ μιν ἔγειρε Διὸς νόος αἰγιόχοιο.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος προσέφη ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·

240

“Ἐκτορ, νίῃ Πριάμοιο, τίη δὲ σὺ νόσφιν ἀπ' ἄλλων  
 ἦσ' ὀλιγηπελέων ; ἦ πού τί σε κῆδος ἰκάνει ;”

Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ·  
 “ τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε θεῶν, ὅς μ' εἴρειαι αὐτην ;  
 οὐκ αἶεις ὃ με νηυσὶν ἐπὶ πρύμνησιν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 οὓς ἐτάρους ὀλέκοντα, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς βάλεν Αἴας  
 χερμαδίῳ πρὸς στηῆθος, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς ;  
 καὶ δὴ ἐγὼγ' ἐφάμην νέκυσας καὶ δῶμ' Ἀἶδαο  
 ἥματι τῷδ' ἵξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἄϊον ἦτορ.”

250

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·  
 “ θάρσει νῦν· τοῖόν τοι ἄοσσητήρα Κρονίων

By others erst in battle, ev'n by those  
Who circle Kionos in the nether world.  
Better for me and better for himself  
Hath this thus ended, and hath he withdrawn  
In season and in reverence of my might ;  
Not without toil had else the day been won.  
But take my fringed Ægis in thy hands ;  
Shake it abroad, and therewithal affright  
The Danaan heroes ; whilst thyself, my son,  
Tendest on noble Hector. Raise him up ;  
Imbreathe thy might within him ; till he drive  
The Danaans to their ships and shore repell'd.  
Thereafter to restore them in their need,  
Some word or work will I myself devise."

He ended : nor Apollo disobey'd  
His Father's word, but flew from Ida's height  
Like to a falcon swooping on a dove  
Swift-wing'd, the swiftest of the fowls of air.  
And noble Hector, warlike Priam's son  
He found now sitting half upright, and prone  
No longer, but regathering fast his sense  
(The sweatings and thick breathing now allay'd),  
Knowing his friends about him ; for the mind  
Of mighty Zeus was quickening him anew ;  
Whom the Far-smiting Power approach'd, and said :

" Say, Son of Priam, why thou sitt'st aloof  
Thus troubled, vainly gasping for thy breath ,  
Haply hath fall'n upon thee some distress ? "

And Hector then, with short thick breath, replied :  
" Who art thou, Best of heavenly Powers, who com'st  
And thus inquest of me face to face ?  
Know'st thou not how brave Ajax struck me down  
With a huge stone full on the chest, and stay'd  
My strength in onset, at the galleys' sterns  
Arrived, and slaughtering all around me there ?  
Truly I thought to see this very day  
The homes of Hades and the dead, so fast  
I heard the beatings of my heart within me."

To whom far-smiting Phœbus gave reply :  
" Be of good cheer ; so mighty a Helper now

ἔξ' Ἰδῆς προέηκε παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν,  
 Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάορον, ὃς σε πάρος περ  
 ῥύομ', ὁμῶς αὐτόν τε καὶ αἰπαινὸν πτολίεθρον.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἱππεύσιν ἐπότηρυνον πολέεσσιν  
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ προπάροιθε κιῶν ἵπποισι κέλευθον  
 πᾶσαν λειανέω, τρέψω δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς."

260

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν.  
 ὣς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,  
 δεσμὸν ἀπορῥήξας θείῃ πεδίοιο κροαίνων,  
 εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐν ῥέειοις ποταμοῖο,  
 κυδιόων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίται  
 ὦμοις αἰσσοῦνται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαίῃφι πεποιθὼς,  
 ῥίμφα ἐ γούνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·  
 ὥς Ἴκτωρ λαίψῃρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα  
 ὀτρύνων ἱππῆας, ἐπεὶ θεοῦ ἔκλυεν αὐδήν.  
 οἱ δ' ὥστ' ἢ ἔλαφον κεραδὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα  
 ἐσσεύοντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιώται·  
 τὸν μὲν τ' ἡλίβατος πέτρη καὶ δάσκιος ὕλη  
 εἰρύσατ', οὐδ' ἄρα τέ σφι κειχόμεναι αἵσιμον ἦεν·  
 τῶν δέ θ' ὑπὸ ἰαχῆς ἐφάνη λῆς ἡυγένειος  
 εἰς ὁδόν, αἰψὰ δὲ πάντας ἀπέτραπε καὶ μεμαῶτας·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ εἰως μὲν ὀμιλαδὸν αἶεν ἔποντο,  
 νύσσοντες ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδον Ἴκτορ' ἐποιχόμενον στίχας ἀνδρῶν,  
 τάρβησαν, πᾶσιν δὲ παραὶ προσὶ κύππεσε θυμός.

270

280

Τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀγόρευε Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος υἱός,  
 Αἰτωλῶν ὃχ' ἄριστος, ἐπιστάμενος μὲν ἄκοντι,  
 ἐσθλὸς δ' ἐν σταδίῃ· ἀγορῇ δέ ἐ παῦροι Ἀχαιῶν  
 νίκων, ὁππότε κοῦροι ἐρίσσειαν περὶ μύθων·  
 ὁ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“ ὦ πόπποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρώμαι·

From Ida hath Kroneion sent to stand  
Close to thy side, and save thee from all harm,  
Phœbus, Apollo of the golden sword,  
Myself, who oft have saved thee, and withal  
Thy lofty city. Rouse thee therefore ; bring  
The charioteers together , bid them lash  
Their horses straight upon the galleys turn'd,  
Whilst moving in their front, I smooth the path  
Before them, and make flee the Danaan host."

He spoke, and on the hero breathed his might.  
As, when a stall'd horse hath snapp'd his bonds,  
Fresh from the manger, pawing earth, and wont  
'To bathe him in the flowing river near,  
He skims the plain, with head uptoss'd, and proud  
Prance ; and his mane streams from his shoulder ; while  
With sense of his own beauty, swift he speeds,  
Straight to the haunts and pastures of the mares ;  
So lightly, and with lifted limbs and feet,  
Moved Hector to and fro, and call'd the cars  
Together, by the voice divine inspired.

As village-hunters and their hounds long-while  
Press on a wild-goat or an antler'd stag ;  
Yet hath a dusky forest or steep rock  
Untrodden saved it, nor will Fate allow  
To them their quarry ; but the noise hath brought  
Sudden a bearded lion on their path,  
And, whatsoe'er their ardour, all in fear  
He turns them ; so the Danaans for some space  
With swords and brass-tipp'd spears press'd bristling on,  
But, when they saw great Hector in the van,  
Shrank back, with hearts that sunk into their feet.

Whom Thoas then, Andræmon's son, address'd,  
The bravest of the Ætolians ; whether need  
Were for the javelin, or for standing fight,  
Alike well-skill'd ; and few in council there  
Surpass'd him, when the younger sort engaged  
In sage debate : he gave them cheer, and spake :  
"Ye Gods ! A marvel these mine eyes behold ;



οἶον δ' αὐτ' ἐξαὐτίς ἀνέστη, Κῆρας ἀλύξας,  
 "Ἐκτωρ. ἦ θήν μιν μάλα ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἐκάστου  
 χερσὶν ὑπ' Αἴαντος θανέειν Τελαμωνιάδαο.  
 ἀλλὰ τις αὐτε θεῶν ἐρῶσατο καὶ ἐσάωσε  
 "Ἐκτορ', ὃ δὴ πολλῶν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,  
 ὥς καὶ νῦν ἐσσεσθαι οἴομαί· οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ γε  
 Ζηνὸς ἐριγδούπου πρόμος ἴσταται ὧδε μενοινων.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
 πληθὺν μὲν προτὶ νῆας ἀνώξομεν ἀπονέεσθαι·  
 αὐτοὶ δ', ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἐνὶ στρατῷ εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι,  
 στείομεν, εἴ κεν πρῶτον ἐρύξομεν ἀντιάσαντες,  
 δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι· τὸν δ' οἶω καὶ μεμαῶτα  
 θυμῷ δεῖσεσθαι Δαναῶν καταδύναι ὄμιλον."

290

ᾧς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύουν ἡδ' ἐπίθοντο. 300  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενεῆα ἀνακτα,  
 Τεῦκρον Μηριόνην τε Μέγην τ', ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηι,  
 ὕσμίνην ἡρτυνον, ἀριστῆας καλέσαντες,  
 "Ἐκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐναντίον· αὐτὰρ ὀπίσω  
 ἢ πληθεὺς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἀπονέοντο.  
 Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἐκτωρ  
 μακρὰ βιβιάς· πρόσθεν δὲ κί' αὐτοῦ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
 εἰμένος ὥμοιιν νεφέλην, ἔχε δ' αἰγίδα θοῦριν,  
 δεινὴν ἀμφιδάσειαν ἀριπρεπέ', ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς  
 "Ἡφαιστος Διὶ δῶκε φορήμεναι ἐς φόβον ἀνδρῶν·  
 τὴν ἄρ' ὅγ' ἐν χεῖρεσσιν ἔχων ἠγήσατο λαῶν.

310

Ἄργεῖοι δ' ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες, ὄρτο δ' αὐτὴ  
 ὄξεϊ ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ἀπὸ νευρήφι δ' οἴστοι  
 θρώσκον· πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειῶν ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐν χροὶ πηγνυτ' ἀρηϊθῶν αἰζήων,  
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγὺ, πάρος χροῖα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,  
 ἐν γαίῃ ἴσταντο, λιλαιομένα χροὸς ὕσαι.

In resurrection from the arms of Fate  
Hector hath risen. Whom truly every heart  
Had hoped by Telamonian Ajax slain,  
Him hath some God deliver'd and upraised.  
Of many a Danaan hath he loosed the limbs  
Already, and many another now will slay ;  
For not, I fear, without the Thunderer's aid  
Stands he in this high courage far advanced.  
Hear, therefore, and obey ye this my word.  
Back on their galleys let the host retire ;  
Whilst we, who boast chief prowess in the camp,  
Level our lances firm, and steadfast stand  
In phalanx to repel him, face to face ;  
For, let his fury be whate'er it may,  
On us so gather'd he will fear to charge."

He spoke ; they gladly hearken'd and obey'd.  
Round about Teucer, and Meriones,  
And either Ajax, and Idomeneus,  
And Meges, peer to Arcs—face to face  
Opposed to Hector and to Troy, they drew  
Their line of battle close, and from all sides  
The chiefs united ; but, behind them screen'd,  
The legions tow'rd the ships began retreat :  
Whilst forward in close wedge the Trojans still  
Push'd, and with huge strides Hector led them on ;  
And in his front Apollo ; and a cloud  
Enwrapp'd the shoulders of the God in gloom,  
Yet left in light the Ægis all display'd  
Terrible, with its gleaming fringes bright,  
Forged by Hephæstus for a gift to Zeus,  
His buckler wherewithal to awe mankind.  
This holding, led the God the nations on ;  
Whom still in firm array their foes opposed ;  
And loud from either side the battle-cries ;  
And from the strings the arrows sprang ; and thick  
The javelins pour'd, and some transpierced the flesh  
Of blooming warriors slain ; but in mid space,  
Stuck in the earth or e'er they gain'd their mark,  
Fell many, quivering for the taste of blood.

"Οφρα μὲν αἰγίδα χερσὶν ἔχ' ἀτρέμα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατενώπα ἰδὼν Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων 320  
 σείσ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἄυσε μάλα μέγα, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν  
 ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθελξε, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.  
 οἱ δ', ὥστ' ἥε βοῶν ἀγέλην ἢ πῶν μέγ' οἴων  
 θῆρε δύω κλονέωσι μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ,  
 ἔλθοντ' ἐξαπίνης σημάντορος οὐ παρεόντος,  
 ὡς ἐφόβηθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀνάλκιδες· ἐν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων  
 ἦκε φόβον, Τρῳσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἑκτορι κύδος ὄπαζεν.

Ἐνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἔλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὕσμίνης.  
 Ἐκτωρ μὲν Στιχίον τε καὶ Ἀρκεσίλαον ἐπεφνευ,  
 τὸν μὲν Βοιωτῶν ἡγήτορα χαλκοχιτώνων, 330  
 τὸν δὲ Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·  
 Αἰνείας δὲ Μέδοντα καὶ Ἰασον ἐξενάριζεν·  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Οἰλήος θείοιο  
 ἔσκε, Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν  
 ἐν Φυλάκῃ, γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτὰς,  
 γνωτὸν μητρυνῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Οἰλεύς·  
 Ἰασος αὖτ' ἄρχος μὲν Ἀθηναίων ἐτέτυκτο,  
 υἱὸς δὲ Σφῆλαιο καλέσκετο Βουκολίδαο.  
 Μηκιστῇ δ' ἔλε Πουλυδάμας, Ἐχίον δὲ Πολίτης.  
 πρώτην ἐν ὕσμίνῃ, Κλονίον δ' ἔλε δῖος Ἀγῆνωρ. 340  
 Δηϊόχον δὲ Πάρις βάλε νείατον ὦμον ὀπισθεν  
 φεύγοντ' ἐν προμάχοισι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.

"Οφρ' οἱ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ' ἐντεα, τόφρα δ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 τάφρῳ καὶ σκολόπεσσιν ἐνιπλήξαντες ὀρυκτῇ  
 ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φέβοντο, δύνοντο δὲ τεῖχος ἀνάγκῃ.  
 Ἐκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας  
 Νηυσὶν ἐπισσεύεσθαι, ἔῃν δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα·

Whilst still unshaken Phœbus held the shield,  
Darts flew and warriors fell, to either side ;  
But when he lower'd his gaze, and shook the shield  
Full in the faces of the swift-hoised tribes,  
And roused beside his own voice loud thereto,  
He charm'd away the valour in their hearts,  
And made them clean forgetful of their might.  
As is a herd of oxen, or a flock  
Of many sheep, when at black dead of night  
Two beasts of prey confound them, from the hills  
Appearing, and their watchman is not nigh ;  
Ev'n so were they confounded, in whose hearts  
Apollo breathed dire panic, but to Troy  
And Hector gave companionship of fame.  
Then was the battle scatter'd, man slew man.  
By Hector slain Arcesilaus fell,  
And Stychius ; *that* the leader of the host  
Of mail'd Bœotians, *this* the follower loved  
Of great Menestheus. By Æneas fell  
Medon and Jasus ; Medon was the son  
To King Oileus bastard born, and hence  
Brother to Ajax, but in Phylace  
He dwelt, and from his country far, having slain  
One unto Eriopis near of kin  
His stepdame, whom Oileus had to wife :  
But Jasus led the Athenians, and was named  
The son of Sphiclus, son of Bucolus.  
Mecisteus perish'd by Polydamas,  
And by Polites in the foremost van  
Echius, and Clonius by Agenor's arm ;  
Whilst Paris low beneath the shoulder pierced  
Deiochus in the back, ev'n as he fled  
Before him, and propell'd the spear right through.

But, whilst these stripp'd the armour off the slain,  
The Achæians, on the stakes and deep-dug trench  
Fell stumbling, routed to and fro, and, sore  
Constrain'd, repass'd their rampart. Then on Troy  
Hector uplifted loud his voice, to charge  
Straight on the ships, and leave the spoils awhile ;

“Ὅν δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπανευθε νεῶν ἐτέρωθι νοήσω,  
αὐτοῦ οἱ θάνατον μητίσομαι, οὐδέ νυ τόνγε  
γνωτοί τε γνωταί τε πυρὸς λελάχωσι θανόντα,  
ἀλλὰ κύνες ἐρύουσι πρὸ ἄστεος ἡμετέριοι.” 350

Ὡς εἰπὼν μᾶστιγι κατωμαδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους,  
κεκλόμενος Τρώεσσι κατὰ στίχας. οἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῷ  
πάντες ὁμοκλήσαντες ἔχον ἐρυσάρματας ἵππους  
ἡχῇ θεσπεσίῃ· προπάροιθε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
ῥεῖ' ὄχθας καπέτοιο βαθείης ποσὶν ἐρείπων  
ἐς μέσσον κατέβαλλε, γεφύρωσεν δὲ κέλευθον  
μακρὴν ἥδ' εὐρείαν, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρῶῃ  
γίγνηται, ὅππότε ἄνῃρ σθένεος πειρώμενος ἦσει.  
τῇ ῥ' οὔγε προχέοντο φαλαγγηδόν, πρὸ δ' Ἀπόλλων,  
αἰγίδ' ἔχων ἐρίτιμον· ἔρειπε δὲ τείχος Ἀχαιῶν 360  
ῥεῖα μάλ', ὥς ὅτε τις ψάμαθον παῖς ἄγχι θαλάσσης,  
ὅστ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ποιήσῃ ἀθύρματα νηπιέησιν,  
ἄψ' αὐτίς συνέχευε ποσὶν καὶ χερσὶν ἀθύρων.  
ὥς ῥα σὺν, ἥτε Φοῖβε, πολὺν κάματον καὶ οἰζὺν  
σύγχχεας Ἀργείων, αὐτοῖσι δὲ φύζαν ἐνῶρσας.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,  
ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν  
χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·  
Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὔρος Ἀχαιῶν,  
εὐχετο, χεῖρ' ὀρέγων εἰς οὐρανὸν ἄστερόεντα· 370

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἵποτέ τίς τοι ἐν Ἀργεῖ περ πολυπύρῳ  
ἦ βοὸς ἦ ὄϊος κατὰ πῖονα μηρία καίων  
εὐχετο νοστήσαι, σὺ δ' ὑπέσχεο καὶ κατένευσας,  
τῶν μνήσαι, καὶ ἄμυνον, Ὀλύμπιε, νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,  
μηδ' οὕτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιοὺς.”

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, μέγα δ' ἔκτυπε μητιέτα Ζεὺς,  
ἀράων ἅτων Νηληϊάδαο γέροντος.

Τρῶες δ' ὥς ἐπύθοντο Διὸς κτύπον αἰγιόχοιο,  
μᾶλλον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης. 380

“And whomsoever I espy apart  
Or skulking from the galleys I myself  
Will work his death, nor dead shall he obtain  
His burning at the hands of kith and kin,  
But dogs shall tear his limbs beneath our walls.”

He spoke, and o'er their shoulders lash'd his steeds,  
Shouting, and ranging through the Trojan ranks ;  
Who answering clamour with clamour diave right on  
In more than mortal uproar neck to neck  
Their steeds and chariots, and before them all  
Phœbus Apollo moved, and with all ease  
Trode down the piled banks of the trench profound,  
Thrusting them to its midst ; and bridged a path  
Across it, wide as is a javelin's cast,  
Thrown by a man in trial of his strength.  
Squadron by squadron o'er this path they streamed  
Apollo leading still, and rearing high  
The priceless Ægis ; and he strew'd to earth  
The rampart with all ease, as when a child  
Strews sand upon the sea-shore ; mimic mounds  
He heaps in boyish sport, and then again  
Confounds them, freely plying foot and hand ;  
So thou, O glorious Phœbus, laidst on earth  
Confounded all that toil and labour huge  
Of Argives, and with panic fill'dst their hearts.

Rallied at last before the ships they stood,  
And, each to other giving cheer, pray'd loud  
To Heaven with hands uplifted ; Nestor most,  
With arms toward the starry sky outstretch'd :

“O Father Zeus ! If any in Argos' fields  
Besought return, and on thine altar burn'd  
Fat thighs of sheep and oxen, to whose prayer  
Thou hearken'dst and consentedst by thy Nod ;  
Now, now remember this, O Lord Supreme,  
And save us, nor permit our deaths by Troy !”

So pray'd the Elder, Neleus' Son, and ceased ;  
Zeus heard, and loud the thunder peal'd in heaven.

The Trojans knew the mind of Zeus their own,  
And leapt the fiercer on their foes, and set

οἱ δ', ὥστε μέγα κύμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο  
 νηὸς ὑπὲρ τοίχων καταβήσεται, ὅππότε ἐπέλγῃ  
 ἴς ἀνέμου· ἥ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε κύματ' ὀφέλλει·  
 ὡς Τρῶες μεγάλη λαχῇ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβαινον,  
 ἵππους δ' εἰσελάσαντες ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχοντο  
 ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοις αὐτοσχεδόν, οἱ μὲν ἀφ' ἵππων,  
 οἱ δ' ἀπὸ νηῶν ὕψι μελαινάων ἐπιβάντες  
 μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι, τὰ ῥά σφ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἔκειτο  
 ναύμαχα, κολλήεντα, κατὰ στόμα εἰμένα χαλκῷ.

Πάτροκλος δ', εἴως μὲν Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρῶές τε 390  
 τεύχεος ἀμφεμάχοντο θοάων ἔκτοθι νηῶν,  
 τόφρ' ὄγ' ἐνὶ κλισίῃ ἀγαπήνορος Εὐρυπύλοιο  
 ἦστό τε καὶ τὸν ἔτερπε λόγοις, ἐπὶ δ' ἔλκει λυγρῷ  
 φάρμακ' ἀκέσματ' ἔπασσε μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησεν  
 Τρῶας, αὐτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο λαχὴ τε φόβος τε,  
 ὦμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὦ πεπλήγητο μηρῷ  
 χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ', ὀλοφυρόμενος δ' ἔπος ἠΐδα·

“Εὐρύπυλ', οὐκέτι τοι δύναμαι, χατέοντί περ ἔμψης,  
 ἐνθάδε παρμενέμεν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νείκος ὄρωρεν· 400  
 ἀλλὰ σὲ μὲν θεράπων ποτιτερπέτω, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε  
 σπεύσομαι εἰς Ἀχιλλῆα, ἵν' ὀτρύνω πολεμίζειν.  
 τίς δ' οἶδ', εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίνω  
 παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου.”

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰπόντα πόδες φέρουν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 Τρῶας ἐπερχομένους μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο,  
 παυροτέρους περ ἑόντας, ἀπώσασθαι παρὰ νηῶν·  
 οὐδέ ποτε Τρῶες Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο φάλαγγας  
 ῥηξάμενοι κλισίῃσι μιγῇμεναι ἢδὲ νέεσσιν.  
 ἀλλ' ὥστε στήθμῃ δόρυ νήϊον ἐξιθύνει 410

Their whole hearts to the battle. As, by force  
Of a strong wind, that to its wont drives fast  
The billows, out upon the broad-way'd sea  
A climbing wave surmounts a galley's sides,  
So o'er the wall the Trojans mounting pour'd  
With uproar loud, and drave their steeds within,  
And waged the battle by the galleys' sterns  
With brass-tipp'd lances hand to hand, themselves  
Still fighting from their chariots ; but the foe  
From the black ships ; whereon they clomb, and plied  
The long-spliced poles that lay upon the decks,  
Brass-bound, and tipp'd with brass, for naval war.

Meantime, so long as round the rampart raged  
The battle 'twixt the hosts and well aloof  
Of the swift ships, so long Menæti'us' Son  
Still with the kindly-hearted hero sate,  
Eurypylus ; and by his converse sweet  
Soothed him, and spread the pain-beguiling balms  
With his own hand upon the baleful wound ;  
But, when he knew the Trojans o'er the wall  
Now pouring, and the Danaans all in rout  
And uproar toss'd, he groan'd and smote his thighs  
With hands abandon'd to his grief, and said :

“ Eurypylus, for all thou needst me still,  
Yet can I stay no more ; to such a height  
The war hath risen up yonder. On thy wound  
Let thine own servant tend ; but I must haste  
Hence to incite Achilles to the war.  
Who knows if, with the sufferance of Heaven,  
I may not by persuasion move his heart ?  
Good is persuasion from a true friend's mouth.”

Whom, as he ceased, his feet bare fast away.

The while, though firmly still the Achæians bode,  
Yet could they not repel from off the ships  
The Trojans charging, though the scantier host ;  
Nor could the Trojans break the Danaan ranks,  
Nor pierce them to attain the ships and tents.  
But as a plank is planed by rule, and made



τέκτονους ἐν παλάμῃσι δαήμονος, ὅς ῥά τε πάσης  
 εὖ εἰδὴ σοφίης ὑποθημοσύνησιν Ἀθήνης,  
 ὥς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἴσα μάχῃ τέτατο πτόλεμός τε·  
 ἄλλοι δ' ἄμφ' ἄλλῃσι μάχην ἐμάχοντο νέεσσιν.

Ἐκτωρ δ' αὖτ' Αἴαντος εἰείσατο κυδαλίμοιο.  
 τῷ δὲ μῆς περὶ νηὸς ἔχον πόνον, οὐδ' ἐδύναντο  
 οὐθ' ὁ τὸν ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐνιπρῆσαι πυρὶ νῆα,  
 οὐθ' ὁ τὸν ἄψ ὤσασθαι, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἐπέλασσε γε δαίμων.  
 ἔνθ' υἱὰ Κλυτίοιο Καλήτορα φαίδιμος Αἴας,  
 πῦρ ἐς νῆα φέροντα, κατὰ στήθος βύλε δουρί·  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, δαλὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.  
 Ἐκτωρ δ' ὥς ἐνόησεν ἀνέψιόν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
 ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντα νεὸς προπάροιθε μελαίνης,  
 Τρῳσὶ τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἄυσας·

“Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχῆται,  
 μὴ δὴ πῶ χάξεσθε μάχης ἐν στείνει τῷδε,  
 ἀλλ' υἱὰ Κλυτίοιο σαώσατε, μὴ μιν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.  
 τοῦ μὲν ἄμαρθ', ὁ δ' ἔπειτα Λυκόφρονα, Μάστορος υἱόν,  
 Αἴαντος θεράποντα Κυθήριον, ὅς ῥα παρ' αὐτῷ  
 ναῖ, ἐπεὶ ἄνδρα κατέκτα Κυθήροισι ζαθέοισιν,  
 τόν ῥ' ἐβαλεν κεφαλὴν ὑπὲρ οὔατος ὀξεί χαλκῷ,  
 ἕσταότ' ἄγχι Αἴαντος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν  
 νηὸς ἀπο πρύμνης χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.  
 Αἴας δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·

“Τεῦκρε πέπου, δὴ νῶϊν ἀπέκτατο πιστὸς ἐταῖρος  
 Μαστορίδης, ὃν νῶϊ Κυθηρόθεν ἔνδον ἔοντα  
 ἴσα φίλοισι τοκεῦσιν ἐτίομεν ἐν μεγάροισιν·  
 τὸν δ' Ἐκτωρ μεγάλθυμος ἀπέκτανε. ποῦ νύ τοι ἱοὶ  
 ὠκύμοροι καὶ τόξον, ὃ τοι πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων;”

Ὡς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,  
 τόξον ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παλίντονον ἠδὲ φαρέτρην

Equal on all sides for a galley's use  
By some skill'd builder, in all manner of art  
Well-taught, and by Athene's mind inspired ;  
So equal and so even the fight remain'd.  
Some by one bark, and others by others, fought ;  
Hector on none save glorious Ajax moved.  
Constant those two still struggled round one ship ;  
Neither could Hector drive the other off  
Or fire the galley ; nor could Ajax thrust  
Brave Hector back, whom Heaven had brought so near.  
Yet struck he with a javelin through the chest  
Caletor, Clytius' son, in act to fire  
The galley ; from his hand the torch dropp'd wide,  
And his arms clash'd about him as he fell.  
Hector beheld his kinsman thus in dust  
Fallen in the front of that black foughten ship,  
And loud to Lycia and to Troy appeal'd :

“Lycians, and Trojans, and Dardans, staunch in arms !  
Oh flinch not where the fight is straiten'd here ;  
Save Clytius' Son, lest he should lose his arms,  
Ev'n at the moorings of their galleys fallen.”

He ended, and a glittering javelin aim'd  
At Ajax first, yet err'd ; but then struck down  
His follower, a Cytherian, Mastor's son,  
Lycophron, who with Ajax dwelt, for guilt  
Of blood upon him in Cythera's isle.  
Where he stood near to Ajax, Hector's lance  
Struck him upon the head above the ear,  
So that from off the galley prone in dust  
He dropp'd with limbs all loosen'd. Ajax saw  
And shudder'd, and address'd his brother thus :

“Teucer, my brother ! Mastor's Son hath fall'n,  
Our faithful follower, Lycophron, whom both  
Have honour'd and regarded in our home  
Like our own children, from the time he came  
For refuge thither from Cythera's isle.  
Him hath great Hector slain. Oh, where the bow  
And deadly shafts, Apollo's gift to thee?”

He spoke ; whose heart the other read, and ran  
Near him, and brought the bow tight strung, and full

ἰοδόκον· μάλα δ' ὄκα βέλη Τρώεσσιν ἐφίει.  
 καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Κλεῖτον, Πεισήνορος ἀγλαὸν υἱὸν,  
 Πουλυδάμαντος ἐταῖρον, ἀγαυοῦ Πανθοίδαο,  
 ἡνία χερσὶν ἔχοντα· ὁ μὲν πεπόνητο καθ' ἵππους·  
 τῇ γὰρ ἔχ', ἥ ῥα πολὺ πλείσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,  
 "Ἐκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ  
 ἦλθε κακὸν, τό οἱ οὔτις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.  
 450  
 αὐχένι γάρ οἱ ὀπισθε πολύστονος ἔμπεσεν ἰός·  
 ἥριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι  
 κείν' ὄχεα κροτέοντες. ἀναξ δ' ἐνόησε τάχιστα  
 Πουλυδάμας, καὶ πρῶτος ἐναντίας ἦλθεν ἵππων.  
 τοὺς μὲν ὄγ' Ἀστυνόῳ, Προτιάονος υἱέι, δῶκεν,  
 πολλὰ δ' ἐπώτρυνε σχεδὸν ἴσχειν εἰσορόωντα  
 ἵππους· αὐτὸς δ' αὖτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον οἷστος ἐφ' "Ἐκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ  
 αἶνυτο, καί κεν ἔπαυσε μάχης ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 εἴ μιν ἀριστεύοντα βαλὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.  
 460  
 ἀλλ' οὐ λῆθε Διὸς πυκινὸν νόον, ὅς ῥ' ἐφύλασσεν  
 "Ἐκτορ', ἀτὰρ Τεῦκρον Τελαμώνιον εὐχος ἀπηγύρα,  
 ὅς οἱ εὐστρεφέα νευρὴν ἐν ἀμύμονι τόξῳ  
 ῥῆξ' ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρύοντι· παρεπλάγχθη δέ οἱ ἄλλη  
 ἰὸς χαλκοβαρῆς, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.  
 Τεῦκρος δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·

"ὦ πόποι, ἦ δὴ πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μῆδεα κείρει  
 daίμων ἡμετέρης, ὃ τε μοι βιὸν ἔκβαλε χειρὸς,  
 νευρὴν δ' ἐξέρρηξε νεόστροφον, ἣν ἐνέδησα  
 πρῶιον, ὅφρ' ἀνέχοιτο θαμὰ θρώσκοντας οἷστους."

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·  
 "ὦ πέπον, ἀλλὰ βιὸν μὲν ἔα καὶ ταρφέας ἰοὺς

Of shafts the quiver, whence incontinent  
He 'gan discharge of arrows on the foe.  
And first Pisander's noble son he struck,  
Cleitus, the follower brave who held the reins  
Of Prince Polydamas, Panthous' son,  
And on the guidance of the steeds intent  
Ranged where the ranks were thickest throng'd, and thought  
To do a grace to Hector and to Troy—  
Vainly, for evil on him came, which none  
Of all who would have saved him could forefend ;  
The grievous arrow fell upon his neck,  
And from the seat he dropp'd ; his horses rear'd  
Backward upon him, rattling the empty car ;  
Whose lord Polydamas perceived his plight  
Soonest, and hasting to the horses' heads  
First to Astynous, Protiaon's son,  
Gave them with frequent charge to hold them near  
And watch them well ; the while himself return'd  
To mingle with the foremost van again.

Meantime at brass-helm'd Hector Teucer drew  
A second shaft ; and, had he struck his aim  
And slain him in his glory there in arms,  
The battle 'nnd the ships had quite been stay'd ;  
But Zeus, preserving Hector all that day,  
With watchful eye perceived it, nor vouchsafed  
To Telamonian Teucer such renown,  
But, as he drew against the other, brake  
The well-twined string upon the flawless bow,  
So that the brass-barb'd arrow slanting wide  
Wander'd, and from his hand the weapon dropp'd.  
He shudder'd, and address'd his brother thus :

“ Ah, brother ! Ever in this war our hopes  
Are shorn of their fulfilment by some God,  
Who now hath dash'd from out my hand this bow,  
Snapping the string which early this same morn  
I bound thereto well-twined, that all day long  
It might endure the spring of arrows forth.”

To whom the giant Son of Telamon :  
“ Leave therefore, friend, those arrows and thy bow

κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ συνέχευε θεὸς Δαναοῖσι μεγέρας·  
 αὐτὰρ χερσὶν ἑλών δολιχὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος ὦμφ  
 μάρναο τε Τρώεσσι καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.  
 μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδὶ γε, δαμασσάμενοί περ, ἔλοιεν  
 νῆας ἐυσσέλμους, ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθα χάρμης.”

“Ὡς φάθ’, ὁ δ’ αὖ τόξον μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἔθηκεν,  
 αὐτὰρ ὄγ’ ἀμφ’ ὤμοισι σάκος θέτο τετραθέλυμνον,  
 κρατὶ δ’ ἐπ’ ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὐτυκτον ἔθηκεν  
 [ἵππουρι, δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν]·  
 εἴλετο δ’ ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
 βῆ δ’ ἰέναι, μάλα δ’ ὦκα θεῶν Αἴαντι παρέστη.”

480

“Ἐκτωρ δ’ ὥς εἶδεν Τεύκρου βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα,  
 Τρωσὶ τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας·

“Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,  
 ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς  
 νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
 ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος Διόθεν βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα.  
 ρεῖα δ’ ἀρίγνωτος Διὸς ἀνδράσι γίγνεται ἀλκή,  
 ἡμὲν ὁτέοισιν κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυαλίξῃ,  
 ἡδ’ ὅτινας μινύθῃ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμύνειν,  
 ὥς νῦν Ἀργείων μινύθει μένος, ἄμμι δ’ ἀρήγει.  
 ἀλλὰ μάχεσθ’ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἀολλέες· ὅς δέ κεν ὑμέων  
 βλήμενος ἥε τυπείς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,  
 τεθνάτω· οὗ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀμυνομένῳ περὶ πάτρης  
 τεθνάμεν· ἀλλ’ ἄλοχός τε σόῃ καὶ παῖδες ὀπίσσω,  
 καὶ οἶκος καὶ κλῆρος ἀκήρατος, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.”

490

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
 Αἴας δ’ αὖθ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἐτάροισιν·

500

Where they have fallen together, so to lie,  
Since of his spleen against the Danaan host  
Some God hath thus confounded them ; and haste  
To get a javelin to thy hand, and shield  
About thy shoulder ; and return so arm'd  
Thyself, and with thee rouse the host beside.  
If they must conquer, leave them not the ships  
Without a struggle ; battle till we die !”

He spoke ; and Teucer laid the bow aside  
Within the neighbouring tent, and round him braced  
A four-hide shield, and set a well-wrought helm,  
Horseplumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),  
Above his stately head, and also took  
A brass-tipp'd spear ; and so returning moved,  
And hasted once again to Ajax' side.

Hector saw Teucer's arrows thus made nought,  
And loud to Troy and Lycia raised his voice :  
“Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardans, staunch in arms !  
Be men, O friends, and of your olden might,  
As through these hollow galleys now we range,  
Be mindful still ; for with mine eyes I saw,  
This moment past, the arrows of their chief  
Made nought by Zeus. Full easy to discern,  
Marvellous in operation amongst men,  
The arm of Zeus ; both whereunto he grants  
The greater glory, and where he maketh low,  
Withholding succour ; even as now he makes  
The might of Argos low, but aideth us.  
Close your ranks therefore ; flinch not in the fight  
Amongst these galleys. And, if any fall  
By sword or javelin, to his hour of death  
Brought in this battle, let him die content :  
So standing for his country's sake to die,  
Is no unworthy thing ; and he shall leave  
His wife and children safe thereby, and home  
And land unminish'd ; when Achaia's sons  
Sail to their own dear country driven at last.”

He spoke and quicken'd every hand and heart ;  
Whilst Ajax adverse on his comrades call'd :

“ Αἰδῶς, Ἀργεῖοι· νῦν ἄρκιον ἢ ἀπολέσθαι  
 ἢ σαωθῆναι καὶ ἀπώσασθαι κακὰ νηῶν.  
 ἢ ἔλπεσθ', ἣν νῆας ἔλη κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ,  
 ἐμβαδὸν ἵξεσθαι ἣν πατρίδα γαίαν ἔκαστος ;  
 ἢ οὐκ ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούετε λαὸν ἅπαντα  
 Ἐκτορος, ὃς δὴ νῆας ἐνιπρήσαι μενεαίνει ;  
 οὐ μὰν ἔς γε χορὸν κέλετ' ἐλθέμεν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι.  
 ἡμῖν δ' οὔτις τοῦδε νόος καὶ μήτις ἀμείνων,  
 ἢ αὐτοσχεδὴν μῖξαι χεῖράς τε μένος τε.  
 βέλτερον, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι ἓνα χρόνον ἢ ἐβιώναι,  
 ἢ δηθὰ στρεφύγεσθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δημοτῇτι  
 ὧδ' αὐτως παρὰ νηυσὶν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι χειροτέροισιν.”

510

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
 ἔνθ' Ἐκτωρ μὲν ἔλε Σχεδίων, Περιμήδεος υἱὸν,  
 ἀρχὸν Φωκῶν, Αἴας δ' ἔλε Λαοδάμαντα  
 ἠγεμόνα πρυλέων, Ἀντήνορος Ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·  
 Πουλυδάμας δ' ὦτον Κυλλήνιον ἐξενάριξεν,  
 Φυλεΐδew ἔταρον, μεγαθύμων ἀρχον Ἐπειῶν.  
 τῷ δὲ Μέγης ἐπόρουσεν ἰδῶν· ὁ δ' ὑπαιθε λιάσθη  
 Πουλυδάμας. καὶ τοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀπόλλων  
 εἶα Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι δαυῆναι·  
 αὐτὰρ ὅγε Κροίσμου στήθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρί.  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα.  
 τόφρα δὲ τῷ ἐπόρουσε Δόλοψ, αἰχμῆς ἐν εἰδῶς,  
 Λαμπετιδῆς—ὃν Λάμπος ἐγένεατο, φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν,  
 Λαομεδοντιάδης, εὖ εἰδότα θούριδος ἀλκῆς—  
 ὃς τότε Φυλεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ  
 ἐγγύθεν ὀρμηθεὶς· πυκινὸς δὲ οἱ ἤρκεσε θώρηξ,

520

“ Hold, men of Argos, hold to honour fast !  
Tis death, if they remain among the fleet,  
And safety, if ye but repel the ill.  
Expect ye, when ye once have lost the ships,  
To walk the roaring waters dry-foot home ?  
Or are ye deaf to bright-helm'd Hector's shouts,  
Threatening to burn the galleys, and with cheers  
Kindling his host ? His voice is loud enow :  
To no sweet dance that summons, but to war,  
Nor have we better counsel in our power,  
Than, might and main, to meet him, front to front.  
Better to perish once for all, or stake  
Our lives upon one moment, than remain  
Wasting in this long struggle still spun out,  
And spent and straiten'd thus by feebl' men ! ”  
He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.

Anon by Hector Perimedes' Son .  
Schedius, the chieftain of the Phocians, fell ;  
Whilst Ajax slew Antenor's son, renown'd  
Laodamas, a leader in the van.  
Polydamas slew Otus ; he the friend  
Of Phyleus' Son, and in Cyllene born,  
A leader of the brave Epeian tribes.  
Meges beheld his comrade's fall, and sprang  
Against the other ; yet Polydamas  
Stooping escaped his javelin, and it err'd ;  
Apollo brooked not that Panthoüs' Son  
Should fall by Meges ; but it pierced the breast  
Of Croesmus ; with a clash to earth he fell,  
And Meges stripp'd the armour off his corse.

On whom, thus busied, Dolops leapt, the son  
Of Lampus, and a youth well-skill'd in fence ;  
(Lampus, begotten by Laomedon,  
A prince amongst the people, and his son  
Was Dolops, proved and practised in the war).  
Approaching near, he drave his pointed spear  
Right through the centre of Phylides' shield ;  
Yet did the well ribb'd corslet save his life ;—



τόν ῥ' ἐφόρει γυάλοισιν ἀρηρότα· τόν ποτε Φυλεὺς 530  
 ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.  
 ξείνους γὰρ οἱ ἔδωκεν ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὐφήτης  
 ἐς πόλεμον φορέειν, δηίων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν·  
 ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε παιδὸς ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκεσ' ὄλεθρον.  
 τοῦ δὲ Μέγης κόρυθος χαλκήρεος ἵπποδασείης  
 κύμβαχον ἀκρότατον νύξ' ἔγχει ὀξυόεντι,  
 ῥήξῃ δ' ἀφ' ἵππειον λόφον αὐτοῦ· πᾶς δὲ χαμᾶζε  
 κᾶππεσεν ἐν κονίῃσι, νέον φοίνικι φαείνους.  
 εἶος ὁ τῷ πολέμιζε μένων, ἔτι δ' ἤλπετο νίκην,  
 τόφρα δὲ οἱ Μενέλαος Ἀρήιος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ, 540  
 στῇ δ' εὐράξῃ σὺν δουρὶ λαθῶν, βάλε δ' ὦμον ὀπισθεν·  
 αἰχμὴ δὲ στέρνοιο διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,  
 πρόσσω ἱεμένη· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐλιάσθη.  
 τὼ μὲν ἐεισάσθην χαλκήρεα τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων  
 συλήσειν· Ἐκτωρ δὲ κασιγνήτοισι κέλευσεν  
 πᾶσι μάλα, πρῶτον δ' Ἴκεταονίδην ἐνένιπεν,  
 ἵφθιμον Μελάνιππον· ὁ δ' ὄφρα μὲν εἰλίποδας βοῦς  
 βόσκ' ἐν Περκώτῃ, δηίων ἀπονόσφιν ἔοντων·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,  
 ἅψ' εἰς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσιν, 550  
 ναῖε δὲ παρ Πριάμφῳ, ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἴσα τέκεσσιν·  
 τόν ῥ' Ἐκτωρ ἐνένιπεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἕκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Οὔτω δὴ, Μελάνιππε, μεθήσομεν ; οὐδέ νυ σοὶ περ  
 ἐντρέπεται φίλον ἦτορ ἀνεψιοῦ κταμένοιο ;  
 οὐχ ὁράας οἶον Δόλοπος περὶ τεύχε' ἔπουσιν ;  
 ἀλλ' ἔπευ· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἐστὶν ἀποσταδὸν Ἀργείοισιν  
 μάρνασθαι, πρὶν γ' ἢ κατακτάμεν ἢ κατ' ἄκρης  
 Ἴλιον αἰπεινὴν ἐλέειν κτάσθαι τε πολίτας.”

Ἦς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἅμ' ἔσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.

The stout good corslet Phyleus brought of old  
From Ephyre and the stream of Selleis,  
The token which Euphetes, king of men,  
Bestow'd on Phyleus as his guest to bear  
In battle, and to guard him from his foes ;  
This now preserved the life of Phyleus' Son.  
Then in his turn the spear of Meges struck  
The cone above the other's brass-bound helm ;  
And shore the crest and horse-hair plumes away ;  
So that the fresh-dyed scarlet feathers fell  
Together, and lay tarnish'd in the dust.  
Yet Dolops dauntless still was fighting on  
Nor had lost hope of victory, when, unseen,  
In aid of Meges Menelaus came  
Full-arm'd, and, passing by his flank, took stand  
Behind, and struck him through the shoulder thence ,  
So that the point sped quivering through the chest  
Joyous and onward ; he on earth fell dead.  
And on his corse the two victorious rush'd  
Together, to despoil it of its arms.

Hector beheld, and on his brethren call'd,  
Loudly on all, but Hicetaon's son,  
The mighty Melanippus, most he chode ;  
(Him who had whilome in Percote grazed  
Fice of all peil his slow-pacèd herds ;  
But, when the Danaan galleys came, return'd  
To Ilion, and in Troy conspicuous shone,  
Dwelling in Priam's house and by the king  
Like his own children honour'd)—by his side  
Stood Hector, and rebuked him thus, and spake :

“ Shall we, my comrade, so desert the dead ?  
Is not the heart within thee shamed to see  
Thy kinsman slain ? And seest thou not how thick  
The foe flock round him, busy for his arms ?  
On, then, with me ! Nor may this struggle end,  
Ere either the Argives by our might have fallen,  
Or they amid our slaughter take the towers  
Of Ilion, from her summit headlong thrown.”

He spoke and led the way, and with him went  
The godlike hero ; whilst on the other side ‘

Ἄργειους δ' ὥτρυνε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Λῆας ·

560

“ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,  
ἀλλήλους τ' αἰδεῖσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.  
αἰδομένων δ' ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἢ πέφανται·  
φευγόντων δ' οὔτ' ἄρ κλέος ὄρνυται οὔτε τις ἀλκή.”

ὣς ἔφαθ, οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον,  
ἐν θυμῷ δ' ἐβάλουντο ἔπος, φράξαντο δὲ νῆας  
ἔρκει χαλκείῳ· ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς Τρῶας ἔγειρεν.  
Ἀντίλοχον δ' ὥτρυνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος ·

“Ἀντίλοχ', οὔτις σεῖο νεώτερος ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,  
οὔτε ποσὶν θάσσω· οὔτ' ἄλκιμος ὥς σὺ μάχεσθαι·  
εἴ τινα πού Τρώων ἐξάλμενος ἄνδρα βάλοισθα.”

570

ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀπέσσυτο, τὸν δ' ὀρόθυνεν·  
ἐκ δ' ἔθορε προμάχων, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ  
ἀμφὶ ἔπαπτήγας· ὑπὸ δὲ Τρῶες κεκάδοντο,  
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσσαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἦκεν,  
ἀλλ' Ἰκετάονος υἱὸν ὑπέρθυμον Μελάνιππον,  
νισσόμενον πόλεμόνδε, βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.  
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.  
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε κύων ὧς, ὅστ' ἐπὶ νεβρῷ  
βλημένῳ ἀίξει, τόντ' ἐξ εὐνῇφι θορόντα  
θηρητῆρ' ἐτύχησε βαλὼν, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα·  
ὧς ἐπὶ σοί, Μελάνιππε, θόρ' Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης  
τεύχεα συλήσων. ἀλλ' οὐ λάθεν Ἐκτορα δῖον,  
ὅς ῥά οἱ ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δῆϊοιτά.  
Ἀντίλοχος δ' οὐ μεῖνε, θοὸς περ ἐὼν πολεμιστῆς,  
ἀλλ' ὄγ' ἄρ' ἔτρεσε θηρὶ κακὸν ῥέξαντι εἰκῶς,  
ὅστε κύνα κτεῖνας ἢ βουκόλον ἀμφὶ βόεσσιν  
φεύγει, πρὶν περ ὄμιλον ἀολλισθήμεναι ἀνδρῶν·  
ὧς τρέσε Νεστορίδης, ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ Ἐκτωρ  
ἡχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόνετα χέοντο·  
στῇ δὲ μεταστρέφεις, ἐπεὶ ἴκετο ἔθνος ἐταίρων.

580

590

Huge Telamonian Ajax cheer'd his host :

“ Be men, O fiends, and hold your honour dear,  
Honour each other in this deadly strife;  
Who cling to honour fast, are mostly saved;  
Flight is but shame, nor strength is found therein.”

He spoke to men whose blood already ran  
Hot to repel the Trojans. In their hearts  
They cast about his word, and with a fence  
Of brazen lances hedged the ships; but Zeus  
Still fired the Trojans on. Then Menelas,  
Brave Atreus' son, address'd Antilochus :

“ Antilochus, of all Achaians here  
Younger in years is none nor swifter of foot  
Nor stronger of arm, than thou; leap therefore forth,  
If haply thou mayst strike some Trojan down ! ”

He spoke, and hasted back himself, but spurr'd  
The other forward. From the van he sprang  
Alone, and round him look'd, and poised his spear  
Aiming; the Trojans cower'd before his aim;  
Nor vain the javelin sped, but struck the chief,  
Ev'n Melanippus, Hicetaon's son,  
In his mid charge and full upon the chest.  
He fell, and loudly round him clash'd his arms.  
And Nestor's Son sprang tow'rd him, as a hound  
Springs to a stricken fawn whose limbs are loosed  
Beneath her; for a hunter's dart hath struck  
And pierced her leaping from her grassy lair;  
So, Melanippus, sprang Antilochus,  
On thee, to strip the armour off thy limbs;  
Whom Hector saw, and hasted to repel;  
Nor then for all his ardour the other stood;  
But turn'd him, quailing, as a beast of prey,  
After a mischief done amongst a herd—  
The dog perchance, or herdsman, slain—retreats  
Affrighted, ere a crowd can gather near;  
Ev'n so turn'd Nestor's Son, amid a shower  
Of baleful darts, which Hector and all Troy  
Pour'd with sky-piercing clamour on his back;  
Yet firm again he stood, and wheel'd him round  
To face them, when within his comrades' ranks.

Τρῶες δὲ λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισιν  
 νηυσὶν ἐπεσσεύοντο, Διὸς δ' ἐτέλειον ἐφετμάς·  
 ὃ σφισιν αἶν ἐγείρει μένος μέγα, θέλγε δὲ θυμὸν  
 Ἄργείων· καὶ κῦδος ἀπαίνυτο, τοὺς δ' ὀρόθυνεν.  
 Ἕκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι  
 Πριαμίδην, ἵνα νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν θεσπιδαῖς πῦρ  
 ἐμβάλοι ἀκάματον, Θέτιδος δ' ἐξαίσιον ἄρῃν  
 πᾶσαν ἐπικρήνει· τὸ γὰρ μένε μητίετα Ζεὺς,  
 νηὸς καιομένης σέλας ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι.  
 ἐκ γὰρ δὴ τοῦ ἔμελλε παλῖωξιν παρὰ νηῶν  
 θησέμεναι Τρώων, Δαναοῖσι δὲ κῦδος ὀρέξαι.  
 τὰ φρονέων νήεσσιν ἔπι γλαφυρήσιν ἔγειρεν  
 Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα καὶ αὐτόν.  
 μαίνετο δ' ὥς ὅτ' Ἄρης ἐγχέσπαλος ἢ ὀλοὸν πῦρ  
 οὔρεσι μαίνηται, βαθέης ἐν τάρφεσιν ὕλης·  
 ἀφλοισμὸς δὲ περὶ στόμα γίγνεται, τῷ δέ οἱ ὅσσε  
 λαμπέσθην βλοσυρήσιν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πῆληξ  
 σμερδαλέον κροτάφοισι τινάσσετο μαρναμένοιο  
 [Ἕκτορος· αὐτὸς γάρ οἱ ἀπ' αἰθέρος ἦεν ἀμύντωρ  
 Ζεὺς, ὅς μιν πλεόνεσσι μετ' ἀνδράσι μῶνον ἐόντα  
 τίμα καὶ κύδαινε. μινυυθάδιος γὰρ ἔμελλεν  
 ἔσσεσθ'· ἤδη γάρ οἱ ἐπώρυνε μόρσιμον ἦμαρ  
 Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη ὑπὸ Πηλεΐδαο βίηφιν].

600

610

Καί ῥ' ἔθελεν ῥῆξαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν, πειρητίζων  
 ἣ δὴ πλεῖστον ὄμιλον ὄρα καὶ τεύχε' ἄριστα·  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς δύνατο ῥῆξαι, μάλα περ μενεαίνων.  
 ἴσχον γὰρ πυργηδὸν ἀρηρότες, ἥύτε πέτρῃ  
 ἠλίβατος μεγάλῃ, πολιῆς ἀλὸς ἐγγὺς ξοῦσα,

But now the Trojans pour'd upon the ships,  
Furious as ravening lions, and brought thereby  
The will of mighty Zeus to pass, for Zeus  
Breathed his high spirit on them, and charm'd away  
All courage from the Argives, nor vouchsafed  
Their wonted fame but still exalted Troy ;  
And still to Hector Priam's son his heart  
Will'd an increase of glory till he throw  
On the beak'd ships divinely kindled flames  
To burn unwearied and to bring to pass  
The prayer by Thetis gain'd against the Fates.  
Expectant therefore till his eyes behold  
The blaze of a burning ship, he sat serene,  
But from that hour intending to roll back  
The tide of battle, and to drive in rout  
The Trojans, but exalt the Danaan name.  
With this intent he breathed in Hector's breast  
The spirit, erst flaming high, to higher flame ,  
So that he seem'd as Ares, when he lifts  
His furious spear in battle ; or as fire  
Raging amongst the mountains, through the glades  
Of a deep forest, and consuming all :  
Foam was upon his lips ; two balls of fire  
Under his cloudy eyebrows shone his eyes ;  
And o'er his temples terribly as he moved  
Uptowering through the battle rock'd his helm :  
For Zeus was present to his aid from heaven,  
Singling him only out of thousands there  
For glory and for honour ; yet his life  
Was short pre-doom'd, and at that very hour  
Pallas Athene swifter sped the day,  
When by Achilles he must needs be slain.

But now he ranged victorious, and assay'd  
If peradventure he might pierce their ranks,  
Where thickest and their men best-dight he saw ;  
Yet could not break them, howsoe'er he strove ;  
For firm they held together, like some tower  
Compact, or like a cliff, that rises sheer,  
And huge, and neighbour to the hoary deep, \*

ἥτε μένει λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψήρὰ κέλευθα 620  
 κύματά τε τροφόμεντα, τά τε προσερεύγεται αὐτήν·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ Τρώας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ λαμπόμενος πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἔνθορ' ὁμίλῳ,  
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' ὥς ὅτε κύμα θοῇ ἐν νηὶ πέσῃσιν  
 λάβρον ὑπὸ νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφές· ἡ δέ τε πᾶσα  
 ἄχνη ὑπεκρύφθη, ἀνέμοιο δὲ δεινὸς ἀήτης  
 ἰστίῳ ἐμβρέμεται, τρομέουσι δέ τε φρένα ναῦται  
 δειδιότες· τυτθὸν γὰρ ὑπέκ θανάτοιο φέρονται·  
 ὥς ἐδαίζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ὥστε λέων ὁλοόφρων βουσὶν ἐπελθὼν, 630  
 αἶ ῥά τ' ἐν εἵαμενῇ ἔλεος μεγάλοιο νέμονται  
 μυρίαι, ἐν δέ τε τῇσι νομεὺς, οὐπω σάφα εἰδὼς  
 θηρὶ μαχήσασθαι ἔλικος βοὸς ἀμφὶ φονῆσιν·  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν πρώτῃσι καὶ ὑστατίῃσι βόεσσιν  
 αἰὲν ὁμοστιχάει, ὁ δέ τ' ἐν μέσσησιν ὀρούσας  
 βοῦν ἔδει, αἱ δέ τε πᾶσαι ὑπέτρεσαν· ὥς τότε Ἀχαιοὶ  
 θεσπεσίως ἐφόβηθεν ὑφ' Ἑκτορι καὶ Διὶ πατρὶ  
 πάντες, ὁ δ' οἶον ἔπεφνε Μυκηναῖον Περιφήτην,  
 Κοπρῆος φίλον υἱὸν, ὃς Εὐρυσθῆος ἄνακτος  
 ἀγγελίης οἶχνεσκε βῆν' Ἡρακληεῖν· 640  
 τοῦ γένετ' ἐκ πατρὸς πολὺν χείρονος υἱὸς ἀμείνων  
 παντοίας ἄρετας, ἡμὲν πόδας ἡδὲ μάχεσθαι,  
 καὶ νόον ἐν πρώτοισι Μυκηναίων ἐτέτυκτο·  
 ὃς ῥα τότε Ἑκτορι κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυάλιξεν.  
 στρεφθεὶς γὰρ μετόπισθεν ἐν ἀσπίδος ἀντυγὶ πάλτο,  
 τὴν αὐτὸς φορέεσκε ποδηνεκέ', ἔρκος ἀκόντων·  
 τῇ ὄγ' ἐνὶ βλαφθεὶς πέσεν ὑπτίος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πῆληξ  
 σμερδαλέον κονάβησε περὶ κροτάφοισι πεσόντος.  
 Ἑκτωρ δ' ὄξυν νόησε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,  
 στήθεϊ δ' ἐν δόρυ πῆξε, φίλων δέ μιν ἐγγὺς ἐταίρων 650  
 κτείν'· οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο, καὶ ἀχυνύμενοί περ ἐταίρου,  
 χραιομεῖν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ μάλα δείδισαν Ἑκτορα δῖον.

And bears the stress of whistling winds, and stems  
The billows idly surging at its base ;  
So stood unmoved the Danaans, unappall'd ;  
Till he, his form one blaze of living fire,  
Sprang to their midst, and on them fell, as falls  
On some swift bark a billow, nursed and swoll'n  
By tempest in the clouds ; and all the bark  
Is lost in spray and vapour ; but the blast  
Roars fiercely in the sail ; and all aboard  
Feel their hearts sink within them for their fear,  
So scarcely from the jaws of death they run :  
E'en such the terror tore the Achæans' hearts ;  
For he was as a lion, deadly bent  
On oxen that by myriads graze the herb  
Of a wide marsh ; whose herdsman knows not yet  
The art to battle with a beast of prey  
To save his herd ; but with the first or last  
Still paces, whilst upon the midmost springs  
The lion, fighting all, devouring one :  
So then by Hector and by Father Zeus  
In more than mortal panic fled dismay'd  
The Achæans all ; and one he slew, the son  
Of Copreus, Periphetes, born and bred  
In rich Mycenæ ; but his father erst  
Carried the orders of Eurystheus' tasks  
In message to the might of Hercules.  
'The good son of an evil father born  
Was he, and in all manner of virtue shone,  
Whether in battle, or for speed of foot,  
Or for sage judgment, of his country's best :  
Yet served to heighten now great Hector's fame ;  
For as he turn'd he stumbled in the rim  
Of the long buckler sheltering head to foot,  
And backward fell ; and loudly, as he fell,  
'The brazen morion round his temples rang :  
And Hector heard, and running to his side  
Took stand, and plunged his spear within his breast,  
Slaying him in his comrades' sight ; nor they,  
How grieved soever for his death, could aught  
To save him, but by Hector stood appall'd.



Εἰσωποὶ δ' ἐγένοντο νεῶν, περὶ δ' ἔσχεθον ἄκραι  
 νῆες, ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύατο· τοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο.  
 Ἄργεῖοι δὲ νεῶν μὲν ἐχώρησαν καὶ ἀνάγκη  
 τῶν πρωτέων, αὐτοῦ δὲ παρὰ κλισίῃσιν ἔμειναν  
 ἄθρῳοι, οὐδ' ἐκέδασθεν ἀνὰ στρατόν· ἴσχε γὰρ αἰδῶς  
 καὶ δέος· ἀζηχῆς γὰρ ὁμόκλεον ἀλλήλοισιν.  
 Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὔρος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 λίσσεθ' ὑπὲρ τοκέων γουνόμενος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·

660

“ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
 ἄλλων ἀνθρώπων, ἐπὶ δὲ μνήσασθε ἕκαστος  
 παίδων ἢδ' ἀλόχων καὶ κτήσιος ἢδὲ τοκῶν,  
 ἡμὲν ὅτεφ' ζώουσι καὶ ᾧ κατατεθνήκασιν.  
 τῶν ὑπερ ἑνθάδ' ἐγὼ γουνάζομαι οὐ παρεόντων  
 ἐστάμεναι κρατερῶς· μῆδὲ τρωπᾶσθε φόβονδε.”

ὦς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἕκαστον.  
 [τοῖσι δ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν νέφος ἀχλύος ὦσεν Ἀθήνη  
 θεσπέσιον· μάλα δὲ σφί' φόως γένετ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν,  
 ἡμὲν πρὸς νηῶν καὶ ὁμοίου πολέμοιο.  
 Ἔκτορα δὲ φράσσαντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἑταίρους,  
 ἡμὲν ὅσοι μετόπισθεν ἀφέστασαν οὐδ' ἐμάχοντο,  
 ἢδ' ὅσοι παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἐμάχοντο θοῇσιν.]

670

Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' Αἴαντι μεγάλῃτορι ἦνδανε θυμῷ  
 ἐστάμεν ἑνθα περ ἄλλοι ἀφέστασαν υἱὲς Ἀχαιῶν·  
 ἀλλ' ὅγε νηῶν ἵκρι' ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς μακρὰ βιβιάσθων,  
 νώμα δὲ ξυστὸν μέγα ναύμαχον ἐν παλάμῃσιν,  
 κολλητὸν βλήτροισι, δυωκαϊκοσίπηχυν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἵπποισι κελητίζειν εὖ εἰδὼς,  
 ὅστ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πολέων πίσυρας συναείρεται ἵππους,  
 σεύας ἐκ πεδίοιο μέγα προτὶ ἄστυ δίηται  
 λαοφόρον καθ' ὁδόν· πολέες τὲ ἐθήησαντο

680

And their own ships show'd now before their eyes ;  
For, either side, the foremost on the beach  
Encompass'd them, like horns ; whilst through the lane  
The Trojans pour'd. And soon they drew them back  
Farther, most sorely straiten'd, ev'n behind •  
The whole first line of galleys, to the tents ;  
Yet rallied there embodied, nor dispersed  
All broken through the camp ; for shame and fear  
Still held them firm ; and each with ceaseless cheers  
Call'd on his neighbours , most, Gerene's Chief,  
Nestor, the guardian of Achaia's host,  
Besought them in their parents' names to stand :

“ Be men, my friends, and hold your honour dear  
Bethink ye of your name's repute elsewhere ;  
But above all let every man remember  
His own dear wife and children, land and home,  
And his own parents (whether these be dead  
Or living still) -yea, in their names I plead,  
Whose voices far away ye cannot hear—  
Stand bravely still, nor turn to craven flight.”

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.  
Then from their eyes Athene moved the mist  
Divinely spread, that light from either side  
(Both from the fleet behind and war in front)  
Broke on them, and they saw brave Hector clear,  
And knew his comrades, both how many stood  
Aloof behind, nor mingled with the fight,  
And all who battled with him 'mid the ships.

But mighty-hearted Ajax brook'd no more  
To stand where others half-retiring fought ;  
But with huge strides along the galleys' decks  
Advanced, and wielded in his hands a pole  
Huge, heavy, two-and-twenty cubits' length,  
Spliced with brass clamps, and strong for naval war.  
As when a master of the horseman's art,  
Leashing four horses out of many chos'n,  
Speeds them across a plain beneath the walls  
Of a great town along a crowded road ;  
And many men and women wondering stare .  
Upon him, for with certain step he leaps

ἀνέρες ἠδὲ γυναῖκες· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ  
 θρώσκων ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀμείβεται, οἱ δὲ πέτονται·  
 ὥς Αἴας ἐπὶ πολλὰ θοάων ἵκρια νηῶν  
 φοῖτα μακρὰ βιβὰς, φωνὴ δέ οἱ αἰθέρ' ἵκανε.  
 αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευεν  
 νηυσὶ τε καὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀμυνέμεν. οὐδὲ μὲν Ἔκτωρ  
 μίμνεν ἐνὶ Τρώων ὁμάδῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων·  
 ἀλλ' ὥστ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν αἰετὸς αἶθρων  
 ἔθνος ἐφορμᾶται, ποταμὸν πάρα βοσκομενῶν,  
 χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδεῖρων,  
 ὥς Ἔκτωρ ἵθυσε νεὸς κυανοπρώροιο,  
 ἀντίος ἀέξας· τὸν δὲ Ζεὺς ὤσεν ὀπισθεν  
 χειρὶ μάλα μεγάλῃ, ὥτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἄμ' αὐτῷ.

690

Αὐτὶς δὲ δριμεῖα μάχῃ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτύχθη.  
 φαίης κ' ἀκμήτας καὶ ἀτειρέας ἀλλήλοισιν  
 ἄντεσθ' ἐν πολέμῳ· ὥς ἐσσυμένως ἐμάχοντο.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ὄδ' ἦν νόος· ἦτοι Ἀχαιοὶ.  
 οὐκ ἔφασαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲρ κακοῦ, ἀλλ' ὀλέεσθαι.  
 Τρωσὶν δ' ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐκάστου  
 νῆας ἐνιπρήσειν κτενέειν θ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.  
 οἱ μὲν τὰ φρονέοντες ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν·  
 Ἔκτωρ δὲ πρύμνης νεὸς ἤψατο ποντοπόροιο,  
 καλῆς ὠκυάλου, ἣ Πρωτεσίλαον ἔνεικεν  
 εἰς Τροίην, οὐδ' αὐτὶς ἀπήγαγε πατρίδα γαίαν.  
 τοῦπερ δὴ περὶ νηὸς Ἀχαιοὶ τε Τρῶές τε  
 δῆουν ἀλλήλους αὐτοσχεδόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τοίγε  
 τόξων ἀϊκάς ἀμφὶς μένον οὐδέ τ' ἀκόντων,  
 ἀλλ' οὔγ' ἐγγύθεν ἰστάμενοι, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,  
 ὀξέσι δὴ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀξίνῃσι μάχοντο  
 καὶ ξίφεσιν μεγάλοισι καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.  
 πολλὰ δὲ φάσγανα καλὰ μελάνδετα κωπήεντα  
 ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ χειρῶν χαμάδις πέσον, ἄλλα δ' ἀπ' ὤμων  
 ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων· ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.

700

710

From this to that, and still his station shifts  
Securely, nor beneath him checks then flight ,  
So, with long strides, from deck to deck advanced  
Ajax, and raised a voice that reach'd the sky,  
Invoking with dread shouts the Danaans still  
To save their tents and galleys. Nor adverse  
Bode Hector then amongst his well-mail'd men ,  
But as a tawny-feather'd eagle swoops  
Straight down upon a flock of wing'd birds  
Feeding beside a river—geese perchance,  
Or cranes or lithe-neck'd swans , so Hector sprang  
Direct upon a dark-prow'd ship , whom Zeus,  
Laying a mighty finger across his back,  
Urged on, and with him kindled all his host.

Again amongst the ships the battle rose  
Most hotly : and so furiously they fought,  
That thou hadst said that for the first time now  
Fresh and unwearied in the war they met.  
And in the struggle diverse were their thoughts ;  
Scarce could the Achæans promise to their minds  
Escape at all, but fear'd they needs must die ;  
Whilst every Trojan's heart leap'd high with hope  
To fire the ships and slaughter all their crews ;  
Thus minded, face to face they battled still.

Erelong round that fair galley closed the fight  
Which brought Protesilaüs first to Troy,  
But bare him never back to fatherland ,  
Ev'n on the stern of that swift-voyaging bark  
Hector laid hold, and round it 'twixt both hosts  
All hand to hand the slaughterous struggle grew.  
No more the armies stood apart, nor shot  
Their shafts or javelins ; but, together mix'd,  
One heart in every breast, they waged their war  
With battle-axes keen, and mighty swords,  
And maces, and spike-handled pointed spears.  
And many a black-bound hilt and lovely blade  
Dropp'd shiver'd off the shoulders of a foe,  
Or from the hand that struck in splinters fell ;  
And the earth ran with blood. Nor, when that stern

Ἔκτωρ δὲ πρύμνηθεν ἐπεὶ λάβεν, οὐχὶ μεθίλει,  
ἄφλαστον μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων, Τρῶσιν δὲ κέλευεν·

“Οἴσετε πῦρ, ἅμα δ’ αὐτοὶ ἀολλέες ὄρνυτ’ αὐτήν·  
νῦν ἡμῖν πάντων Ζεὺς ἄξιον ἡμᾶρ ἔδωκεν,  
νῆας ἔλεῖν, αἰὲν δεῦρο θεῶν ἀέκητι μολοῦσαι 720  
ἡμῖν πῆματα πολλὰ θέσαν, κακότητι γερόντων,  
οἷ μ’ ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρύμνησι νέεσσιν  
αὐτόν τ’ ἰσχανάασκον ἐρητύοντό τε λαόν.  
ἀλλ’ εἰ δὴ ῥα τότε βλάπτε φρένας εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
ἡμετέρας, νῦν αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει.”

Ἦς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δ’ ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπ’ Ἀργείοισιν ὄρουσαν.  
Αἴας δ’ οὐκέτ’ ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν·  
ἀλλ’ ἀνεχάζετο τυτθὸν, οἰόμενος θανέεσθαι,  
θρήνυν ἐφ’ ἑπταπόδην, λίπε δ’ ἔκρια νηὸς ἐίσσης.  
ἔνθ’ ἄρ’ ὄγ’ ἐστήκει δεδοκημένος, ἔγχει δ’ αἰεὶ 730  
Τρῶας ἄμυνε νεῶν, ὅστις φέροι ἀκάματον πῦρ·  
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδὸν βούων Δαναοῖσι κέλευεν·

“ὦ φίλοι, ἦρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἄρῃος,  
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς·  
ἢ τέ τινάς φαμεν εἶναι ἁοσητήρας ὀπίσσω,  
ἢ τέ τειχος ἄρειον, ὃ κ’ ἀνδράσι λαιγὸν ἀμύναι;  
οὐ μὲν τι σχεδὸν ἐστὶ πόλις πύργοις ἱραρυῖα,  
ἢ κ’ ἀπαμυναίμεσθ’ ἑτεραλκέα δῆμον ἔχοντες·  
ἀλλ’ ἐν γὰρ Τρώων πεδίῳ πύκα θωρηκτῶν,  
πόντῳ κεκλιμένοι, ἐκὰς ἡμεθα πατρίδος αἴης·  
τῷ ἐν χερσὶ φόως, οὐ μειλιχίῃ πολέμοιο.” 740

Ἦ καὶ μαιμών ἐφεπ’ ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι.  
ὅστις δὲ Τρώων κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ φέροιτο  
σὺν πυρὶ κηλείῳ, χάριν Ἐκτορος ὀτρύναντος,  
τὸν δ’ Αἴας οὔτασκε δεδεγμένος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ·  
δώδεκα δὲ πρόπαροιθε νεῶν αὐτοσχεδὸν οὔτα.

Was seized by Hector, would he loose his grasp,  
But held the figure firm, and call'd on Troy :

“ Now bring ye fire, and let your shouts go up  
Together ; Zeus bestows at last a day  
That pays us all our pains—ev'n to destroy  
These galleys : which, though all devoid they came  
Of Heaven's good-will, no less have wrought us hurt,  
Uncheck'd, because our elders in their fears  
Would still detain me, when I would advance,  
And with me held our host behind the walls.  
But, though Zeus blinded so our sense awhile,  
Now his own spirit impels and bids us on.”

He spoke ; they sprang the fiercer on their foes.  
Not Ajax, sorely press'd, could longer stand,  
But drew him back a little space, in fear  
Of very death, down from the galley's deck  
Descending to its waist, where lay the bench,  
Seven feet in length, whereon the oarsmen sate ;  
Thereon he stood, and o'er the bulwark lean'd,  
Awaiting and repelling off the ship  
With a long spear whoever durst advance  
His gleaming torch towards it. And still his voice  
Rose loud and dread, and on the Danaans call'd :

“ Heroes, companions dear in Ares' field !  
Be men, and mindful of your olden might.  
Dream we a second army in our rear  
Fresh to our rescue ? or a city strong  
To save this ruin ? Nay, no fenced town —  
Whence, with a people brave to turn the day,  
We yet might well repel them—now is near ;  
But in our enemy's country, and far from home,  
'Troy in our front, the sea upon our backs,  
We camp alone ; our only ray of hope  
Is in hard fight—in soft retreat is none ! ”

He spoke and fiercely with his sharp-tipt lance  
Pursued the every movement of the foe ;  
So that whoever durst approach the ships  
With fire obedient unto Hector's cry,  
Ajax with that long spear awaiting pierced.  
Twelve men before the ships he so struck down

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Π΄.



## Πατρόκλεια.

ὦς οἱ μὲν περὶ νηὸς εὐσσέλμοιο μάχοντο·  
 Πάτροκλος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ παρίστατο, ποιμένι λαῶν,  
 δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων ὥστε κρήνη μελίνυδρος,  
 ἦτε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δυοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.  
 τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὦκτειρε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Τίπτε δεδάκρυσαι, Πατρόκλεις, ἥύτε κούρη  
 νηπίη, ἥθ' ἅμα μητρὶ θεῶν ἄνελεσθαι ἀνώγει,  
 εἰανοῦ ἀπτομένη, καὶ τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει,  
 δακρυόεσσα δέ μιν ποτιδέρκεται, ὅφρ' ἀνέληται·  
 τῇ ἱκελος, Πάτροκλε, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβεις.  
 ἦέ τι Μυρμιδόνεσσι πιφάύσκειαι, ἦ ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ;  
 ἦέ τιν' ἀγγελίην Φθίης ἐξ ἔκλυες οἶος;  
 ζώειν μὰν ἔτι φασὶ Μενόιτιον, Ἀκτορος υἱόν,  
 ζῶει δ' Ἀιακίδης Πηλεὺς μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,  
 τῶν κε μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων ἀκοχοίμεθα τεθνηώτων.  
 ἦέ σύγ' Ἀργείων ὀλοφύρεαι, ὥς ὀλέκονται  
 νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ὑπερβασίης ἔνεκα σφῆς;  
 ἔξαῦδα, μὴ κεῖθε νόφ, ἵνα εἶδομεν ἄμφω.”

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Τὸν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφησ, Πατρόκλεις ἱππεῦ· 20  
 “ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλῆος υἱέ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,  
 μὴ νεμέσα· τῶϊον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,

## ILIAD XVI.

---

BUT all this while, though round that well-built ship  
So raged the battle, yet Patroclus stood  
Still by his lord Achilles in the tent,  
In tears, like some black-bubbling fount, that drops  
Its waters in dark vein adown a cliff ;  
Whom seeing on divine Achilles fell  
Pity, and wingèd words he thus began :

“Why dost thou weep ? Yea, like some little maid,  
Patroclus, running by her mother’s side,  
Who bids her mother lift her to her arms,  
And, catching at her garment, checks her walk,  
And wistful eyes her, weeping, and still weeps  
Till lifted to her wish ; like such a girl,  
Patroclus, sheddest thou these tender tears.  
Hath aught of evil tidings reach’d thine ear  
For mine own self or for the Myrmidons ?  
Or aught from Phthia of an ill report  
Known to thee only of Achaia’s host ?  
For Æacus’ and Actor’s sons alike,  
Menœtius, and King Peleus, both are said  
To be still living, wealthy to their wont ;  
Our fathers—were they dead, we well might weep.  
Or griev’st thou for the Achaians, that they fall—  
Fall for their own transgression mid their ships ?  
Speak, that we both may know ; nor hide thy thought.”

Whom thou, Patroclus, groaning heavily,  
Thus answeredst :

“Noblest of Achaia’s sons,  
Achilles, yet endure me, though I grieve  
For the destruction that is on the host.  
Smitten with spears or arrows, all, who late



ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.  
 βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδεΐδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης,  
 οὔτασται δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἥδ' Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν οἰστώ.  
 τοὺς μὲν τ' ἱητροὶ πολυφάρμακοι ἀμφιπέπονται,  
 ἔλκε' ἀκείόμενοι· σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.  
 μὴ ἔμεγ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις, 30  
 αἶναρ ἑτή. τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,  
 αἶ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἁεικέα λουγὸν ἀμύνης;  
 νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς  
 οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα  
 πέτραι δ' ἡλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.  
 εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶ σῇσι θεοπροπῆν ἁλεείνεις  
 καὶ τινά τοι παρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ,  
 ἄλλ' ἐμέ περ πρόες ὦχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ὄπασσον  
 Μυρμιδόνων, ἣν πού τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένωμαι.  
 δὸς δέ μοι ὥμοιιν τὰ σὰ τεύχεα θωρηχθῆναι, 40  
 αἶ κ' ἐμὲ σοὶ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο  
 Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' Ἀρήιοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.  
 ῥέξα δέ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας ἱντῇ  
 ὥσαιμεν προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἅπο καὶ κλισιάων."

Ὡς φάτο λισσόμενος μέγα νήπιος· ἡ γὰρ ἔμελλεν  
 οἱ αὐτῷ θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα λιτέσθαι.  
 τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“ὦ μοι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις, οἶον ἔειπες·  
 οὔτε θεοπροπῆς ἐμπάζομαι, ἦντινα οἶδα,  
 οὔτε τί μοι παρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ·  
 ἀλλὰ τόδ' αἶνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἰκάνει,  
 ὁππότε δὴ τὸν ὁμοῖον ἀνὴρ ἐθέλησιν ἀμέρσαι  
 καὶ γέρας ἄψ' ἀφελέσθαι, ὃ τε κράτει προβεβήκη·  
 αἶνὸν ἄχος τό μοι ἐστίν, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεια θυμῷ.  
 κούρην ἦν ἄρα μοι γέρας ἔξελον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν,  
 δουρὶ δ' ἐμῷ κτεάτισσα, πόλιν εὐτείχεα πέρσας,

Were bravest in the fight, lie cabin'd now ;  
Tydeus' brave Son is by an arrow pierced,  
And likewise through the hip Eurypylus ;  
But spears have struck Odysseus, and the King :  
To whom the leeches minister, and stanch  
Their wounds ; but thou, Achilles, sitt'st unmoved.  
Such wrath, as this thou nursest, ne'er be mine !  
Mighty to only ruin ! What shall men  
Reap of thee in the aftertime, if now  
Thou shield not thine own people from this death ?  
Oh hard of heart ! Nor Peleus thee begat,  
Nor Thetis bare thee, but of rugged rock  
Thou sprang'st, and of the barren ocean blue ;  
So wild and unrelenting this thy mood !  
Yea, though some evil presage from the Gods,  
Or message by thy mother borne from Zeus,  
Hold thee from battle, yet send me, send forth  
Me, and with me thy gallant Myrmidons ;  
So may some light upon the Danaans dawn.  
And suffer that I clothe me in thine arms ;  
The Trojans shall behold in me awhile  
Thine image, and affrighted hold them back  
And to the Danaans leave a breathing-space,  
Short though it be, some respite from the war.  
Fresh and unworn are we ; but they are spent ;  
Our very battle-cry shall drive them back  
Clear of our galleys to their city-walls."

He ended ; ah unwise, who but besought  
On his own head foul death and fate thereby !  
Much moved, the fleetfoot hero thus return'd :

"What words are these, Patroclus, from thy lips ?  
Not for an evil presage from the Gods,  
Nor message by my mother borne from Zeus—  
But this the cause that stings me to the quick,  
That, who in rank alone excels at all,  
Hath dared amerce his equal, and perforce  
Seized his fair guerdon—this hath wrung my heart.  
The maid, my prize selected by the host,  
Meed of my valour, won by mine own spear,  
Spoil of a fenced city thrown by me,

τὴν ἄψ' ἐκ χειρῶν ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 Ἀτρεΐδης ὥσεί τιν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν· οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν  
 ἄσπερχες κεχολῶσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσίν· ἥτοι ἔφην γε  
 οὐ πρὶν' μνηιθμὸν καταπαυσέμεν, ἀλλ' ὅπότ' ἂν δὴ  
 νῆας ἐμὰς ἀφίκηται αὐτὴ τε πτόλεμός τε.  
 τῦνη δ' ὥμοιιν μὲν ἐμὰ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦθι,  
 ἄρχε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι,  
 εἰ δὴ κυάνεον Τρώων νέφος ἀμφιβέβηκεν  
 νηυσὶν ἐπικρατέως, οἳ δὲ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης  
 κεκλίεται, χώρης ὀλίγην ἔτι μοῖραν ἔχοντες,  
 Ἀργεῖοι· Τρώων δὲ πόλις ἐπὶ πᾶσα βέβηκεν  
 θάρσυνος. οὐ γὰρ ἐμῆς κόρυθος λεύσσουσι μέτωπον 70  
 ἐγγύθι λαμπομένης· τάχα κεν φεύγοντες ἐναύλους  
 πλήσειαν νεκύων, εἴ μοι κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἥπια εἶδείη· νῦν δὲ στρατὸν ἀμφιμάχονται.  
 οὐ γὰρ Ἴνδεδίδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσιν  
 μαίνεται ἐγχεῖλη Δαναῶν ἀπὸ λαιγὸν ἀμύναι·  
 οὐδέ πω Ἀτρεΐδεω ὁπὸς ἔκλυον αὐδῆσαιντος  
 ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς· ἀλλ' Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνουιο  
 Τρωσὶ κελεύοντος περιάγνυται, οἳ δ' ἱλαλητῶ  
 πᾶν πεδίον κατέχουσι, μάχῃ νικῶντες Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς, Πάτροκλε, νεῶν ἀπὸ λαιγὸν ἀμύνων 80  
 ἔμπεσ' ἐπικρατέως, μὴ δὴ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο  
 νῆας ἐνιπρήσωσι, φίλον δ' ἀπὸ νόστον ἔλονται.  
 πείθεο δ' ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θεῖω,  
 ὥς ἂν μοι τιμὴν μεγάλην καὶ κῦδος ἄρῃαι  
 πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν, ἅτ' αἰὲρ οἳ περικαλλέα κούρην  
 ἄψ' ἀπονάσσωσιν; ποτὶ δ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν.  
 ἐκ νηῶν ἐλάσας ἵεναι πάλιν· εἰ δέ κεν αὖ τοι  
 δῶν κῦδος ἀρέσθαι ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,  
 μὴ σύγ' ἀνευθεν ἐμεῖο λιλαίεσθαι πολεμίζειν  
 Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν· ἀτιμότερον δέ με θήσεις. 90  
 μῆδ' ἐπαγαλλόμενος πολέμφ' καὶ δηϊοτῆτι,

Her, in despite of all I had endured,  
Did Agamemnon of his sovereign state  
Tear, as from some vile vagrant, from my hands.  
Howbeit, the past be past, and sin it were  
To nurse an endless anger. Yet my word  
Stands, that I will not change, or e'er I hear  
The cry of battle round my own fair ships :  
But this may I vouchsafe them ; put my arms  
About thy shoulders and be leader thou  
Of these my Myrmidonians forth to fight .  
Since black indeed and threatening on the ships  
The cloud advances ; and the Argives stand  
Pent on a narrow strip, against the sea  
Sore-straiten'd ; but the streets of 'Troy pour down  
All flush'd with hope and fearless, who descry  
The forehead of my helmet now no more  
Gleaming against them , oh, if Atreus' Son,  
The King, but knew to bear him fair to me,  
How quickly fleeing should they choke the streams  
With corpses, who now battle round our camp !  
For now no more to save this ruin serves  
The javelin flaming in Tydides' hands ;  
The accursèd voice from Agamemnon's lips  
Is nowhere in mine ears ; but all about  
The shouts of Hector shivering to the skies,  
Who cheers to 'Troy, and they with answering cheer  
Possess the plain victorious. Get thee forth,  
Therefore, and save this ruin, and with might  
Fall on them, lest they haply burn the barks,  
And reave us of the dear return to home.  
Yet hear and lay to heart my last behest ,  
So only shalt thou gain my glory due  
From all the host, and they the beauteous maid  
Shall render back, and golden gifts withal.  
Relieve them ; and thereafter straight return.  
Though Zeus should put the victory in thy hands,  
I pray thee, yet forbear, apart from me ;  
Else shalt thou shame me more before the host.  
And 'ware, lest whirl of onset and thy joy  
Along the path of slaughter bear thee on

Τρώας ἐναιρόμενος, προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡγεμονεύειν,  
 μή τις ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θεῶν αἰεγενετάων  
 ἐμβήῃ· μάλα τοὺς γε φιλεῖ ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·  
 ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρωπᾶσθαι, ἐπὴν φάος ἐν νήεσσιν  
 θήῃς, τοὺς δέ τ' ἐᾶν πεδίον κάτα δηριάασθαι.  
 [αἱ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπολλων,  
 μήτε τις οὖν Τρώων θάνατον φύγοι, ὅσσοι ἔασιν,  
 μήτε τις Ἀργείων, νῶιν δ' ἐκδύμεν ὄλεθρον,  
 ὄφρ' οἶοι Τροίης ἱερὰ κρήδεμνα λύωμεν.]”

100

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,  
 Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν·  
 δάμνα μιν Ζηνὸς τε νόος καὶ Τρώες ἀγανοὶ  
 βάλλοντες· δεινὴν δὲ περὶ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ  
 πῆληξ βαλλομένη καναχὴν ἔχε, βάλλετο δ' αἰεὶ  
 καπ φάλαρ' εὐποίηθ'· ὁ δ' ἀριστερὸν ὦμον ἔκαμνεν,  
 ἔμπεδον αἰὲν ἔχων σάκος αἰόλον· οὐδ' ἐδύναντο  
 ἀμφ' αὐτῷ πελεμίξαι ἐρείδοντες βελέεσσιν.  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι, καὶ δέ οἱ ἰδρῶς  
 πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων πολὺς ἔρρεεν, οὐδέ πη εἶχεν  
 ἄμπνεῦσαι· πάντῃ δὲ κακὸν κακῷ ἐστήρικτο.

110

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,  
 ὅπως δὴ πρῶτον πῦρ ἔμπεσε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἐκτὼρ Αἴαντος δόρυ μείλινον ἄγχι παραστὰς  
 πλῆξ' ἄορι μεγάλῳ, αἰχμῆς παρὰ καυλὸν ὀπισθεν,  
 ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπάραξε· τὸ μὲν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας  
 πῆλ' αὐτῷ ἐν χειρὶ κόλον δόρυ· τῆλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ  
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείη χαμάδις βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.  
 γινῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμύμονα, ῥίγησέν τε  
 ἔργα θεῶν, ὃ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μῆδεα κεῖρεν  
 Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην·  
 χάζετο δ' ἐκ βελέων. τοὶ δ' ἔμβαλον ἀκάματον πῦρ

120

Foremost to Ilion ; surely shall some God  
Descending there assail thee ; Troy is loved  
Of many, and of arrowy Phœbus most  
Therefore I bid thee, at the first clear dawn  
Of safety on the fleet, straight turn thee back  
Uncaring of their battle o'er the plain  
Yea, by Apollo and our Father Zeus,  
I would that not a man in either host  
Escaped the death, and we alone, we two  
Alone, might throw the towers of sacred Troy ! ”  
So in the tent these two their converse held

But Ajax, press'd by darts, could bide no more.  
The will of Zeus and that renowned host  
Of Troy subdued his valour ; loud the clash  
Of the bright morion smitten round his brows ;  
And ceaseless still that smiting of the helm  
And of the well-wrought visor ; yea, albeit  
The foe despite the pressure of their spears  
Vail'd not to shake his footing, yet his arm  
With ever holding forth his glancing shield  
Gan weary ; painful pants possess'd his breath ;  
Nor found he any space whereon to stand  
And rest ; but ill came up fast shouldering ill.

Now ye, whose homes are on the Olympian steep,  
Come ye, O Muses, to my prayer, and sing  
How first the fire then fell upon the fleet !

Hector to Ajax taking closer stand,  
Struck full with falchion huge the ashen spear  
Under the splice whereby the point was held  
And shore it sheer in twain : in Ajax' hand  
The headless shaft went idly whirl'd aloft,  
But far the point flew clanging to the earth.  
Then Ajax in his blameless soul confess'd  
With shuddering awe the hand of Gods against him ;  
How He who wields the thunder brake his plans  
In sunder, and will'd triumph unto Troy ;  
Therefore he drew him from the hail of darts.

νηὶ θοῇ· τῆς δ' αἶψα κατ' ἄσβέστη κέχυτο φλόξ.  
ὥς τὴν μὲν πρύμνην πῦρ ἄμφεπεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
μηρὼ πληξάμενος Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν·

“Ὅρσεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλειε, ἵπποκέλευθε—  
λεύσσω δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ πυρὸς δηίοιο ἰωήν—  
μὴ δὴ νῆας ἔλωσι καὶ οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλονται·  
δύσεο τεύχεα θάσσουν, ἐγὼ δέ κε λαὸν ἀγείρω.”

Ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ. 130  
κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν  
καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·  
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν  
ποικίλον ἀστερόεντα ποδώκεος Λιακίδαο.  
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὅμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον  
χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε·  
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὐτυχτον ἔθηκεν  
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν.  
εἶλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε, τὰ οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.  
ἔγχος δ' οὐχ' ἔλετ' οἶον ἀμύμονος Λιακίδαο, 140  
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν  
πάλλειν, ἀλλὰ μιν οἶος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεὺς,  
Πηλιᾶδα μελίνην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χεῖρων  
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἠρώεσσιν.  
ἵππους δ' Ἀὔτομέδοντα θοῶς ζευγνύμεν ἄνωγεν,  
τὸν μετ' Ἀχιλλεῖα ῥήξήνορα τῆε μάλιστα,  
πιστότατος δὲ οἱ ἔσκε μάχῃ ἔνι μείναι ὁμοκλήν.  
τῷ δὲ καὶ Ἀὔτομέδων ὕπαγε ζυγὸν ὠκέας ἵππους,  
Ξάνθον καὶ Βαλίων, τῷ ἅμα πνοιῇσι πετέσθην,  
τοὺς ἔτεκε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἄρπυια Ποδάργη, 150  
βοσκομένη λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥόον Ὀκεανοῖο.  
ἐν δὲ παρηορίησιν ἀμύμονα Πήδασον ἔει,  
τόν ῥά ποτ' Ἡετίωνος ἑλὼν πόλιν ἤγαγ' Ἀχιλλεὺς,  
ὅς καὶ θνητὸς ἐὼν ἔπεθ' ἵπποισι ἀθανάτοισιν.

Forthwith the Trojans hurl'd upon the bark  
Fire, and the flames straight ran adown the hulk  
In quenchless blaze, and wrapp'd it to the stern.  
Achilles saw, and smote his thighs, and cried :

“Up, thou beloved of Zeus, Patroclus, forth !  
I see the flames now shooting from the ships,  
And dread lest they destroy them, and return  
Be thus forbid for ever. Therefore, haste  
To arm thee, whilst I rouse my men to war.”

He spoke : the other straight 'gan gird his form  
In dazzling brass ; and first about his knees  
Placed shining greaves with silver anklets clasp'd,  
And next about his chest the corslet bound,  
The enamell'd stailike corslet of his lord ;  
By baldric o'er his shoulders then he slung  
The silver-hilted sword of sharp-edged brass ;  
And on a stately head he donn'd the helm  
Horse-plumed (and dread the nodding of that plume),  
And grasp'd two javelins, one in either hand  
Only the spear he took not, the great spear  
Beamy and huge, of Peleus' blameless Son ;  
That spear no second of Achaia's host  
Might wield, but great Achilles knew alone ;  
An ash it was, which Cheiron brought a gift  
To his dear sire from Pelion's peak, and wrought  
To be a death to heroes. Then he bade  
Automedon to harness soon the steeds ;  
Automedon, the chief he honour'd most  
After Achilles his unconquer'd lord,  
Most faithful to abide the battle-cry ;  
And to his hest Automedon soon brought  
Xanthus and Balius to the splendid yoke ;  
Xanthus and Balius, footed like the winds,  
Offspring of Zephyr from the Harpy born  
Podargè, where she grazed on Ocean's shore.  
And in the glossy traces by their side  
He bound a third, the perfect Pedasus,  
The steed Achilles took, what time he storm'd  
The city of the King Eëtion—  
Though mortal, with Immortals stepping there.



Μυρμιδόνας δ' ἄρ' ἐποιχόμενος θώρηξεν Ἀχιλλεύς  
 πάντας ἀνὰ κλισίας σὺν τεύχεσιν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὥς  
 ὠμοφάγοι, τοῖσιν τε περὶ φρεσὶν ἄσπετος ἀλκή,  
 οὔτ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν μέγαν οὔρεσι δηώσαντες  
 δάπτουσιν· πᾶσιν δὲ παρήιον αἵματι φοινούν·  
 καὶ τ' ἀγεληδὸν ἴασιν ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου 160  
 λάβοντες γλώσσησιν ἀραιῇσιν μέλαν ὕδωρ  
 ἄκρου, ἐρευγόμενοι φόνον αἵματος· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς  
 στήθεσιν ἄτρομός ἐστι, περιστένεται δέ τε γαστήρ·  
 τοιοὶ Μυρμιδόνων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες  
 ἄμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο  
 ῥώνοντ'· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν Ἀρήϊος ἵστατ' Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 ὀτρύνων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας.

Πεντήκοντ' ἦσαν νῆες θοαὶ, ἦσιν Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ἐς Τροίην ἡγεῖτο διίφίλος· ἐν δὲ ἐκάστη  
 πεντήκοντ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες ἐπὶ κληῖσιν ἑταῖροι· 170  
 πέντε δ' ἄρ' ἡγεμόνας ποιήσατο, τοῖς ἐπεποιθεῖ,  
 σημαίνειν· αὐτὸς δὲ μέγα κρατέων ἦνασεν.  
 τῆς μὲν ἰῆς στιχὸς ἦρχε Μενέσθιος αἰολοθώρηξ,  
 υἱὸς Σπερχειοῖο, διίπετέος ποταμοῖο·  
 δν τέκε Πηλῆος θυγάτηρ, καλὴ Πολυδώρη,  
 Σπερχειῷ ἀκάμαντι, γυνὴ θεῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ κλησιν Βώρῳ, Περιήρεος υἱῷ,  
 ὃς ῥ' ἀναφανδὸν ὄπυιε, πορῶν ἀπερείσια ἔδνα.  
 τῆς δ' ἑτέρης Εὐδωρος Ἀρήϊος ἡγεμόνευεν,  
 παρθένιος, τὸν ἔτικτε χορῷ καλῇ Πολυμήλῃ, 180  
 Φύλαντος θυγάτηρ· τῆς δὲ κρατὺς Ἀργειφόντης  
 ἡράσατ', ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν μετὰ μελπομένησιν  
 ἐν χορῷ Ἀρτέμιδος χρυσηλακάτου κελαδεινῆς.  
 αὐτίκα δ' εἰς ὑπερῷ ἀναβὰς παρελέξατο λάβρῃ  
 Ἑρμείας ἀκάκητα, πόρεν δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν υἶον

Meantime Achilles bade throughout the camp  
The Myrmidons array them in their arms ,  
Upspringing to his call they donn'd their mail.  
As wolves with hearts for ravin fierce and strong  
After the slaughter of an antler'd stag  
Amongst the hills devour him, and anon  
To some black fountain troop with red-smear'd jaws  
And lap the water with their tongues , the blood  
Falls clotted from their throats , their full-fed flanks  
Heave, and within them still the spirit burns ;  
Ev'n such the chieftains of the Myrmidons  
Around the comrade of *Æacides*  
Sped to and fro , whilst in their midst tower'd high  
Achilles, quickening steed and man to war.

Fifty in number were the swift black barks  
That Zeus-beloved Achilles led to Troy ,  
In each upon its benches fifty men  
Sate his battalion : chieftains five he chose  
To give them trusty signal ; but himself  
Of his surpassing might was lord of all.  
Menesthius of the glancing corslet, son  
Of the great River Spercheius, led one band ;  
Menesthius, whom fair Polydora bare  
Daughter of Peleus to the River-God,  
What time she lay though mortal by the side  
Of an Immortal ; but the common voice  
Gave him to Borus Periereus' son,  
Who wedded her with priceless gifts espoused.

The second was of brave Eudorus led  
Son of a maid reputed virgin erst  
Daughter of Phylas, loveliest of the choir,  
Fair Polymela ; her amongst the maids  
Singing and dancing in the virgin choir  
Of Artemis the huntress golden-bow'd,  
Immortal Argeiphontes saw and loved ;  
And straightway from his Acacensian grove  
'The God into the upper chamber went  
And lay with her by stealth ; where she conceived

Εὐδωρον, πέρι μὲν θείειν ταχὺν ἡδὲ μαχητήν.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τόνγε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια  
 ἐξάγαγε πρὸ φώωσδε καὶ ἡελίου ἴδεν αὐγὰς,  
 τὴν μὲν Ἐχεκλῆος κρατερὸν μένος Ἀκτορίδαο  
 ἡγάγετο πρὸς δώματ', ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἔδνα,  
 τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων Φύλας εὖ ἔτρεφεν ἡδ' ἀτίταλλεν,  
 ἀμφαγαπαζόμενος ὥσελ' θ' ἐὼν υἷὸν ἐόντα.  
 τῆς δὲ τρίτης Πείσανδρος Ἀρήιος ἡγεμόνευεν  
 Μαιμαλίδης, ὃς πᾶσι μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν  
 ἔγχεϊ μάρνασθαι μετὰ Πηλείωνος ἐταῖρον.  
 τῆς δὲ τετάρτης ἦρχε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,  
 πέμπτης δ' Ἀλκιμέδων, Λαέρκεος υἱὸς ἀμύμων.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντας ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 στήσεν ἐν κρίνας, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλεν·

190

“ Μυρμιδόνες, μή τίς μοι ἀπειλάων λελαθέσθω,  
 ἃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀπειλεῖτε Τρώεσσιν  
 πάνθ' ὑπὸ μνηιθμόν, καὶ μ' ἠτιάσθε ἕκαστος.  
 ἴσχετ' ἢ Πηλέος υἱὲ, χόλῳ ἄρα σ' ἔτρεφε μήτηρ,  
 νηλεὲς, ὃς παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔχεις ἀέκοντας ἐταίρους·  
 οἴκαδ' ἐπερ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν  
 αὐτίς, ἐπεὶ ῥά τοι ὦδε κακὸς χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.  
 ταυτὰ μ' ἀγειρόμενοι θάμ' ἐβάζετε· νῦν δὲ πέφανται  
 φυλόπιδος μέγα ἔργον, ἣς τὸ πρὶν γ' ἐράασθε.  
 ἔνθα τις ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχων Τρώεσσι μαχέσθω.”

200

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.  
 μᾶλλον δὲ στίχες ἄρθεν, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆος ἄκουσαν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τοίχον ἀνὴρ ἀράρῃ πυκνοῖσι λίθοισιν  
 δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων,  
 ὥς ἄραρον κόρυθές τε καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.  
 ἀσπίς ἄρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ' ἀνὴρ·  
 ψαῦον δ' ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισιν  
 νεύοντων· ὥς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν.

210

This noble son Eudorus, fleet of limb,  
 Nor less a warrior brave. In after days,  
 When she, who ministereth to pangs of birth,  
 Had brought him forth into the light of day,  
 The might of Actor's son, Echeclus, gain'd  
 His mother, with a countless dower espoused.  
 But him the agèd Phylas fondly rear'd,  
 As 'twere his own child, with exceeding love.

The third Pisander son of Maimalus  
 Commanded, of the Myrmidonian tribe  
 Best spearman, save Achilles' nearest friend.

The fourth the agèd Phoenix ; and the fifth  
 Alcimedon, Laercès' blameless son.

But, when they all were marshall'd with their chiefs,  
 Each band in order due, Achilles thus  
 Address'd his admonition strong, and spake :

" Forget not now the threatenings that ye cast  
 'Gainst Troy, what time ye bode aboard your barks,  
 Whilst yet my wrath endured, and every tongue  
 Amongst you cast it in my teeth, and cried :

*' Truly his mother's milk was very gall*

*' To nurture this hard heart in Peleus' Son ;*

*' Ruthless, to hold us fretting on our ships !*

*' 'Twere liever to sail bootless back to home,*

*' If wrath hath thus choked up thy better sense.'*

Thus oft ye gathering murmur'd at your lord ;  
 And now the time has come ; behold the path  
 To that great strife, which was your longing erst ;  
 Forth, ye brave-hearted, forth to fight with Troy ! "

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart.  
 And to their leader's voice in closer wedge  
 His legions drew together ; as a wall  
 To some high palace built of stones compact,  
 Stands rear'd by man to screen him from the storm :  
 So close, and side by side, and targe to targe,  
 Helmet to helmet, man to man, they press'd,  
 The nodding plumes upon the neighbour crests  
 Mix'd meeting ; but before the phalanx-front

πάντων δὲ προπάρουθε δὴ ἄνερε θωρήσσοντο,  
 Πάτροκλός τε καὶ Αὐτομέδων, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,  
 πρόσθεν Μυρμιδόνων πολεμιζέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς 220  
 βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ἐς κλισίην, χηλοῦ δ' ἀπὸ πῶμ' ἀνέωγεν  
 καλῆς δαιδαλέης, τήν οἱ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα  
 θῆκε' ἐπὶ νηὸς ἄγεσθαι, εὐ πλήσασα χιτώνων  
 χλαινάων τ' ἀνεμοσκεπέων οὔλων τε ταπήτων.  
 ἔνθα δέ οἱ δέπας ἔσκει τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
 οὔτ' ἀνδρῶν πίνεσκεν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ αἶθοπα οἶνον,  
 οὔτε τέφρ' σπένδεσκε θεῶν, ὅτι μὴ Διὶ πατρί.  
 τό ῥα τότ' ἐκ χηλοῖο λαβὼν ἐκάθηρε θεεῖφ'  
 πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δὲ νύψ' ὕδατος καλῇσι ῥοῇσιν,  
 νύψατο δ' αὐτὸς χεῖρας, ἀφύσσατο δ' αἶθοπα οἶνον. 230  
 εὔχετ' ἔπειτα στὰς μέσφ' ἔρκει, λείβε δὲ οἶνον  
 οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδῶν· Δία δ' οὐ λάθε τερπικέραυνον·

“ Ζεῦ ἄνα, Δωδωναίε, Πελασγικὴ, τηλόθι ναίων,  
 Δωδώνης μεδέων δυσχειμέρου· ἀμφὶ δὲ Σέλλοι  
 σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτόποδες χαμαιεῦναι.  
 ἡμὲν δὴ ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες εὐξαμένοιο,  
 τίμησας μὲν ἐμὲ, μέγα δ' ἔψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ἧδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήνηνον ἐέλδωρ·  
 αὐτὸς μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼ μενέω νηῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι,  
 ἀλλ' ἔταρον πέμπω πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν 240  
 μάρνασθαι· τῷ κύδος ἅμα πρόες, εὐρύοπα Ζεῦ,  
 θάρσυνον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ὅφρα καὶ Ἔκτωρ  
 εἴσεται ἢ ῥα καὶ οἷος ἐπίσσηται πολεμίζειν  
 ἡμέτερος θεράπων, ἢ οἱ τότε χεῖρες ἄαπτοι  
 μαίνονθ', ὅππότε ἐγὼ περ ἴω μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρηος.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ ναυφί μάχην ἐνοπήν τε δίηται,  
 ἄσκηθῆς μοι ἔπειτα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκοιτο  
 τεύχεσσι τε ξὺν πᾶσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις ἐτάροισιν.”

Two heroes, ardent both alike to show  
The vanmost of the van, begit their arms,  
Patroclus and Automedon. Meantime  
Achilles moved within his tent, and raised  
The lid from off a deep enchased chest,  
Which Thetis silverfooted Nymph divine  
Had stored with tunics, wind-proof cloaks, and rugs,  
And for the voyage stow'd aboard his bark.  
Therein lay goblet beautifully wrought,  
Wherefrom nor other man was wont to drink  
The glowing wine, nor he to other God  
To pour libation, save to Father Zeus.  
This took he from the chest, and fumèd first  
With incense, then with water's limpid streams  
Rinsed it, and cleansed his hands of taint, and drew  
The glowing wine : so, standing in the mid  
Enclosure, lifting up his eyes to heaven,  
He pour'd it, praying : nor escaped the prayer  
His ears, to whom the thunder is delight :

“O Thou, who dwell'st remote, O Zeus supreme,  
The lord of all Pelasgos, and enthroned  
On frore Dodona's snows ; and round thy throne  
Circle the Sellian seers, for thee devote  
To feet unwashen, and to bed on earth ;  
As thou erewhile didst hearken to my prayer,  
And honouredst me, and smotest Achaia low,  
So now once more fulfil me my desire ;  
Myself must needs remain amongst the ships :  
But forth I send my dearest with my host  
The Myrmidons to battle : oh, vouchsafe  
Thy glory to companion him, great Zeus ;  
Strengthen his soul, that Hector too may see  
And know my follower able well alone  
To bear the battle, and may judge, if then  
Himself will range in fury all unharm'd,  
When I move forth into the moil of war.  
And grant that, when he soon hath chased away  
The tumult and the rout from off the fleet,  
Unscathed may he return amongst these barks,  
Safe with mine arms, and these my gallant men.”

Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεὺς.  
 τῷ δ' ἕτερον μὲν ἔδωκε πατῆρ, ἕτερον δ' ἀνένευσεν ·  
 νηῶν μὲν οἱ ἀπώσασθαι πόλεμόν τε μάχην τε  
 δῶκε, σῶον δ' ἀνένευσε μάχης ἔξ ἀπονέεσθαι.  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σπείσας τε καὶ εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ,  
 ἄλφ κλισίην εἰσῆλθε, δέπας δ' ἀπέθηκ' ἐνὶ χηλῷ,  
 στῇ δὲ πάροιθ' ἔλθων κλισίης, ἔτι δ' ἦθελε θυμῷ  
 εἰσιδέειν Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνὴν.

Οἱ δ' ἅμα Πατρόκλῳ μεγάλῃτορι θωρηχθέντες  
 ἔστιχον, ὅφρ' ἐν Τρωσὶ μέγα φρονέοντες ὄρουσαν.  
 αὐτίκα δὲ σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες ἐξεχέοντο  
 εἰνοδίους, οὓς παῖδες ἐριδμαίνωσιν ἔθοντες,  
 [αἰεὶ κερτομέοντες, ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκί' ἔχοντας.]  
 νηπίαχοι · ξυνὸν δὲ κακὸν πολέεσσι τιθεῖσιν.  
 τοὺς δ' εἴπερ παρὰ τίς τε κιὼν ἄνθρωπος ὁδίτης  
 κινήσῃ ἀέκων, οἱ δ' ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχοντες  
 πρόσσω πᾶς πέτεται καὶ ἀμύνει οἷσι τέκεσσιν.  
 τῶν τότε Μυρμιδόνες κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες  
 ἐκ νηῶν ἐχέοντο · βοή δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας ·

“ Μυρμιδόνες, ἔταροι Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,  
 ἄνδρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,  
 ὥς ἂν Πηλεΐδην τιμήσομεν, ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος  
 Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες,  
 γυνῷ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἦν ἄτην, ὅτ' ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.  
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσον Τρώεσσιν ἀολλέες · ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες  
 σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν αὔσαντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τρώες δ' ὥς εἶδοντο Μενoitίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν,  
 αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι μαρμαίροντας,  
 πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμὸς, ἐκίνηθεν δὲ φύλαγγες,  
 ἐλπίόμενοι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα  
 μνηϊθμόν μὲν ἀπορῥῖψαι, φιλόττητα δ' ἐλέσθαι ·

He ceased, whose prayer the Lord of counsel heard,  
And half vouchsafed, and half withheld the boon ,  
He granted to roll back the tide of war  
From off the fleet, but safe return withheld.  
Prayer and libation unto Father Zeus  
Thus ended, he return'd within, and placed  
The cup inside the chest ; yet came again  
And stood before the door ; for still he loved,  
Albeit he went not forth, he loved to gaze  
On that dread battle raging 'twixt the hosts.

Meantime his men were mail'd, and round his friend  
Ranged till the signal sounded to the charge.  
Quick they swarm'd out, like wasps, that have their nest  
Beside some public way, where children still  
Torment, and ever of their baby wont  
Bestir them on the path whereby they hive ;  
Whose hiving is a common pest to men ;  
For if perchance a passer-by that way  
Perturb them unaware, with dauntless hearts  
In one full swarm they battle for their brood ;  
Not less the Myrmidonians knew their hearts.  
Beat strong within them, as they streaming came  
With inextinguishable battle-cry ;  
To whom Patroclus raised his voice and spake :  
    " Myrmidons, ye the band of Peleus' Son !  
Now mind ye of what mettle ye are bled !  
So shall his loyal comrades honour best  
Our lord, the noblest man aboard the fleet ;  
So shall broad-ruling Agamemnon rue  
The frenzy of the hour wherein he dealt  
Dishonour on Achaia's noblest son."

He spoke, and quicken'd every hand and heart ;  
And full they fell on Troy ; and loud the ships  
About them echoed quivering with their shouts.  
But when the foe beheld Menœtius' Son,  
Him, and his comrade, glittering all in arms,  
Their hearts were flutter'd, and their line 'gan quake,  
With thought that Peleus' fleetfoot Son had thrown  
Anger aside, and turn'd to Friendship's ways ;



πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπῃ φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.

Πάτροκλος δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ  
 ἀντικρὺ κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλείστοι κλονέοντο,  
 νηὶ παρά πρύμνῃ μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου,  
 καὶ βάλε Πυραίχμην, ὃς Παίονας ἵπποκορυστὰς  
 ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος ἀπ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρυρέοντος·  
 τὸν βάλε δεξιὸν ὦμον· ὁ δ' ὑπτιος ἐν κονίῃσιν  
 κάππεσεν οἰμῶξας, ἔταροι δέ μιν ἀμφεφόβηθεν  
 Παίονες· ἐν γὰρ Πάτροκλος φόβον ἤκεν ἅπασιν  
 ἡγεμόνα κτείνας, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.  
 ἐκ νηῶν δ' ἔλασεν, κατὰ δ' ἔσβεσεν αἰθόμενον πῦρ,  
 ἡμιδαῆς δ' ἄρα νηὺς λίπετ' αὐτόθι· τοὶ δ' ἐφόβηθεν  
 Τρῶες θεσπεσίῳ ὁμάδῳ· Δαναοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο  
 νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· ὄμαδος δ' ἀλίαςτος ἐτύχθη.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀφ' ὑψηλῆς κορυφῆς ὄρεος μέγалоιο  
 κινήσῃ πυκινὴν νεφέλην στεροπῇ γερέτα Ζεὺς,  
 ἐκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαί καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι  
 καὶ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγῃ ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ,  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ νηῶν μὲν ἀπωσύμενοι δῆϊον πῦρ  
 τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν, πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνεται ἔρωή.  
 οὐ γάρ πώ τι Τρῶες ἀρηιφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν  
 προτροπὰ δὴν φοβέοντο μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,  
 ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἄρ' ἀνθίσταντο, νεῶν δ' ὑπόεικον ἀνάγκῃ.

Ἐνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἔλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης  
 ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς  
 αὐτίκ' ἄρα στρεφθέντος Ἀρηιλύκου βάλε μηρὸν  
 ἔγχρ' ὀξύεντι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασεν·  
 ῥῆξεν δ' ὅστέον ἔγχος, ὁ δὲ πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 κάππεσ'· ὑτάρ Μενέλαος Ἀρήϊος οὐτα Θόαντα  
 στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ' ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.  
 Φυλείδης δ' Ἀμφικλὸν ἐφορμηθέντα δοκεύσας  
 ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρυμνὸν σκέλος, ἔνθα πάχιστος

And each 'gan cast behind him looks of dread  
For place of refuge from the coming death.

Then first Patroclus aim'd his shining spear  
Right where their throng was thickest, in their midst,  
Hard by Protesilaus' galley's stern ;  
And struck Pyræchmes leader of the band  
Of plumed Pæonians from far Amydon,  
Their city on broad Axius. Him he struck  
Through the right shoulder ; prone in dust he fell  
Groaning his last ; round whom his comrades fled,  
Appall'd ; such terror had Patroclus wrought,  
Slaying their leader and their best in war.  
He drove them from the fleet, and quench'd the flames ;  
The galley there remain'd still half-consumed ;  
The while the Trojans with a panic-cry  
Retired ; on whom the Danaans 'twixt the barks  
Pour'd like a flood, and Tumult rose supreme.

As when from some great mountain's lofty head  
The Enkindler of the lightnings Father Zeus  
Moves a dense cloud, mountain and cape and grove  
Stand clear, whilst to their highest the heavens break up ;  
Ev'n so, when now the Danaans had repell'd  
The storm of fire from off their fleet, they gain'd  
A momentary rest ; but respite long  
Was not ; for not as yet in utter rout  
Were turn'd the Trojans fleeing from the ships  
Before Achaia's arms, but still in rank  
Opposed they stood, retiring sorely press'd.

Soon was the battle scatter'd ; chief slew chief.  
Menoëtius' gallant Son pierced through the thigh  
(Ev'n as he turn'd him round) Arcilycus  
With sharp spear-point, and drave the brass right through.  
The bone was shatter'd, and to earth he dropt.

Renown'd Menelaus through the chest  
Struck Thoas, where the buckler left it bare,  
And loosed his limbs beneath him : and the Son  
Of Phyleus bode the charge of Amphiclus,  
And watch'd him and forestall'd him, smiting high,

μυῶν ἀνθρώπου πέλεται· περὶ δ' ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ  
 νεῦρα διεσχίσθη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.  
 Νεστορίδαι δ' ὁ μὲν οὔτασ' Ἀτύνμιον ὀξεί δουρὶ  
 Ἀντίλοχος, λαπάρης δὲ διήλασε χάλκεον ἔγχος·  
 ἤριπε δὲ προπάρειθε. Μάρις δ' αὐτοσχεδὰ δουρὶ  
 Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐπόρουσε κασιγνήτοιο χολωθείς,  
 στὰς πρόσθεν νέκυος· τοῦ δ' ἀντίθεος Θρασυμήδης  
 ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρὶν οὐτάσαι, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν,  
 ὦμον ἄφαρ· πυρμνὸν δὲ βραχίονα δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ  
 δρύψ' ἀπὸ μυνώνων, ἀπὸ δ' ὀστέον ἄχρῖς ἄραξεν.  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, κατὰ δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.

320

ὥς τῷ μὲν δοιοῖσι κασιγνήτοισι δαμέντε  
 βήτην εἰς Ἑρεβος, Σαρπηδόνος ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,  
 υἷες ἀκοντιστὰς Ἀμισωδάρου, ὅς ῥα Χίμαιραν  
 θρέψεν ἀμαιμακέτην, πολέσιν κακὸν ἀνθρώποισιν.

Αἶας δὲ Κλεόβουλον Ὀϊλιάδης ἐπορούσας

330

ζῶν ἔλε, βλαφθέντα κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλὰ οἱ αὖθι  
 λῦσε μένος, πλήξας ξίφει αὐχένα κωπήεντι.  
 πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε  
 ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.

Πηνέλεως δὲ Λύκων τε συνέδραμον· ἔγχεσι μὲν γὰρ  
 ἤμβροτον ἀλλήλων, μέλεον δ' ἠκόντισαν ἄμφω·  
 τῷ δ' αὖτις ξιφέεσσι συνέδραμον. ἔνθα Λύκων μὲν  
 ἵπποκόμου κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ καυλὸν  
 φάσγανον ἐρράισθη· ὁ δ' ὑπ' οὔατος αὐχένα θεῖνεν  
 Πηνέλεως, πᾶν δ' εἴσω ἔδν ξίφος, ἔσχεθε δ' οἶον  
 δέρμα, παρηέρθη δὲ κάρη, ὑπέλυντο δὲ γυῖα.

340

Μηριόνης δ' Ἀκάμαντα κιχεῖς ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισιν  
 νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·

Where is the thickest muscle in a man,  
His hip ; around the point the tendons flew  
Asunder ; and death's darkness veil'd his eyes.

And Nestor's sons—Antilochus first struck  
Atymnius with sharp spear, and drave the point  
Right through his flank, who fell before his feet.  
Then Maris, wrathful for his brother's sake,  
Sprang tow'rd Antilochus with ready spear,  
And stood before the dead ; but, ere he struck,  
Him noble Thrasymedes first forestall'd,  
Nor miss'd, but through the shoulder sudden smote.  
The point shore off the muscles from the arm,  
Stripping it naked to the very bone ;  
Heavy he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes  
Thus brethren two, by brethren two subdued,  
Pass'd into Erebus, the followers famed  
Of great Sarpedon, and the warrior-sons  
Of Amisódarus—ev'n him who rear'd  
The fell Chimæra, plague to many men.

And Ajax, Oiliades, leapt forth  
On Cleobulus, where amid the throng  
He stumbled ; and so took him, but forthwith  
Destroy'd his might, plunging the hilted sword  
Into his neck ; and all the sword reek'd hot  
With blood ; whilst o'er the other's eyes came fast  
The purple gloom of death and violent Fate.

And Peneleus and Lycon charging met ;  
For each had miss'd the other with his spear ;  
Both had but vainly aim'd, and, sword in hand,  
Both rush'd together : Lycon smote the cone  
On the plumed helm, but on the cone the brand  
Split shiver'd to the hilt ; whilst Peneleus  
Struck in the neck beneath the ear, and all  
The blade pass'd through the throat ; skin only held  
The head ; it hung ; the limbs beneath him gave.

And Acamas fell by Meriones,  
Who with swift foot upon the chariot-step

ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλὺς.  
 Ἰδομενεὺς δ' Ἐρύμαντα κατὰ στόμα νηλεί χαλκῷ  
 νύξε· τὸ δ' ἀντικρὺ δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξεπέρησεν  
 νέρθεν, ὑπ' ἐγκεφάλαιο, κέασσε δ' ἄρ' ὅστέα λευκά·  
 ἐκ δ' ἐτίναχθεν ὀδόντες, ἐνέπλησθεν δέ οἱ ἄμφω  
 αἵματος ὀφθαλμοί· τὸ δ' ἀνὰ στόμα καὶ κατὰ ῥίνας  
 πρήσσε χανῶν· θανάτου δὲ μέλαν νέφος ἀμφεκάλυψεν. 350

Οὔτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν ἔλον ἄνδρα ἕκαστος.  
 ὥς δὲ λύκοι ἄρνεσσιν ἐπέχραον ἢ ἐρίφοισιν  
 σίνται, ὑπὲκ μῆλων αἰρεύμενοι, αἴτ' ἐν ὄρεσσιν  
 ποιμένος ἀφραδίῃσι διέτμαγεν· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες  
 αἰψα διαρπάξουσιν ἀνάγκιδα θυμὸν ἐχούσας·  
 ὥς Δαναοὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐπέχραον· οἱ δὲ φόβοιο  
 δυσκελάδου μνήσαντο, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.

Αἶας δ' ὁ μέγας αἰὲν ἐφ' Ἑκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ  
 ἔετ' ἀκοντίσσαι· ὁ δὲ ἰδρεΐη πολέμοιο,  
 ἀσπίδι ταυρεΐῃ κεκαλυμμένος εὐρέας ὤμους, 360  
 σκέπτετ' οἷστῶν τε ῥοῖζον καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων.  
 ἦ μὲν δὴ γίγνωσκε μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην·  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἀνέμιμνε, σάω δ' ἐρίηρας ἐταίρους.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου νέφος ἔρχεται οὐρανὸν εἶσω  
 αἰθέρος ἐκ δῖης, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς λαίλαπα τείνη,  
 ὥς τῶν ἐκ νηῶν γένετο ἰαχὴ τε φόβος τε,  
 οὐδὲ κατὰ μοῖραν πέραον πάλιν. Ἑκτορα δ' ἵπποι  
 ἐκφερον ὠκύποδες σὺν τεύχεσι, λείπε δὲ λαὸν  
 Τρωϊκὸν, οὓς ἀέκοντας ὀρυκτὴ τάφρος ἔρυκεν.  
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐν τάφρῳ ἐρυσάρματες ὠκέες ἵπποι 370  
 ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥύμφῳ λίπον ἄρματ' ἀνάκτων.

Caught him now mounting, and drave hard the spear  
Through the right shoulder ; from the chariot down  
He fell ; and mist came shower'd across his eyes.

The ruthless spear of brave Idomeneus  
Struck Erymas in the mouth ; the brazen point  
Under the brain went onward ; white the bones  
Scatter'd, and all the teeth came shatter'd forth ;  
His eyeballs fill'd with blood ; for breath he gasp'd  
Through nostrils and through lips distended wide ;  
And black the cloud of death enwrapt him round.

Thus slew these Danaan chieftains each his man.

Like wolves, that roam injurious, and assail  
A flock of sheep, seizing the lambs and kids  
Astray amongst the mountains by the fault  
Of an ill shepherd ; these the wolves espy  
And rend them in a feeble panic driven ;  
So fell the Danaans on the troops of Troy  
Who clean forgot their olden spirit and strength,  
Turning them only to tumultuous flight.

But Telamonian Ajax sought to smite  
None save brass-helmèd Hector ; yet expert  
In fence, and shielding close his shoulders broad  
With bull-hide buckler, Hector shunn'd unscathed  
The hissing arrow and the crashing spear ;  
Who knew full well the victory all inclined  
Against him ; nathless, in his fate's despite,  
Stood firm, and fain would save his brethren dear.

Gloomy as off Olympus rolls a cloud,  
Drawn from the firmament, across broad heaven,  
When Zeus hath breathed a tempest to its height ;  
So came they in dark tumult off the fleet ;  
Nor now repass'd the trench in fair array ;  
Hector alone his steeds bare swift across ;  
Yet left he all his host about the brink  
Reluctant ; for the trench there stay'd their flight :  
And in the trench full many a chariot-horse  
Snapt short the pole, and left the shatter'd car :

The while Patroclus cheeuing press'd amain  
On Troy designing ruin : they with shriek  
And panic choked to right and left all paths  
Dissever'd , overhead the dust-storm swept  
Cloudlike beneath the clouds , and every steed  
Strain'd his full stretch, careering from the camp.  
But he with shout there held his way, wherec'er  
He saw their rout most stricken ; and their chiefs  
Under his chariot wheels roll'd headlong fell,  
And cars like cymbals rang beneath them strewn.  
The swift immortal baibs, the glorious gift  
Of Gods to Peleus, leaping clear'd the trench  
And yearning forward flew , and loud his heart  
Cried against Hector, and to smite him down  
He long'd, but him his steeds bare fast away.

As with the weight of waters groans the earth  
Under a summer tempest, when Zeus pours  
His floods most fiercely, and is wroth with men  
Who deal unrighteous judgments, and perforce  
Chase Justice from her seat, nor give regard  
Unto the voice and warnings of high heaven ;  
Therefore their waxing rivers break their bounds ;  
And every pelting stream upon the hills  
Tears like a torrent, plunging to the sea  
In thunder, and the works of men are mar'd ;  
So, with like thunder, fled the steeds of Troy

Anon Patroclus turn'd their foremost rank,  
And backward to the fleet compell'd them loth  
Nor suffer'd to the town escape, but 'twixt  
The ships and river and the lofty wall  
Slew them with ceaseless onset to and fro  
Avenging many. Pronous through the chest  
(There where the buckler left it bare) he struck  
First with bright spear, and 'neath him loosed the limbs ;  
Who crashing fell to earth. Then Enop's son,  
Thestor, where in the polish'd car he sate  
Close-huddled (for with stricken sense he crouch'd

ἥνῖα ἤλχθησαν—ὁ δ' ἔγχει νύξε παραστὰς  
 γναθμόν δεξιτερὸν, διὰ δ' αὐτοῦ πείρειν ὀδόντων,  
 ἔλκε δὲ δουρὸς ἑλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὥς ὅτε τις φῶς  
 πέτρῃ ἐπι προβλήτι καθήμενος ἱερὸν ἰχθύν  
 ἐκ πόντοιο θύραζε λίνῳ καὶ ἥνοπι χαλκῷ·  
 ὥς ἔλκ' ἐκ δίφροιο κεχηνότα δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
 καδ' δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ στόμ' ἔωσε· πεσόντα δέ μιν λίπε θυμός. 410  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἑρύλαον ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ  
 μέσσην κακ κεφαλὴν· ἥ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη  
 ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαλή  
 κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἑρύμαντα καὶ Ἀμφοτερόν καὶ Ἐπάλτην,  
 Τληπόλεμόν τε Δαμαστορίδην Ἐχίον τε Πύριν τε,  
 Ἴφέα τ' Εὐῖππόν τε καὶ Ἀργεάδην Πολύμηλον,  
 πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.

Σαρπηδὼν δ' ὥς οὖν ἴδ' ἀμιτροχίτωνας ἑταίρους  
 χέρσ' ὑπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενoitιάδαο δαμέντας, 420  
 κέκλετ' ἄρ' ἀντιθέοισι καθαπτόμενος Λυκίοισιν·

“Αἰδῶς, ὦ Λύκιοι, πόσε φεύγετε; νῦν θοοὶ ἔστε.  
 ἀντήσω γὰρ ἐγὼ τοῦδ' ἀνέρος, ὅφρα δαείω  
 ὅστις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν  
 Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἄλτο χαμάζε.  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτέρωθεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδεν, ἔκθορε δίφρου.  
 οἱ δ', ὥστ' αἰγυπιοὶ γαμφώνυχες, ἀγκυλοχεῖλαι,  
 πέτρῃ ἐφ' ὑψηλῇ μεγάλα κλάζοντε μάχωνται,  
 ὥς οἱ κεκλήγοντες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν. 430  
 τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω,  
 “Ἥρην δὲ προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·

“ὦ μοι ἐγὼν, ὅτε μοι Σαρπηδόνα, φίλτατον ἀνδρῶν,  
 μοῖρ' ὑπὸ Πατρόκλοιο Μενoitιάδαο δαμήναι.



And from his hands the reins had slidden), him  
 Patroclus standing near with spear-point pierced  
 Through the right jaw, and drove it through his teeth ;  
 Then by the point over the chariot's rim  
 Drew him yet pendent ; as a man, who sits  
 Harpooning off a jutting rock, draws home  
 A fresh strong fish with gleaming lance and line :  
 Thus drew he forth Thestor with gaping jaws  
 From out the chariot by his shining spear,  
 And flung him on his face, and, as he fell,  
 The life departed. Next upon the head  
 He struck Erylaus charging ; and the stone  
 Inside the heavy helmet brake the skull  
 In twain : he fell precipitate to earth,  
 And clouding round him came, life's plunderer, Death  
 Then Ipheus, Erymas, and Echius,  
 Epaltes, Pyris, and Amphoterus,  
 Tlepolemus, Damastor's son, the son  
 Of Argeus, and Evippus—one by one  
 Slaughtered, he levell'd to the fruitful earth.

But when Sarpedon saw the long-robed bands  
 Of Lycians thus beneath his arms subdued,  
 Rebuking on his godlike men he cried :  
 "Shame on you, Lycians, shame ! Whence flee ye thus ?  
 Stand fast ; be brave ; myself will meet this man,  
 And see who so surpasseth of his might.  
 Heavy the trouble he hath brought to Troy,  
 Many and brave the heroes he hath slain."

He spoke, and sprang in armour to the earth ;  
 Likewise the other, when he saw, sprang down ;  
 And as on rock far-seen two vultures rush,  
 Hook-beak'd, crook-claw'd, with clanging cry to fight,  
 Thus these with battle-cry together ran.

Whom Zeus beholding pitied ; and he turn'd  
 To Herè, his own sister and his wife :

"Unhappy that I am ! Whom fate now bids  
 See mine own son, Sarpedon, of mankind  
 Dearest to me, beneath Patroclus fall.

διχθὰ δέ μοι κραδίη μέμονε φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνοντι,  
 ἥ μιν ζῶν ἐόντα μάχης ἄπο δακρυοέσσης  
 θείω ἀναρπάξας Λυκίης ἐν πτόνι δήμῳ,  
 ἥ ἤδη ὑπὸ χερσὶ Μενoitιάδαο δαμάσσω.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη  
 “ αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον εἶπες ; 440  
 ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,  
 ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι ;  
 ἔρδ' · ἀτὰρ οὐ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν ·  
 αἶ κε ζῶν πέμψῃς Σαρπεδόνα ὅνδε δόμονδε,  
 φράζεο μή τις ἔπειτα θεῶν ἐθέλῃσι καὶ ἄλλος ·  
 πέμπειν ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης ·  
 πολλοὶ γὰρ περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο μάχονται  
 υἷες ἀθανάτων, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἐνήσεις.  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τοι φίλος ἐστὶ, τὸν δ' ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ, 450  
 ἦτοι μὲν μιν ἔασον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ  
 χέρσ' ὑπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενoitιάδαο δαμῆναι ·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τόνγε λίπη ψυχὴ τε καὶ αἰὼν,  
 πέμπειν μιν Θανάτῳ τε φέρειν καὶ νήδυμον Ὀππνον,  
 εἰσόκε δὴ Λυκίης εὐρείης δῆμον ἵκωνται,  
 ἔνθα ἔταρχουσιν κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε  
 τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε · τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.  
 αἵματοέσσας δὲ ψιάδας κατέχευεν ἔραζε  
 παῖδα φίλον τιμῶν, τὸν οἱ Πάτροκλος ἔμελλεν 460  
 φθίσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
 ἐνθ' ἦτοι Πάτροκλος ἀγκαλειτὸν Θρασύμηλον,  
 ὃς ῥ' ἡὺς θεράπων Σαρπηδόνοιο ἦεν ἀνακτος,  
 τὸν βάλε νείαιραν κατὰ γαστέρα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.  
 Σαρπηδὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ  
 δεύτερος ὀρμηθεὶς, ὁ δὲ Πηδασον οὔτασεν ἵππον  
 ἔγχεϊ δεξιὸν ὦμον · ὁ δ' ἔβραχε θυμὸν αἰσθων.  
 καδ' δ' ἔπεισ' ἐν κονίῃσι μακρῶν, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπτατο θυμός.

My heart is sunder'd while within my mind  
I ponder : shall I pluck him thence away  
Far from the baleful battle, ere he fall,  
And bear him to the Lycians' rich domain,  
Or shall I kill him by Patroclus' hands ?

And royal broad-brow'd Herè made reply .  
"Most dread our Father ! Fall from thee these words ?  
A mortal man predestin'd to his fate  
Wouldst thou from death deliver ? Be it so :  
But be assured, no God will praise the deed.  
Consider also this, and weigh it well ,  
If thou send thy Sarpedon rescued home,  
Will not some other god have like desire  
Thereafter from the strife to rescue home  
His son ? For many are the sons of Gods  
In war round Priam's palaces array'd ;  
Deep were the jealousies thou thus provoked.  
But, if he be indeed so dear, and thus  
Thy heart lamenteth o'er him, though perforce  
Before Patroclus thou endure his fall,  
Yet, when the breath of life hath fled, send forth  
Death and sweet Sleep to bear him far away  
Ev'n to broad Lycia and his own domain ;  
That there his brethren and his kith and kin  
May honour him by burial and a tomb  
And cairn ; and this is what the dead desire."

To whom the Father yielded, yet shed down  
Thick drops of blood, like dew, upon the earth,  
For honour of his child, in Troy's rich fields  
Destined to early death and far from home.

When each had near'd the other on the field,  
Patroclus struck famed Thrasymelus first,  
Sarpedon's gallant follower, through the flank,  
Loosening the limbs beneath him.—Also threw  
Sarpedon erring from his aim, yet struck  
Through the right shoulder Pedasus, the horse ;  
Who falling, gasping out his life, neigh'd shrill,  
Snorting in dust, and fast the spirit fled.  
Whereat the pair in yoke asunder sprang ;

τὼ δὲ διαστήτην, κρίκε δὲ ζυγὸν, ἡνία δὲ σφιν 470  
 σύγχυτ', ἐπειδὴ κεῖτο παρήορος ἐν κονίῃσιν.  
 τοῖο μὲν Αὐτομέδων δουρικλυτὸς εὔρετο τέκμωρ·  
 σπασσάμενος ταυύηκες ἄορ παχέος παρὰ μηροῦ,  
 αἶξας ἀπέκοψε παρήορον οὐδ' ἐμάτησεν·  
 τὼ δ' ἰθυυθήτην, ἐν δὲ ῥυτῆρσι τάνυσθεν.  
 τὼ δ' αὖτις συνίτην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο.

Ἔνθ' αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
 Πατρόκλου δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων ἀριστερὸν ἤλυθ' ἄκωκῇ  
 ἔγχεος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὤρνωτο χαλκῷ 480  
 Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἄλιον βέλος ἐκφυγε χειρὸς,  
 ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' ἐνθ' ἄρα τε φρένες ἔρχεται ἀμφ' ἀδινὸν κῆρ.  
 ἥριπε δ' ὥς ὅτε τις δρυὶς ἥριπεν ἢ ἀχερωῖς,  
 ἢ ἐπίτυς βλωθρῇ, τήντ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες  
 ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήιον εἶναι·  
 ὥς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθεῖς,  
 βεβρυχῶς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἵματοέσσης.  
 ἤύτε ταῦρον ἐπεφνε λέων ἀγέληφι μετελθὼν,  
 αἶθωνα μεγάλθυμον, ἐν εἰλιπόδεσσι βόεσσιν,  
 ὠλετό τε στενάχων ὑπὸ γαμφηλῇσι λέοντος,  
 ὥς ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστῶν 490  
 κτεινόμενος μενέαινε, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·

“Γλαῦκε πέπον, πολεμιστὰ μετ' ἀνδράσι, νῦν σε μάλα 500  
 χρὴ  
 αἰχμητὴν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστὴν·  
 νῦν τοι ἐελδέσθω πόλεμος κακὸς, εἰ θεὸς ἔσσι.  
 πρῶτα μὲν ὄτρυνον Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,  
 πάντη ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνοσ ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμεῦ πέρι μάρναο χαλκῷ.  
 σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος  
 ἔσσομαι ἤματα πάντα διαμπερὲς, εἰ κέ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα.  
 ἀλλ' ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα.”

Ὡς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς ῥίνας θ'. ὁ δὲ λαῖξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων

'The yoke above them creak'd ; the reins were all  
Confounded ; for their fellow lay in dust.  
Thereto Automedon was then the stay ;  
Snatching the whetted falchion from his hip  
He leap'd, and cut away (nor cut for nought)  
The traces of the third ; and straight the pair  
Were righted, and once more betwixt the reins  
Together in the baleful battle coursed.  
Again Sarpedon hurl'd his shining spear,  
Erring, for by Patroclus pass'd the point  
O'er the left shoulder harmless ; then in turn  
High rose Patroclus with impending lance,  
Nor vain the shaft escaped his hand, but struck  
There where the ribs enclose the embedded heart  
He fell, as falls a poplar or tall pine  
Hewn on the mountains by a sharp-edged axe,  
Thereafter to be made some vessel's mast ;  
So he, before his steeds and chariot prone,  
Gnashing his teeth, in dust and blood lay soil'd.  
Or as a lion 'lighting on a herd  
Kills 'mongst the slow-paced kine a tawny bull,  
High-mettled ; and he lies beneath his claws  
Groaning his last ; thus 'neath Patroclus lay  
Lycia's brave prince, indignant of his death,  
And thus by name on Glaucus cried, and said :  
"Glaucus, I die ; and more than ev'n thy wont  
Must thou be strong in arms and valiant now ;  
And if indeed thou hast a brave man's heart,  
Give thy whole longing now to evil fight.  
And first explore all sides throughout the lines  
And gather Lycia's leaders, and inspire  
To save Sarpedon's body ; then thyself  
Come also, and do battle for my sake.  
For most of all to thee shall I become  
A byword everlasting and reproach,  
If ye should lose my body, and if the foe  
Thus in their galleys' midst should strip me fall'n ;  
Therefore hold fast, and round me call the host."

And as he spoke, the cloud of death o'ercame  
His eyes and lips ; Patroclus, on his chest

ἐκ χροὸς ἔλκε δόρυ, προτὶ δὲ φρένες αὐτῷ ἔποντο·  
τοῖο δ' ἅμα ψυχὴν τε καὶ ἔγχος ἐξέρυσ' αἰχμὴν.  
Μυρμιδόνες δ' αὐτοῦ σχέςθον ἵππους φυσιόωντας,  
ιέμενους φοβέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ λίπον ἄρματ' ἀνάκτων.

Γλαύκῳ δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος γένετο φθογγῆς αἰοῦντι  
ὠρίνθη δέ οἱ ἦτορ, ὅτ' οὐ δύνατο προσαμῦναι.  
χειρὶ δ' ἐλὼν ἐπέβρε βραχίονα· τείρε γὰρ αὐτὸν  
ἔλκος, ὃ δὴ μιν Τεῦκρος ἐπεσσύμενον βύαλεν ἰῶ  
τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο, ἀρὴν ἐτάροισιν ἀμύνων.  
εὐχόμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·

510

“Κλύθι, ἄναξ, ὅς που Λυκίης ἐν πίοισι δῆμῳ  
εἷς ἢ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ· δύνασαι δὲ σὺ πάντοσ' ἀκούειν  
ἀνέρι κηδομένῳ, ὥς νῦν ἐμὲ κῆδος ἰκάνει  
ἔλκος μὲν γὰρ ἔχω τόδε καρτερὸν, ἀμφὶ δέ μοι χεῖρ  
ὀξείης ὀδύνῃσιν ἐλήλαται, οὐδέ μοι αἷμα  
τερσῆναι δύναται, βαρύθει δέ μοι ὤμος ὑπ' αὐτοῦ·  
ἔγχος δ' οὐ δύναμαι σχεῖν ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι  
ἐλθὼν δυσμενέεσσιν. ἀνὴρ δ' ὤριστος ὄλωλεν,  
Σαρπηδῶν, Διὸς υἱός· ὁ δ' οὐδ' οὐ παιδὸς ἀμύνει.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ πέρ μοι, ἄναξ, τόδε καρτερὸν ἔλκος ἄκεσσαι,  
κοίμησον δ' ὀδύνας, δὸς δὲ κράτος, ὅφρ' ἐτάροισιν  
κεκλόμενος Λυκίοισιν ἐποτρύνῃς πολεμίζειν,  
αὐτός τ' ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχωμαι.”

520

“Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.  
αὐτίκα παῦσ' ὀδύνας, ἀπὸ δ' ἔλκεος ἀργαλέοιο  
αἷμα μέλαν τέρσῃνε, μένος δέ οἱ ἔμβαλε θυμῷ.  
Γλαῦκος δ' ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, γήθησέν τε,  
ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἤκουσε μέγας θεὸς εὐξαμένοιο.  
πρῶτα μὲν ὥτρυνεν Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,  
πάντῃ ἐπουχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνοσ ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·  
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μετὰ Τρώας κίε μακρὰ βιβάσθων,  
Πουλυδάμαντ' ἔπι Παυθοίδην καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,  
βῆ δὲ μετ' Αἰνείαν τε καὶ Ἑκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν.

530

Stamping his heel, pluck'd from the wound the spear ;  
The blood up-spouting follow'd ; and he drew  
Weapon and life together from the wound .  
The while the Myrmidonians held from flight  
The panting steeds of both their lords bereft. .

But that his cry stung Glaucus to the quick ;  
Whose heart was troubled that he could not aid ;  
He clasp'd and closed his fingers o'er his arm ;  
For sharp the anguish of the wound, wherewith  
Teucer had struck and stay'd him by his shaft  
From evil to Achaia. Therefore, loud  
He pray'd, and call'd upon the arrowy God :

“Hear me, O King Apollo ! Who perchance  
Art now in wealthy Lycia far reposed,  
Or nigh to Troy ; but, wheresoe'er thou art,  
Wilt hear who in his sore distress thus calls  
Upon thee—such distress hath fallen on me.  
For this my wound is strong, and wrings my hand  
With bitterest anguish ; nor thereon the blood  
Can yet be staunch'd , but heavy with it droops  
The shoulder, failing to uphold my spear  
Firm, that I may go forth against the foe. ....  
And, lo, our bravest fall'n, the son of Zeus,  
Sarpedon ; nor hath Zeus saved his own son !  
But hear, O King, and heal me this sore wound,  
And lull the smart to sleep, and grant me strength  
Now to uprouse the Lycians with my cheer,  
And then myself to fight to save his corse.”

He ended, and Apollo heard his prayer,  
And stay'd the pain, and from the baleful wound  
Stanch'd the black blood, and breathed new strength  
upon him.

And Glaucus felt rejoicing that the God  
Had of his might straight hearken'd to his prayer ;  
And moving through the lines first roused the chiefs  
Of Lycia, steadfast round their king to fight ;  
Thence strode toward the Trojans, where he saw  
The brave Agenor, and Panthöus' son,  
Polydamas, with noble Hector stand ;

ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἐκτορ, νῦν δὴ πάγχυ λελασμένος εἰς ἐπικούρων  
οὐ σέθεν· εἵνεκα τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἴης  
θυμὸν ἀποφθινύθουσι· σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐθέλεις ἐπαμύνειν.  
κεῖται Σαρπηδῶν, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστῶν,  
ὃς Λυκίην εἴρυτο δίκησί τε καὶ σθένει ᾧ·  
τὸν δ' ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ δάμασ' ἔγχει χάλκεος Ἄρης.  
ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, πάρστητε, νεμεσσήθητε δὲ θυμῷ,  
μὴ ἀπὸ τεύχε' ἔλωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρὸν  
Μυρμιδόνες, Δαναῶν κεχολωμένοι ὅσσοι ὄλοντο,  
τοὺς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνομεν ἐγχείησιν.”

540

ὣς ἔφατο, Τρῶας δὲ κατὰ κρήθην λάβε πίνθος  
ἄσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτὸν, ἐπεὶ σφισιν ἔρμα πόλῃος  
ἔσκε, καὶ ἄλλοδαπὸς περ ἐὼν· πολέες γὰρ ἄμ' αὐτῷ  
λαοὶ ἔποντ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.  
βὰν δ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λεληθμένοι· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφὶν  
Ἐκτῶρ χυόμενος Σαρπηδόνοιο. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
ὄρσε Μενοντιάδῳ Πατροκλῆος λάσιον κῆρ·  
Αἴαντε πρῶτῳ προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτῷ·

550

“Αἴαντε, νῦν σφῶϊν ἀμύνεσθαι φίλον ἔστω,  
οἷοι περ πάρος ἦτε μετ' ἀνδράσιν, ἣ καὶ ἀρείους.  
κεῖται ἀνὴρ ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν,  
Σαρπηδῶν. ἀλλ' εἴ μιν ἀεικισσαίμεθ' ἐλόντες,  
τεύχεά τ' ὥμοισιν ἀφελοίμεθα, καὶ τιν' ἐταίρων  
αὐτοῦ ἀμυνομένων δαμασσίμεθα νηλεί χαλκῷ.”

560

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον.  
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας,  
Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Μυρμιδόνες καὶ Ἀχαιοί,  
σύμβαλον ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχεσθαι  
δεινὸν αὖσαντες· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε τεύχεα φωτῶν.



These he approach'd, and spake his wingèd words :

“Hector, unmindful thou hast grown of those,  
Who far from their own homes and all they love  
Here for thy sake and thy alliance fight  
E'vn to the death ; yet thou carest not to aid !  
Fall'n lies Sarpedon, Lycia's glorious king,  
Her guardian by his judgments and his might ;  
Him iron-hearted Ares hath subdued  
Under Patroclus' spear. Stand therefore close ;  
Brook not that Myrmidonian hands should wreak  
By outrage on his body and his arms  
Their vengeance for the many who have fallen  
Here by our spears amongst their arrowy ships.”

He spoke ; and from the bottom of their hearts  
Insufferable sorrow unsuppress'd  
Seized on the Trojans ; for, albeit from far  
He came, yet to their city he had been  
A bulwark ; many were the men he led ;  
Of whom he still was foremost, best in war.  
So, charging on Achaia's host, they went ;  
And Hector, kindled for Sarpedon's sake,  
Their leader ; but the others roused no less  
Stood to the signal of Menœtius' son  
Patroclus ; who on either Ajax brave,  
Themselves afire for war, call'd loud, and said :

“Fight, Heroes, fight on now with all your hearts ;  
Brave as ye ever were, or braver, show !  
For, lo, the man who first avail'd to bur  
Our bulwark, ev'n Sarpedon, lieth slain ;  
And oh if, further, we might win his corse  
And shame it, and achieve his glorious arms,  
And haply of his men, who guarding stand  
About him, slay some others with our spears !”

He spoke ; their blood ran ardent to the war.

Anon on either side the battle-line  
Was strengthen'd, Troy and Lycia in array  
Against th' Achaians and the Myrmidons ;  
Then o'er the fallen chief with terrible shout  
And shock of arms together clash'd the hosts ;

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπὶ νύκτ' ὅλοῃν τάνυσσε κρατερῇ ὕσμίνῃ,  
ὄφρα φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ μάχην ὅλοδς πόνος εἴη.

᾽Ωσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς·  
βλήτο· γὰρ οὔτι κάκιστος ἀνὴρ μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν, 570  
υἱὸς Ἀγακλῆος μεγαθύμου, δῖος Ἐπειγεὺς,  
ὅς ῥ' ἐν Βουδεῖῳ εὐναιομένῳ ἤνασσε  
τὸ πρῖν· ἀτὰρ τότε γ' ἐσθλὸν ἀνεψιὸν ἐξεναρίζας  
ἐς Πηλῇ' ἰκέτευσε καὶ ἐς Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν·  
οἱ δ' ἅμ' Ἀχιλλῇι ῥηξήνορι πέμπον ἔπεςθαι.  
Ἴλιον εἰς εὐπωλον, ἵνα Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο.  
τόν ῥα τόθ' ἀπτόμενον νέκυος βύλε φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ  
χερμαδίῳ κεφαλῇ· ἥ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεᾶσθη  
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ  
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής. 580  
Πατρόκλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἄχος γένετο φθιμένον ἐτάριοιο,  
ἵθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων ἵρηκι ἐοικὼς  
ὠκεί, ὅστ' ἐφόβησε κολοιοὺς τε ψῆράς τε·  
ὥς ἰθὺς Λυκίων, Πατρόκλεις ἵπποκέλευθε,  
ἔσσυο καὶ Τρώων, κεχόλωσο δὲ κῆρ ἐτάριοιο.  
καὶ ῥ' ἔβαλε Σθενέλαον, Ἰθαιμένεος φίλον υἱόν,  
αὐχένα χερμαδίῳ, ῥήξεν δ' ἀπὸ τοῖο τένοντας.  
χώρησαν δ' ὑπὸ τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ,  
ὅσση δ' αἰγανέης ῥιπὴ ταναοῖο τέτυκται,  
ἦν ῥά τ' ἀνὴρ ἀφείη πειρώμενος ἢ ἐν ἀέθλῳ 590  
ἦε καὶ ἐν πολέμῳ, δηλὼν ὑπο θυμοραϊστέων,  
τόσσον ἐχώρησαν Τρῶες, ὥσαντο δ' Ἀχαιοί.  
Γλαῦκος δὲ πρῶτος, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,  
ἐτράπετ', ἔκτεινεν δὲ Βαθυκλῆα μεγάλθυμον,  
Χάλκωνος φίλον υἱόν, ὃς Ἑλλάδι οἰκία ναίων  
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν.  
τὸν μὲν ἄρα Γλαῦκος στηθεὸς μέσον οὔτασε δουρὶ,  
στρεφθεὶς ἐξαπίνης, ὅτε μιν κατέμαρπτε διώκων·

The while Zeus drew a curtain dark and dread  
Of night above their strife, that round his child  
The toil of battle might be dark and dread.  
First Troy repell'd Achaia's bright-eyed sons ;  
For one amongst the Myrmidons not least,  
Noble Epeigeus, brave Agacles' son,  
Was stricken ; in Budeon he of old  
King of a numerous people ; but had fled,  
By reason of a noble kinsman slain,  
To Peleus and the silver-footed Nymph ;  
Who hearken'd to his prayer, and sent him forth  
To follow great Achilles in the war  
To Troy and Ilion's horse-abounding plains.  
Him as he laid his grasp upon the corse  
Bright Hector struck with stone upon the head,  
And crush'd the skull within the heavy helm ;  
Headlong above the body prone he fell,  
And clouding round him came, life's plunderer, Death.  
Whose fall Patroclus seeing chafed at heart ;  
Sheer through the champions of the van he rush'd ;  
As darts a hawk fighting a timorous flock  
Of doves or starlings, so right through the ranks  
Of Trojans and brave Lycians, dartedst thou,  
Patroclus, wrathful for thy comrade's sake ;  
And smiting Sthenelaus, the brave son  
Of Ithæmenes, with a stone i' the neck,  
Brakest through the tendons that upheld the head ;  
Whereat great Hector and his van shrank back.  
Far as long cast of javelin, when a man  
Throws, straining all his strength, at game perchance,  
Or war, where life may hang upon the cast ;  
So far the Trojans fled, the Achaians gain'd.  
But Lycia's chieftain Glaucus, rallying soon,  
Slew Bathycles, the gallant son beloved  
Of Chalcon, who in Hellas dwelt, renown'd  
For substance, rich amongst the Myrmidons :  
Him with sharp spear pierced Glaucus thro' the chest,  
Suddenly wheeling, when the other thought  
Pursuing to o'ertake him ; and he fell  
With crash of arms to earth. Thereat deep grief

δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· πυκινὸν δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβ' Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 ὥς ἔπρεσ' ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ· μέγα δὲ Τρῶες κεχάροντο, 600  
 στὰν δ' ἄμφ' αὐτὸν ἰόντες ἀολλέες· οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἀλκῆς ἐξελάθοντο, μένος δ' ἰθὺς φέρον αὐτῶν.  
 ἔνθ' αὖ Μηριόνης Τρώων ἔλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,  
 Λαόγονον, θρασὺν υἱὸν Ὀνήτορος, ὃς Διὸς ἱρεὺς  
 Ἰδαίου ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὥς τίετο δῆμψ·  
 τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς  
 ᾤχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἶλεν.  
 Αἰνεΐας δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνη δόρυ χάλκεον ἤκεν·  
 ἔλπετο γὰρ τεύξεσθαι ὑπασπίδια προβιβάντος 610  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·  
 πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν  
 οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη  
 ἔγχεος· ἔνθα ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.  
 [αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνεΐαιο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης  
 ᾤχετ' ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἄλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.]  
 Αἰνεΐας δ' ἄρα θυμὸν ἐχώσατο φώνησέν τε·

“Μηριόνη, τάχα κέν σε, καὶ ὀρχηστὴν περ ἔοντα,  
 ἔγχος ἐμὸν κατέπαυσε διαμπερές, εἴ σ' ἐβαλὼν περ.”

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης δουρικλυτὸς ἀντίον ἦ᾽δα·  
 “Αἰνεΐα, χαλεπὸν σε, καὶ ἵφθιμόν περ ἔοντα, 620  
 πάντων ἀνθρώπων σβέσσαι μένος, ὃς κε σεῦ ἄντα  
 ἔλθῃ ἀμυνόμενος· θνητὸς δέ νυ καὶ σὺ τέττυξαι.  
 εἰ καὶ ἐγὼ σε βάλοιμι τυχὼν μέσον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
 αἰψά κε, καὶ κρατερός περ ἔων καὶ χερσὶ πεποιθὼς,  
 εὔχος ἐμοὶ δοίης, ψυχὴν δ' Αἰδι κλυτοπόλῳ.”

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἐνέειπε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·  
 “Μηριόνη, τί σὺ ταῦτα καὶ ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν ἀγορεύεις;  
 ὦ πέπον, οὐ τοι Τρῶες ὀνειδείους ἐπέεσσιν  
 νεκροῦ χωρήσουσι· πάρος τινὰ γαῖα καθέξει.  
 ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ τέλος πολέμου, ἐπέων δ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ· 630  
 τῷ οὔτι χρὴ μῦθον ὀφέλλειν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι.”

Came on Achaia's sons, but much rejoiced  
The Trojans, that so brave a man had fallen,  
And rallying stood around his corse array'd.  
Yet not were therefore mindless of their might  
The Achaians, but their spirits bare them on.

And Merion slew a helmèd chief of Troy,  
Laogonus, Onetor's gallant son,  
Priest to Idæan Zeus, and like a God  
Honour'd amongst the people ; him he struck  
Under the ear and jaw ; fast fled away  
The spirit from his limbs, and hideous night  
Enwrapt him. Then against Meriones  
Æneas sent a brazen lance, and thought  
To hit him o'er the shelter of his shield ;  
But he, forewatching, safe the javelin shunn'd  
With incline forward ; far behind, the spear  
Dash'd on the earthy floor, and all the staff  
Quiver'd, and war's strong spirit spent its force ;  
Thus vainly from Æneas' brawny hand  
The spear flew, and vibrating sank in earth.  
Whereat Æneas wrathful spake, and said :  
"For all thou'st practised dancing, yet my spear,  
If only I had struck, had stay'd thee quite."

Whom spear-famed Merion answer'd back, and said :  
"Mighty thou art, Æneas ; yet to quell  
All who assail thee guarding well themselves,  
Were task beyond thee ; thou thyself art man.  
If with my spear I hit thee straight and full,  
Though brave and trustful in thy strength of arm,  
Wouldst not thou likewise fall, and yield thy ghost  
To horse-famed Hades, but renown to me ? "

He ceased, whom thus Patroclus chode, and said .  
"Why, Merion, being in truth a brave man, thus  
Wastest thou words ? Nay, Friend, reviling words  
Will never daunt the Trojans from their prey ;  
Earth must first hold full many a man fast down.  
By words in council, by brave hands in fight,  
Is turn'd the issue ; wherefore no increase  
Of speech is needed from thee now, but deed."

ὦς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ', ὁ δ' ἄμ' ἔσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.  
 τῶν δ', ὥστε δρυτόμων ἀνδρῶν ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει  
 οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης· ἔκαθεν δέ τε γίγνεται ἀκουή·  
 ὥς τῶν ὄρνυτο δοῦπος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης  
 χαλκοῦ τε ῥινού τε βοῶν τ' εὐποιοιτάων,  
 νυσσομένων ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἡμφιγύοισιν.  
 οὐδ' ἂν ἔτι φράδμων περ ἀνὴρ Σαρπηδόνα δῖον  
 ἔγνω, ἐπεὶ βελέεσσι καὶ αἵματι καὶ κονίησιν  
 ἐκ κεφαλῆς εἵλυτο διαμπερὲς ἐς πόδας ἄκρους·  
 οἱ δ' αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, ὥς ὅτε μυῖαι  
 σταθμῷ ἐνὶ βρομέωσι περιγλαγέας κατὰ πέλλας  
 ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει·  
 ὥς ἄρα τοὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, οὐδέ ποτε Ζεὺς  
 τρέψεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης ὅσσε φαεινῶ,  
 ἀλλὰ κατ' αὐτοὺς αἰὲν ὄρα, καὶ φράζετο θυμῷ  
 πολλὰ μάλ' ἀμφὶ φόνῳ Πατρόκλου, μερμηρίζων  
 ἢ ἤδη καὶ κεῖνον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ  
 αὐτοῦ ἐπ' ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι φαίδιμος Ἑκτωρ  
 χαλκῷ δηώσῃ, ἀπὸ τ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλῃται,  
 ἢ ἔτι καὶ πλεόνεσσιν ὀφέλλειεν πόνον αἰπύν.  
 ὦδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσασατο κέρδιον εἶναι,  
 ὄφρ' ἥνς θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος  
 ἐξαὐτίς Τρῳάς τε καὶ Ἑκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν  
 ὅσαιτο προτὶ ἄστυ, πολέων δ' ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλοιτο.  
 Ἑκτορι δὲ πρωτίστῳ ἀνάγκιδα θυμὸν ἐνῆκεν·  
 ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀναβάς φύγαδ' ἔτραπε, κέκλετο δ' ἄλλους  
 Τρῳᾶς φευγέμεναι· γινῶ γὰρ Διὸς ἰρα τάλαντα.  
 ἐνθ' οὐδ' ἴφθιμοι Λύκιοι μένον, ἀλλ' ἐφόβηθεν  
 πάντες, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆα ἴδον βεβλαμμένον ἥτορ,  
 κείμενον ἐν νεκύων ἀγύρει· πολέες γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 κάππεσον, εὐτ' ἔριδα κρατερὴν ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὁμοίῳ Σαρπηδόνος ἔντε' ἔλοντο  
 χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ μὲν κόλλας ἐπὶ νῆας  
 δῶκε φέρειν ἐτάροισι Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱός.  
 καὶ τότε Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·

He spoke, and led the way, and with him went  
His godlike comrade : as in mountain-glens  
Riseth the din of axes on the oaks,  
And far the hearing of the sound is borne ;  
Thus rose from broad-way'd earth the din of arms,  
Of brazen corslet, leathern helm, and hide  
Of buckler, smit by lances and by swords.  
Erelong his closest comrade had not known  
Sarpedon, for with darts and dust and blood  
From sole to crown he was enveloped quite :  
And thick the throng around his corse : as flies  
Buzz swarming through a cow-house 'mongst the pails  
In spring-time, when the milk brims full each bowl,  
Thus swarm'd they round the body. Nor Zeus had ta'en  
From off that baleful strife his shining eyes,  
But ever gazed and ponder'd in his heart,  
Doubting the manner of Patroclus' death,  
Whether bright Hector in that deadly stourc  
Forthwith above godlike Sarpedon's corse  
Should slay him and despoil his glittering arms,  
Or whether, ere he fall, on yet more men  
He hurry steep destruction. Such debate  
He held within him, yet preferr'd at last  
To suffer the great friend of Peleus' Son  
Still to repel the Trojans and their chief,  
And take the lives of many. Therefore, first  
In Hector He awoke a spirit of fear ;  
Who mounting to his chariot turn'd to flee,  
And call'd the selfsame way to all his host,  
Knowing the sacred scales of Zeus inclined.  
Nor ev'n the valiant Lycians then stood firm  
But panic-stricken fled, who saw their king  
Struck through the heart, amongst a heap of dead ;  
For many had fallen about him ; where he lay  
Zeus had to the utmost strain'd the cord of war.

So, from the shoulders of Sarpedon stripp'd,  
The brazen glittering mail Menœtius' Son  
Gave to the hollow galleys to be borne ;  
Whilst thus the Ruler of the Clouds in heaven :

"Εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, κελαινεφὲς αἶμα κάθηνρον  
 ἔλθων ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα, καὶ μιν ἔπειτα  
 πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων λοῦσον ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσιν  
 χρῖσόν τ' ἄμβροσιν, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἴματα ἔσسون· 670  
 πέμπῃ δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,  
 "Ῥπνφ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάουσιν, οἳ ῥά μιν ὦκα  
 θήσουσ' ἐν Λυκίῃς εὐρείῃς πῖονι δῆμῳ,  
 ἔνθα ἔταρχύσουσι κασιγνήτοί τε ἔται τε  
 τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πατὴρ ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων.  
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς φύλοπιν αἰνῆν,  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον αἰείρας,  
 πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων, λοῦσεν ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσιν  
 χρῖσέν τ' ἄμβροσιν, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἴματα ἔσσεν· 680  
 πέμπῃ δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,  
 "Ῥπνφ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάουσιν, οἳ ῥά μιν ὦκα  
 κάτθεσαν ἐν Λυκίῃς εὐρείῃς πῖονι δῆμῳ.

Πάτροκλος δ' ἵπποισι καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι κελεύσας  
 Τρῶας καὶ Λυκίους μετεκίαθε, καὶ μέγ' ἀάσθη  
 νῆπιος· εἰ δὲ ἔπος Πηληιάδαο φύλαξεν,  
 ἦ τ' ἂν ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα κακὴν μέλανος θανάτοιο.  
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ τε Διὸς κρείσσω νός ἤεπερ ἀνδρῶν·  
 [ὅστε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην  
 ῥηιδίως, ὅτε δ' αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνῃσι μάχεσθαι·]  
 ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνῆκεν. 690

Ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἐξενάριξας,  
 Πατρόκλεις, ὅτε δὴ σε θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσαν;

Ἀδρηστον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ἐχεκλον  
 καὶ Πέριμον Μεγάδην καὶ Ἐπίστορα καὶ Μελάνιππον,  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐλασον καὶ Μούλιον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην·  
 τοὺς ἔλ'· οἳ δ' ἄλλοι φύγαδε μνώοντο ἕκαστος.



“Phœbus, my son, now haste thee forth, and cleanse  
The clouding blood from off Sarpedon's wounds ;  
Bear him apart, and bathe him in the stream ;  
And with ambrosia lave his limbs, and throw  
Immortal raiment round him ; then bequeath  
The burthen to the wingèd messengers  
Death and sweet Sleep, Death's brother, to be borne  
To wealthy Lycia and his own domain ;  
That there his brethren and his kith and kin  
May honour him by burial and a tomb  
And cairn ; and this is what the dead desire.”

Nor Phœbus disobey'd his father's word.  
Down to the battle-field from Ida's peaks  
He flew, and lightly from the storm of darts  
Lifted divine Sarpedon, and aloof  
Bare him, and cleansed him in the river's stream,  
And with ambrosia laved his limbs, and threw  
Immortal raiment round him ; then bequeath'd  
The burthen to the wingèd messengers,  
Death and sweet Sleep, Death's brother ; fast they flew  
And far in wealthy Lycia laid him down.

Meantime Patroclus press'd to more pursuit  
His horses and Automedon on Troy ;  
Fool, fool ! And to his own destruction blind !  
Who, had he kept the word of Pelcus' Son,  
Had 'scaped the coming fates of gloom and death.  
But, as it ever shall be, so that day  
The will of Zeus surpass'd the will of man ;  
Zeus, who oft frights the bravest, from his hand  
Taking away the victory with all ease,  
And oft again enkindling to the war ;  
As now he kindled high Patroclus' heart.  
Who first, Patroclus, say, who last, by thee  
Fell, when the Gods thus beck'd thee on to death ?  
Adrastus first, and brave Autonöus,  
Epistor, Melanippus, Echeclus,  
And Meges' son, Perimnus ; yet anon,  
Pylartes, Melius, and Helasus :  
All these he slew ; and, save to turn to flight,  
What other thought within the remnant bode ?

Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἔλον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 Πατρόκλου ὑπὸ χερσὶ· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἔγχρῃ θύεν·  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐνδμήτου ἐπὶ πύργου 700  
 ἔστη, τῷ ὀλοὰ φρονέων, Τρώεσσι δ' ἀρήγων.  
 τρις μὲν ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος βῆ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο  
 Πάτροκλος, τρις δ' αὐτὸν ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ἀπόλλων,  
 χεῖρεσσ' ἀθανάτησι φαεινὴν ἰσπίδα νύσσω.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο daίμονι ἴσος,  
 δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Χάζεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεις· οὐ νύ τοι αἶσα,  
 σῶ ὑπὸ δουρὶ πόλιν πέρθαι Τρώων ἀγερώχων,  
 οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, ὅσπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.”

Ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δ' ἀνεχάζετο πολλὸν ὀπίσσω, 710  
 μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.

Ἐκτωρ δ' ἐν Σκαιῇσι πύλῃς ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους  
 δίξε γὰρ ἡὲ μάχοιτο κατὰ κλόνον αὐτίς ἐλάσσας,  
 ἢ λαοὺς ἐς τείχος ὁμοκλήσειεν ἀλῆναι.  
 ταῦτ' ἄρα οἱ φρονέοντι παρίστατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος αἰζήφ' τε κρατερῷ τε,  
 Ἀσίῳ, ὃς μήτρως ἦν Ἐκτορος ἵπποδάμοιο,  
 αὐτοκασίγνητος Ἑκάβης, υἱὸς δὲ Δύμαντος,  
 ὃς Φρυγίῃ ναίεσκε ῥοῆς ἐπὶ Σαγαγαρίοιο·  
 τῷ μιν εἰσάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων· 720

“Ἐκτορ, τίπτε μάχης ἀποπαύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ.  
 αἴθ' ὅσον ἦσσω εἰμὶ, τόσον σέο φέρτερος εἶην·  
 τῷ κε τάχα στυγερώς πολέμου ἀπερωήσειας.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, Πατρόκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους,  
 αἶ κέν πῶς μιν ἔλῃς, δῶν δέ τοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὐτίς ἔβη θεὸς ἀμπόνον ἀνδρῶν,  
 Κεβριόνη δ' ἐκέλευσε daίφρονι φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ  
 ἵππους ἐς πόλεμον πεπληγέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων  
 δούσεθ' ὁμίλον ἰὼν, ἐν δὲ κλόνον Ἀργείοισιν  
 ζκε κακόν, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἐκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν. 730

Yea, the high gates of Troy had yielded then  
Before Achaia, by Patroclus storm'd  
(So hotly in their front his spear was plied),  
Had not divine Apollo ta'en his stand  
Upon the well-built watch-tower, meaning death  
To him, but aid to Troy. Thrice to the foot  
Of their high city-wall Patroclus came,  
And thrice Apollo press'd a heavenly hand  
Against his shining shield, and dash'd him back ;  
But when the fourth time, more than man, he came,  
Apollo lifted thus his warning voice :

“ Back, back, Patroclus ! Son of Zeus, forbear ;  
Not to thy spear is given to take proud Troy ;  
Nay, nor (though he be mightier far) thy lord's.”

He spoke, and back Patroclus drew some space,  
Shunning the wrath of Him who smites from far.

Hector the while had rein'd his hoovèd steeds  
Under the Scæan gates, and ponder'd there  
Whether again to urge them through the rout,  
Or bid the host retire within the walls.  
By whom, thus doubting, Phœbus took his stand  
In likeness of a strong man in his prime,  
Asius, brave Hector's uncle, brother-born  
To Hecuba, and Dymas was their sire ;  
But Asius dwelt in Phrygia, on the banks  
Of Sangarus ; and in his image now  
Appear'd divine Apollo, speaking thus :

“ Why, Hector, from the battle rests thine arm ?  
It ill befits thee. Would to heaven I were  
As much thy stronger, as I am thy less ;  
Then haply this thy stay were to thy hurt !  
But rouse thee, and against Patroclus guide  
These strong-shod steeds ; and peradventure thou  
Shalt slay him, if Apollo grant thee fame.”

He spoke, and through the battle pass'd away.

Then Hector to Cebriones gave word  
To thong the horses forward, whilst the God,  
Moving amongst the mellay, wrought dismay,  
Confusion to Achaia, but to 'Troy  
And Hector gave companionship of fame.

"Εκτωρ δ' ἄλλους μὲν Δαναοὺς ἔα οὐδ' ἐνάριζεν·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Πάτροκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους.  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀφ' ἵππων ἄλτο χαμᾶζε  
 σκαιῇ ἔγχος ἔχων· ἐτέρηφι δὲ λάζετο πέτρον  
 μάρμαρου ὀκριόενθ', ὃν οἱ περὶ χεῖρ ἐκάλυψεν.  
 ἦκε δ' ἐρεισάμενος, οὐδὲ δὴν χάζετο φωτὸς,  
 οὐδ' ἀλίωσε βέλος, βάλε δ' "Εκτορος ἥνιοχῆα,  
 Κεβριόνην, νόθον υἱὸν ἀγακλῆος Πριάμοιο,  
 ἵππων ἥνι' ἔχοντα, μετώπιον ὀξεί λαί.  
 ἀμφοτέρας δ' ὀφρὺς σύνελεν λίθος, οὐδέ οἱ ἔσχεν  
 ὀστέον, ὀφθαλμοὶ δὲ χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίησιν  
 αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτήρι ἐοικώς  
 κάππεσ' ἀπ' εὐεργέος δίφρου, λίπε δ' ὅστέα θυμός.  
 τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφησ, Πατρόκλεις ἵππευ·

740

"Ω πόποι, ἦ μάλ' ἐλαφρὸς ἀνὴρ· ὥς ρεῖα κυβιστᾷ.  
 εἰ δὴ που καὶ πόντῳ ἐν ἰχθυόεντι γένοιτο,  
 πολλοὺς ἂν κορέσειεν ἀνὴρ ὅδε τήθεα διφῶν,  
 νηὸς ἀποθρώσκων, εἰ καὶ δυσπέμφελος εἴη,  
 ὥς νῦν ἐν πεδίῳ ἐξ ἵππων ρεῖα κυβιστᾷ.  
 ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν Τρώεσσι κυβιστητῆρες ἔασιν."

750

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐπὶ Κεβριόνη ἥρωϊ βεβήκει,  
 οἶμα λέοντος ἔχων, ὅστε σταθμοὺς κεραίζων  
 ἔβλητο πρὸς στῆθος, ἐή τέ μιν ὤλεσεν ἀλκή·  
 ὥς ἐπὶ Κεβριόνη, Πατρόκλεις, ἄλσο μεμαῶς.  
 "Εκτωρ δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀφ' ἵππων ἄλτο χαμᾶζε.  
 τῷ περὶ Κεβριόναο λέονθ' ὥς δηριωθήτην,  
 ὥτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι περὶ κταμένης ἐλάφοιο,  
 ἄμφω πεινάοντε, μέγα φρουέοντε μάχεσθον·  
 ὥς περὶ Κεβριόναο δύω μῆστωρες αὐτῆς,  
 Πάτροκλός τε Μενoitιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος "Εκτωρ  
 ἔεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλεί χαλκῷ.  
 "Εκτωρ μὲν κεφαλῇφιν ἐπεὶ λάβεν, οὐχὶ μεθίει·  
 Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἔχεν ποδός· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι  
 Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.

760

"Ὡς δ' Εὐρὸς τε Νότος τ' ἐριδαίνετον ἀλλήλοισιν

All others Hector pass'd nor cared to kill,  
But only on Patroclus urg'd his steeds ;  
Which seeing leap'd the other to the earth,  
With left hand grasping spear, but in the right  
He held a white jagg'd stone, within the palm  
Firmly enclasp'd, and heaving hurl'd it forth,  
Nor err'd far from his aim, nor sped the stone  
Vainly, but struck the farfamed charioteer  
King Priam's bastard son Cebriones,  
Who held great Hector's reins, betwixt the brows.  
The brows were crush'd together, nor the bone  
Held, but the eyeballs dropp'd before his feet  
To earth ; and like a diver down he fell  
From his seat prone, and the breath left the corse ;  
Whereat in wanton mood Patroclus mock'd :

“Truly a nimble man ! How well he dives !  
So he were only on the pearly seas,  
Plunging for oysters, large would be the haul,  
Albeit the waves were rough, when he leap'd forth :  
So perfect this nice dive from car to earth,  
Such diving needs must be a trade in Troy !”

He spoke, and toward the fallen hero sprang,  
In wrath most like some lion, through the heart  
Smitten whilst ravaging a fold, to whom  
His own might is destruction ; thus sprang'st thou,  
Patroclus, eager on Cebriones ;  
But Hector likewise leap'd adverse to earth ;  
And so above the body both incensed  
Stood, as two lions 'midst a mountain's peaks  
Battling above the carcase of a roe,  
When both are hunger'd, mettled both alike ;  
Not otherwise above Cebriones  
Two equal lovers of the battle-cry,  
Bright Hector here, and there Menœtius' Son,  
Stood burning each to taste the other's blood.  
Hector had seized the head, nor let it go ;  
Patroclus gripp'd the foot ; and round the twain  
Both hosts fast gathering closed in cloud of war

As when the mighty winds of East and West

οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης βαθέην πελεμιζέμεν ὕλην,  
 φηγόν τε μελίην τε τανύφλοιόν τε κρίνειαν,  
 αἶτε πρὸς ἀλλήλας ἔβαλον τανήκεας ὄζους  
 ἡχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, πάταγος δέ τε ἀγνυμενάων,  
 ὥς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες 770  
 δῆλουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνῶντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο.  
 πολλὰ δὲ Κεβριόνην ἀμφ' ὀξέα δοῦρ' ἐπεπήγει  
 ἰοί τε πτερόεντες ἀπὸ νευρήφι θορόντες,  
 πολλὰ δὲ χερμάδια μεγάλ' ἀσπίδας ἐστυφέλιξαν  
 μαρναμένων ἀμφ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης  
 κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστί, λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

Ἵφρα μὲν Ἡέλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,  
 τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός·  
 ἦμος δ' Ἡέλιος μετενίσσεται βουλυτόνδε,  
 καὶ τότε δὴ ῥ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν Ἀχαιοὶ φέρτεροι ἦσαν. 780  
 ἐκ μὲν Κεβριόνην βελέων ἦρωα ἔρυσσαν.  
 Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς, καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλοντο,  
 Πάτροκλος δὲ Τρῶσιν κακὰ φρονέων ἐνόρουσεν.  
 τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε θοῶ ἀτάλαντος Ἀρηϊ,  
 σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, τρὶς δ' ἐννέα φῶτας ἔπεφνεν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος,  
 ἐνθ' ἄρα τοι, Πάτροκλε, φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή.  
 ἦντε γάρ τοι Φοῖβος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὕσμινῃ  
 δεινός· ὁ μὲν τὸν ἰόντα κατὰ κλόνον οὐκ ἐνόησεν·  
 ἥερι γὰρ πολλῇ κεκαλυμμένος ἀντεβόλησεν. 790  
 στῇ δ' ὄπιθε, πλῆξεν δὲ μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὤμῳ  
 χειρὶ καταπρηνεῖ, στρεφεδίνηθεν δὲ οἱ ὄσσε.  
 τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κρατὸς κυνέην βάλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·  
 ἡ δὲ κυλινδομένη καναχὴν ἔχε ποσσὶν ὑφ' ἵππων  
 αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια, μιάνησαν δὲ ἔθειραι  
 αἶματι καὶ κονίησι. πάρος γε μὲν οὐ θέμις ἦεν  
 ἵππόκομον πῆληκα μιαινέσθαι κονίησιν,  
 ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς θείοιο κάρη χαρίεν τε μέτωπον

Conflicting meet within a mountain-glen,  
To shake a forest to its inmost depths,  
Beech-tree, and ash, and slender cornel-wood ;  
The trees, with roar unutterable fill'd,  
Dash their long-stretching branches, each on each,  
And loud the crash of breaking boughs ; even thus  
Those hosts in ravage each on other leap'd,  
Nor either knew a thought of deadly fear.  
Many the spears around the corse infix'd,  
The wingèd arrows leaping from the strings,  
Many the huge stones on the shields repell'd  
Of those who fought about him ; he the while  
In the full whirl o' the dust-storm round him blown  
Lay giant-like—a mighty bulk out-spread—  
Lost to all chariotcerings evermore !

Ere yet the Sun had rounded the midsky,  
Darts flew and warriors fell on either side ;  
But when He 'gan incline towards cattle-call,  
Then, as in Fate's despite, the better show'd  
The Achaians, and from out the storm of darts  
Clear of the Trojans drew Cebriones,  
And straight 'gan off his shoulders strip the arms.  
But still Patroclus slaughtering rush'd on Troy :  
Thrice with a dreadful shout he sprang, nor less  
Than Ares seem'd, and thrice nine men he slew :  
But, when the fourth time of his godlike might  
He came—ah, then, Patroclus, then thine end  
Appear'd ; for bright Apollo met thee then  
In fatal fray ! Whom moving through the throng  
Patroclus saw not ; since in cloud enwrap'd  
He came, and stood behind him, and with hand  
Precipitate athwart his shoulders broad  
Smote him ; and straight his dazèd eyes spun round,  
Whilst off his head the God dash'd down the helm.  
Roll'd then and rang beneath the chargers' feet  
The vizor'd helm, and sank the plumes defiled  
By dust and blood ; never till now that crest  
Suffer'd such taint, nor could it suffer erst  
Then when the head of more than mortal man  
It guarded, and Achilles' beauteous brows ;

ῥυετ', Ἀχιλλῆος· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς Ἑκτορι δῶκεν  
 ἦ κεφαλῇ φορέειν, σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἦεν ὄλεθρος. 800  
 πᾶν δέ οἱ ἐν χεῖρεσσιν ἄγῃ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 βριθὺν μέγα στιβαρὸν κεκορυθμένον· αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων  
 ἄσπεῖς σὺν τελαμῶνι χαμαὶ πῆσε τερμιόεσσα.  
 λῦσε δέ οἱ θώρηκα ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων.  
 τὸν δ' ἄτῃ φρένας εἶλε, λύθην δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα,  
 στῇ δὲ ταφών· ὅπιθεν δὲ μετὰφρενον ὀξεί δουρὶ  
 ὤμων μεσσηγὺς σχεδόθεν βάλε Δάρδανος ἀνὴρ,  
 Πανθοίδης Εὐφορβος, ὃς ἡλικίην ἐκέκαστο  
 ἔγχρ' ἢ ἵπποσύνη τε, πόδεσσί τε καρπαλίμοισιν·  
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ τότε φῶτας ἐέκοσι βῆσεν ἀφ' ἵππων, 810  
 πρῶτ' ἔλθων σὺν ὄχεσφι, διδασκόμενος πολέμοιο·  
 ὃς τοι πρῶτος ἐφῆκε βέλος, Πατρόκλεις ἵππευ,  
 οὐδὲ δάμασσε· ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ' ὀμίλῳ,  
 ἐκ χροὸς ἀρπάξας δόρυ μείλινον, οὐδ' ὑπέμεινε  
 Πάτροκλον, γυμνὸν περ ἐόντ' ἐν δημοτῇτι.  
 Πάτροκλος δὲ θεοῦ πληγῇ καὶ δουρὶ δαμασθεὶς  
 ἀψ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.

Ἑκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μεγάλθυμον  
 ἀψ' ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξεί χαλκῷ,  
 ἀγχίμολόν ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὐτα δὲ δουρὶ 820  
 νεῖατον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσειν.  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε σὺν ἀκάμαντα λέων ἐβίησατο χάρμη,  
 ὥτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον  
 πίδακος ἀμφ' ὀλίγης· ἐθέλουσι δὲ πιέμεν ἄμφω·  
 πολλὰ δέ τ' ἀσθμαίνοντα λέων ἐδάμασσε βίηφι·  
 ὥς πολέας πέφνουτα Μενoitίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν  
 Ἑκτωρ Πριαμίδης σχεδὸν ἔγχρ' ἐθυμὸν ἀπηύρα,  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Πάτροκλ', ἦ που ἐφησθα πόλιν κεραϊζόμεν ἀμῆν, 830  
 Τρῳιάδας δὲ γυναικάς, ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ ἀπούρας,  
 ἄξειν ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,  
 νῆπιε· τάων δὲ πρόσθ' Ἑκτορος ὠκείες ἵπποι



But now Zeus granted it to Hector spoil.  
For death was on Patroclus : from his hands  
The sharp huge shadowing spear in splinters fell ;  
The buckler and the buckler's belt dropp'd down  
And left his limbs unshelter'd ; and the mail  
Round his broad breast was open'd by the God ;  
His sense wax'd heavy, and his knees grew faint ;  
He stood as one bewilder'd ; in whose rear  
Euphorbus, the fair son of Panthous, came  
(Euphorbus, of the Dardan youth unmatch'd  
In chariot's guidance, and in sleight of spear  
And speed of foot ; who, though so young and still  
A tyro in the battle, yet had cast  
Full twenty chiefs beneath him from their cars).  
He first, Patroclus, drave his lance against thee ;  
Yet slew thee not, but pluck'd the ashen shaft  
Quick from thy back, and turn'd to flight, soon lost  
Amongst the crowd ; all naked thou of arms,  
Yet durst he not withstand thee ! So subdued  
By stroke of an Immortal and that spear,  
Patroclus 'gan within his own array  
Retire, and fled from Fate ; whom half-withdrawn  
Hector beheld and in such wounded plight,  
And, through the files advancing, pierced his side  
Nigh the fifth rib, and drave the point right through.  
Loud clash'd his armour on him, as he fell,  
And falling, anguish'd all Achaia's host.  
As when a lion on a wild tusk'd boar  
Presses in battle joyous ; for the two  
High-mettled midst a mountain's peaks have met  
O'er a scant spring ; and both desire to drink ;  
Soon spent and panting sinks the boar subdued ;  
So Priameian Hector spear in hand,  
Approaching, robb'd Menœtius' Son of life,  
Slaying him, who had there his thousands slain ;  
And o'er him vaunting spake these wingèd words :  
    " To thine own heart, Patroclus, thou hadst said  
How thou wouldst make my city desolate,  
And bear the women of Troy across the seas  
To a dark life of slavery in your homes :  
Fond ! For before them bounded to the fray

ποσσὶν ὀρωρέχεται πολεμίζειν· ἔγχεϊ δ' αὐτὸς  
 Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι μεταπρέπω, ὃ σφιν ἀμύνω  
 ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον· σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γῦπες ἔδονται.  
 ἂ δεῖλ', οὐδέ τοι ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν χραίσμῃσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 ὅς πού τοι μάλα πολλὰ μένων ἐπετέλλετ' ἰόντι  
 ' μή μοι πρὶν ἰέναι, Πατρόκλεις ἵπποκέλευθε,  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, πρὶν Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο  
 αἱματόεντα χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαίξαι.  
 ὥς πού σε προσέφη, σοὶ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθεν."

840

Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφησ, Πατρόκλεις ἵππευ·  
 " ἦδη νῦν, Ἐκτορ, μεγάλ' εὖχεο· σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκεν  
 νίκην Ζεὺς Κρονίδης καὶ Ἀπόλλων, οἳ μ' ἐδάμασαν  
 ῥηιδίως· αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἔλοντο.  
 τοιοῦτοι δ' εἴπερ μοι ἐείκοσιν ἀντεβόλησαν.  
 πάντες κ' αὐτόθ' ὄλοντο ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.  
 ἀλλὰ με μοῖρ' ὀλοή καὶ Λητοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱός,  
 ἀνδρῶν δ' Εὐφορβος· σὺ δέ με τρίτος ἐξεναρίζεις.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·  
 οὐ θην οὐδ' αὐτὸς δηρὸν βέη, ἀλλὰ τοι ἦδη  
 ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή,  
 χερσὶ δαμέντ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο."

850

"Ὡς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν·  
 ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ρεθέων πταμένη Ἰδίοσδε βεβήκει,  
 ὁν πότμον γοώωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.  
 τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσήυδα φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ·

" Πατρόκλεις, τί νύ μοι μαντεύεαι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον ;  
 τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κ' Ἀχιλλεύς, Θέτιδος παῖς ἡϋκόμοιο,  
 φθῆῃ ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι ;"

860

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς  
 ἔρυσσε, λαῖξ προσβάς, τὸν δ' ὑπτιον ὦσ' ἀπὸ δουρός.  
 αὐτίκα δὲ ξὺν δουρὶ μετ' Αὐτομέδοντα βεβήκει,  
 ἀντίθεον θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο·  
 ἴετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ' ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι  
 ἄμβροτοι, οὓς Πηληϊεὶ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.

The steeds of Hector ; and myself excel  
 All warriors, warring for their sake, and keep  
 Such day of doom afar ; but thou becom'st  
 The food of vultures ! Oh most hapless ! Lo  
 Great as Achilles is, he boots thee not ;  
 Who, where he rested, bade thee forth, and said ;  
 ' Go thou, the mightiest of my men, and see  
 ' That thou return not hither ere thou boast  
 ' The corslet cleft in blood about the breast  
 ' Of baleful Hector'—these perchance his words,  
 And thus he then beguiled thy foolish soul."

To whom with failing breath Patroclus said .  
 " Yea, Hector ; loud of ample cause thy vaunt,  
 On whom Apollo and almighty Zeus  
 ' This victory have bestow'd ; with ease as Gods  
 They slay me, and themselves laid bare my breast.  
 Had twenty men like thee set all upon me,  
 So twenty should have perish'd by my spear.  
 But Fate, fell Fate hath slain me ; and of Gods  
 Apollo, and of men Euphorbus, struck ;  
 Thine but the third part in my death. Yet hear  
 These my last words, and lay them to thy heart :  
 Nor thou hast long to live ; but even now  
 I see Death stand—Death and a violent Fate  
 Beside thee ; and the child of Æacus,  
 The blameless chief Achilles, strikes thee down ! "

And as he spoke, Death wrapp'd him round ; and forth,  
 Forth from his limbs the spirit fled away,  
 Mourning the bloom and vigour that it left,  
 The beauty of manhood, and its own sad fate ;  
 Yet Hector still address'd him where he lay .

" Predoom'st thou me, Patroclus, to this death ?  
 Yet it may hap that Peleus' noble Son  
 Shall be the first to perish by my spear."

He spoke, and stamp'd his heel upon the corse,  
 And pluck'd the brazen weapon from the wound,  
 And toss'd him off the point supine ; then sped  
 With the same spear to slay Automedon ;  
 But him, whom he would fain have smit, the steeds  
 Immortal, and the glorious gift of Gods  
 To Peleus, swiftly bare secure away.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ρ'.

Μενελάου ἀριστεία.

Οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Ἀτρέος υἷὸν ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον,  
Πάτροκλος Τρώεσσι δαμεῖς ἐν δηιοτήτι.  
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἶθοπι χαλκῷ,  
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῷ βαῖν' ὥς τις περὶ πόρτακι μῆτηρ  
πρωτοτόκος κινυρῇ, οὐ πρὶν εἰδυῖα τόκοιο·  
ὥς περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βαῖνε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.  
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ' ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐίστην,  
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαῶς, ὅστις τοῦγ' ἀντίος ἔλθοι.  
οὐδ' ἄρα Πάνθου υἱὸς ἐϋμμελὴς ἀμέλησεν  
Πατρόκλοιο πεσόντος ἀμύμονος· ἄγχι δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ  
ἔσπε, καὶ προσέειπεν ἀρηίφιλον Μενέλαον·

10

“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Μενέλαε, διοτρεφεῖς, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,  
χάζεο, λείπε δὲ νεκρὸν, ἔα δ' ἔναρα βροτόεντα·  
οὐ γάρ τις πρότερος Τρώων κλειτῶν τ' ἐπικούρῳν  
Πάτροκλον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·  
τῷ με ἔα κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρέσθαι,  
μή σε βάλῃ, ἀπὸ δὲ μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἔλωμαι.”

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·  
“ Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ μὲν καλὸν ὑπέρβιον εὐχετάασθαι.  
οὔτ' οὖν παρδάλιος τόσσον μένος οὔτε λέοντος  
οὔτε συὸς κάπρου ὀλοόφρονος, οὔτε μέγιστος  
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περὶ σθένει βλεμεαίνει,  
ὅσσον Πάνθου υἱὲς ἐϋμμελῆαι φρονέουσιν.  
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ βίῃ Ὑπερήνορος ἵπποδάμοιο  
ἧς ἤβης ἀπόννηθ', ὅτε μ' ὤνατο καὶ μ' ὑπέμεινεν  
καὶ μ' ἔφατ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἐλέγχιστον πολεμιστὴν

20

## ILIAD XVII.

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Nor by brave Menelaus, Atreus' son,  
Patroclus fell in battle there unmark'd ;  
Straight through the foremost in his flashing arms  
He push'd, and took his station o'er the dead.  
As moves the mother round a new-dropp'd calf,  
Her first-born, moaning, nor hath known till then  
The pains of bearing ; so moved Menelas  
Around the body of the slain, and held  
His spear and full-orb'd buckler well in front,  
Ready to slay whoever durst assail.

But Panthous' warlike Son had also seen,  
And now approach'd, and to the other spake ;  
" Chieftain Zeus-born, and leader of the host !  
Withdraw thee, quit the body, and permit  
To me the bloody trophy of those arms.  
None of all Troy nor Troy's renown'd allies  
Boasts to have struck Patroclus ere I struck ;  
Suffer then that I take the fame I won  
Lest else thine own sweet life be also lost."

To whom the hero of the auburn hair :  
" Hear'st thou, O Father Zeus, this youngling boast ?  
Yet is vain-glory a dishonouring thing.  
Not pard nor lion nor the deadly boar  
(In his wild mood the fiercest of the field)  
Lift up their heads so high as these great sons  
Of Panthous, heroes with their ashen spears !  
Yet of his youth brave Hyperenor found  
No profit, when he dared revile my name  
And stand against me, saying in his heart  
Of all the Danaans I was least to dread ;

ἔμμεναι· οὐδέ ἔ' φημι πόδεσσί γε οἷσι κιάοντα  
 εὐφρῆναι ἄλοχόν τε φίλην κεδνούς τε τοκῆας.  
 ὥς θην καὶ σὸν ἐγὼ λύσω μένος, εἴ κέ μευ ἄντα  
 στήης· ἀλλὰ σ' ἔγωγ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω  
 ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἴστασ' ἐμείω,  
 πρὶν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω.”

30

“Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ πείθεν· ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·  
 “νῦν μὲν δὴ, Μενέλαε διοτρεφὲς, ἡ μάλα τίσεις  
 γνωτὸν ἐμὸν, τὸν ἔπεφνες, ἐπευχόμενος δ' ἀγορεύεις,  
 χήρωςας δὲ γυναῖκα μυχῶ θαλάμοιο νέοιο,  
 ἀρητὸν δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας.  
 ἡ κέ σφιν δειλοῖσι γόου κατὰπαυμα γενοίμην,  
 εἴ κεν ἐγὼ κεφαλὴν τε τεῆν καὶ τεύχε' ἐνείκας  
 Πάνθῳ ἐν χεῖρεσσι βάλω καὶ Φρόντιδι δίῃ.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ἔτι δηρὸν ἀπείρητος πόνος ἔσται  
 οὐδέ τ' ἀδῆριτος ἦτ' ἄλκῃς ἦτε φόβοιο.”

40

“Ὡς εἰπὼν οὕτωςε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐίστην·  
 οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκὸν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ  
 ἀσπιδὶ ἐνὶ κρατερῇ· ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ὤρνωτο χαλκῶ  
 Ατρείδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί.  
 ἄψ δ' ἀναχαζόμεοιο κατὰ στομάχοιο θέμεθλα  
 νύξ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρεῖν χειρὶ πιθήσας·  
 ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή.  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἄράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῶ.  
 αἷματί οἱ δεύοντο κόμαι Χαρίτεσσιν ὁμοῖαι  
 πλοχμοὶ θ', οὐ χρυσῶ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ ἐσφῆκωντο.  
 οἶον δὲ τρέφει ἔρνος ἀνὴρ ἐριθηλὲς ἐλαίης  
 χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, ὅθ' ἄλις ἀναβέβρυχεν ὕδωρ,  
 καλὸν τηλεθάον· τὸ δὲ τε πνοιαί δονέουσιν  
 παντοίων ἀνέμων, καὶ τε βρύει ἀνθεὶ λευκῶ·  
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἐξαπίνης ἄνεμος σὺν λαίλαπι πολλῇ  
 βόθρου τ' ἐξέτρεψε καὶ ἐξετάνυσσ' ἐπὶ γαλή·  
 τοῖον Πάνθου νιὸν ἐϋμμελὴν Ἐύφορβον

50

For never shall he walk again the earth,  
His wife to gladden or his parents dear.  
And so with thee, and I will loose thy strength  
If thou still stand'st against me. Rather hear  
My warning, and withdraw thee to thy men,  
Stand not persistent, till the stroke hath fallen;  
'Tis a fool's part, repentance all too late."

He spoke, but turn'd him not, who answer'd thus :  
"Yea, him my brother thou slewest, and for him  
Thou now shalt give the ransom ; though thou boast  
How thou hast widow'd in the still recess  
Of her new bridal-chamber his dear wife,  
And laid a hopeless sorrow on his sire,  
Yet of their mourning should I make an end,  
If in his father's lap, and in the sight  
Of the fair Phrontis, I could fling thy head  
The peril then no longer be untried,  
To battle—be the issue life or death !"

He spoke, and struck full on the orb'd shield,  
Yet the spear pierced not through ; the point was bent  
Backward within the hides. Then in his turn  
Rose Menelaus with a shining lance,  
And call'd in prayer on Father Zeus, and pierced  
The other, as he drew him back, i' the throat,  
Ev'n at the gullet's lowest ; onward then,  
Following his spear, well-weening of his might,  
The hero sprang, and drove the point right through  
His enemy's slender neck ; who dropp'd on earth  
Outstretch'd, and loud around him rang his arms.  
Sank draggled then in blood his tresses, fair  
As crown the heavenly Graces, and the locks  
Braided in gold and silver, smirch'd and stain'd.  
Like as an olive, in a lonely nook  
Nursed by a husbandman, where waters run  
Redundant, breaks luxuriant into bloom ;  
All gales breathe fresh and rock it to and fro,  
Till into flower it bursts and blossoms white ;  
Black with a sudden storm a wind may come,  
And lay it from its furrow torn on earth ;  
So fell Euphorbus, Panthous' warlike son,

Ἄτρεϊδης Μενέλαος ἐπεὶ κτάνε, τεύχε' ἐσύλα. 60

Ὦς δ' ὅτε τίς τε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ἀλκὴ πεποιθὼς,  
βοσκομένης ἀγέλης βοῦν ἀρπάσῃ, ἥτις ἀρίστη·  
τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν  
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἶμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει  
δῆλῶν· ἀμφὶ δὲ τόνγε κύνες τ' ἄνδρες τε νομῆες  
πολλὰ μάλ' ἰύζουσιν ἀπόπροθεν οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν  
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι· μάλα γὰρ χλωρὸν δέος αἶρεϊ·  
ὥς τῶν οὔτινι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐτόλμα  
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο.

ἔνθα κε ῥεῖα φέροι κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πανθοίδαο 70  
Ἄτρεϊδης, εἰ μὴ οἱ ἀγάσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
ὅς ῥά οἱ Ἕκτορ' ἐπώρσε θοῶ ἀτάλαντον Ἄρην,  
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, Κικόνων ἡγήτορι Μέντῃ·  
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἕκτορ, νῦν σὺ μὲν ὧδε θέεις, ἀκίχῃτα διώκων,  
ἵππους Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἱ δ' ἀλεγεῖνοὶ  
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἢ δ' ὀχέεσθαι,  
ἄλλῃ γ' ἢ Ἀχιλλῇι, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.  
τόφρα δέ τοι Μενέλαος, Ἀρήϊος Ἀτρεὺς υἱός,  
Πατρόκλῳ περιβὰς Τρώων τὸν ἄριστον ἔπεφνε, 80  
Πανθοίδην Εὐφορβον, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.”

Ὦς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἀμπύνον ἀνδρῶν.  
Ἕκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἀμφιμελαίνας·  
πάπτηνεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα κατὰ στίχας, αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω  
τὸν μὲν ἀπαινύμενον κλυτὰ τεύχεα, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
κείμενον· ἔρρει δ' αἶμα κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλήν.  
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,  
ὀξέα κεκληγὼς, φλογὶ εἵκελος Ἥφαιστοιο  
ἀσβέστω· οὐδ' υἱὸν λάθην Ἀτρεὺς ὀξὺν βοήσας·  
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν· 90

“ὦ μοι ἐγὼν, εἰ μὲν κε λίπω κάτα τεύχεα καλὰ



Slain by the spear of Menelaus there,  
Who straight 'gan strip the armour off the slain.

And as a lion, weening of his strength,  
Comes from his cradle on the hills, and springs,  
Seizing the fairest of a grazing herd ;  
He cracks its neck in sunder, in firm fangs  
Clenching it close, and rends the paunch, and laps  
The blood and flowing offal ; some space off  
All round him hounds and shouting neatherds raise  
An outcry, but against him dare not go,  
For pale the panic holds them , so the hearts  
Of none were bold to face that glorious chief .  
Who had achieved that armour for his spoil  
Had not Apollo grudged it, and himself,  
In guise of Mentès, the Ciconian chief,  
Drew near where Hector Ares-like stood arm'd,  
Kindling his courage with these wingèd words :

“ Hector, whilst thou thus wanderest in pursuit  
Of what may ne'er be won, the heavenly steeds  
Of great Æacides (and hard were they  
For mortal man to manage or to yoke,  
Save one, of an immortal mother born,  
Their lord Achilles), Atreus' Son meantime,  
Brave Menelaus, round Patroclus' corse  
Ranges victorious, and hath slain the youth  
Euphorbus, and for ever stay'd his might.”

So spake the God, and through the moil pass'd on.

But heavy o'er the soul of Hector came  
A cloud of sorrow ; round him through the rout  
He look'd, and straightway saw the two— the one  
Stripping the armour off, the other slain,  
The life-blood streaming from the mouthèd wound.  
Then thither through the foremost straight he went,  
With shrilly shout, and dazzling in his mail,  
Like to Hephæstus and his quenchless fires :  
But not unheard of Atreus' Son that cry,  
And to his own brave heart, much-moved, he said ;

“ Unhappy that I am ! For if I quit

Πάτροκλόν θ', ὃς κείται ἐμῆς ἔνεκ' ἐνθάδε τιμῆς,  
 μή τις μοι Δαναῶν νεμεσῆσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδῃται.  
 εἰ δέ κεν Ἑκτορι μῦνος ἐὼν καὶ Τρωσὶ μάχωμαι  
 αἰδεσθεῖς, μή πως με περιστήωσ' ἓνα πολλοί·  
 Τρῶας δ' ἐνθάδε πάντας ἄγει κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ.  
 ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός ;  
 ὁππότ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃ πρὸς δαίμονα φωτὶ μάχεσθαι  
 ὅν κε θεὸς τιμᾷ, τάχα μέγα πῆμα κυλίσθη.  
 τῷ μ' οὔτις Δαναῶν νεμεσῆσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδῃται  
 Ἑκτορι χωρήσαντ', ἐπεὶ ἐκ θεόφιν πολεμίζει.  
 εἰ δέ που Αἴαντός γε βοὴν ἀγαθοῖο πυθοίμην,  
 ἄμφω κ' αὖτις ἰόντες ἐπιμνησαίμεθα χάρμης  
 καὶ πρὸς δαίμονά περ, εἴ πως ἐρυσαιέμεθα νεκρὸν  
 Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλλῇ· κακῶν δέ κε φέρτατον εἴη."

100

Εἶος ὁ ταυτ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,  
 τόφρα δ' ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον· ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἑκτώρ.  
 αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, λείπε δὲ νεκρὸν  
 ἐντροπαλιζόμενος, ὥστε λῖς ἡνυγένειος,  
 ὅν ῥα κύνες τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀπὸ σταθμοῖο δίωνται  
 ἔγχεσι καὶ φωνῇ· τοῦ δ' ἐν φρεσὶν ἄλκιμον ἦτορ  
 παχυνοῦται, ἀέκων δέ τ' ἔβη ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο·  
 ὥς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο κίε ξανθὸς Μειέλαος.  
 στή δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπεὶ ἔκετο ἔθνος ἐταίρων,  
 παπταίνων Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον νιόν.  
 τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἰψ' ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ πάσης  
 θαρσύνονθ' ἐτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι·  
 θεσπέσιον γάρ σφιν φόβον ἔμβαλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·  
 βῆ δὲ θέειν, εἴθαρ δὲ παριστάμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

110

“ Αἴαν, δεῦρο, πέπον, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος  
 σπεύσομεν, αἶ κε νέκυν περ Ἀχιλλῇ προφέρωμεν  
 γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τάγε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ.”

120

Ὡς ἔφατ', Αἴαντί δὲ daίφρονι θυμὸν ὄριεν.  
 θῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων, ἅμα δὲ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.

This splendid armour, and leave him, who fell  
Battling for vengeance of my wrong with Troy,  
Truly whoe'er behold may cry me shame ;  
Yet, if I stand for honour's sake alone  
'Gainst Hector and all Troy, myself, being one,  
Will soon be compass'd by the numerous host  
Whom Hector gathers hither :—Tush, my heart,  
Why hold'st thou this debate ? For, whosoe'er  
Knows Heav'n against him, yet still stands to face  
Whom Heav'n doth honour, great will be his fall.  
None therefore who behold may cry me shame ,  
Yielding to Hector now, I yield to Heaven  
And, if elsewhere I could but catch the cry  
Of valiant Ajax, we might both return  
Together, and would then renew the fight,  
Though against Heaven itself, until we bare  
To Peleus' Son this body of his friend :  
The choice is but of evils ; this the least."

Whilst in his secret soul he ponder'd thus,  
The ranks of Troy drew near, and Hector first.  
Rearward he fell, yet on the corse behind  
Cast many a look regretful ; as retreats  
A full-maned lion from a fold, whom hounds  
And herdsmen drive with spear and shout, that freeze  
The valiant heart within him ; loth and slow  
He draws him off the flock ; ev'n so withdrew  
Back from Patroclus Atreus' hero-son ;  
Yet, soon as he regain'd his own array,  
Turn'd him all round, and look'd about, in quest  
Of Ajax, the great son of Telamon :  
And quick descried him, on the battle's left,  
Kindling, bestirring to the war, his men,  
On whom had Phoebus breathed a panic-fear.  
Swift to his side he ran, and spake, and said :

"Haste, Ajax, this way haste, and with me join  
To save Patroclus' body—so at least  
To bear it to his lord Achilles home,  
Though stripp'd and soil'd ; for Hector hath the arms."

He spoke ; his words moved Ajax to the heart,  
And both together thrust them to the front.

"Εκτωρ μὲν Πάτροκλον, ἐπεὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα,  
 ἔλχ', ἵν' ἀπ' ὤμοιιν κεφαλὴν τάμοι ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
 τὸν δὲ νέκυν Τρωῆσιν ἐρυσσάμενος κυσὶ δοίῃ.  
 Αἶας δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε, φέρων σάκος ἥντε πύργον.  
 "Εκτωρ δ' ἄψ' ἐς ὄμιλον ἰὼν ἀνεχάζεθ' ἑταίρων,  
 ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀνόρουσε· δίδου δ' ὄγε τεύχεα καλὰ  
 Τρωσὶ φέρειν προτὶ ἄστν, μέγα κλέος ἔμμεναι αὐτῷ.  
 Αἶας δ' ἀμφὶ Μενουτιάδῃ σάκος εὐρὺ καλύψας  
 ἐστήκειν ὥς τις τε λέων περὶ οἴσι τέκεσσιν,  
 ᾧ ῥά τε νήπι' ἄγοντι συναυτήσωνται ἐν ὕλῃ  
 ἄνδρες ἐπακτῆρες· ὁ δὲ τε σθένει βλεμεαίνει·  
 πᾶν δέ τ' ἐπισκύνιον κάτω ἔλκεται ὅσσε καλύπτων·  
 ὥς Αἶας περὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ βεβήκει.  
 Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν, ἀρηίφίλος Μενέλαος,  
 ἐστήκει, μέγα πένθος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀέξων.

130

Γλαῦκος δ', Ἴππολόχοιο παῖς, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν, 140  
 "Εκτορ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἡνίπαπε μύθῳ·

"Εκτορ, εἶδος ἄριστε, μάχης ἄρα πολλὸν ἐδεύεο.  
 ἦ σ' αὐτῶς κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἔχει, φύξῃλιν ἐόντα.  
 φράζεο νῦν ὅππως κε πόλιν καὶ ἄστν σαώσεις  
 οἶος σὺν λαοῖσι, τοὶ Ἰλῖῳ ἐγγεγάασιν·  
 οὐ γάρ τις Λυκίων γε μαχησόμενος Δαναοῖσιν  
 εἴσι περὶ πτόλιος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν,  
 μάρνασθαι δηλοῖσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ.  
 πῶς κε σὺ χεῖρονα φῶτα σαώσεις μεθ' ὄμιλον,  
 σχέτλ', ἐπεὶ Σαρπηδόν', ἅμα ξεῖνον καὶ ἑταῖρον,  
 κάλλιπες Ἀργεῖοισιν ἔλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι,  
 ὅς τοι πόλλ' ὄφελος γένετο, πτόλει τε καὶ αὐτῷ,  
 ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν δ' οὐ οἱ ἀλαλκόμεναι κύνας ἔτλης.  
 τῷ νῦν εἴ τις ἐμοὶ Λυκίων ἐπιπείσεται ἀνδρῶν,  
 οἷκαδ' ἔμην Τροίῃ δὲ πεφήσεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.  
 εἰ γὰρ νῦν Τρώεσσι μένος πολυθαρσὺς ἐνείη,  
 ἄτρομον, οἶόν τ' ἄνδρας ἐσέρχεται οἷ περὶ πατρὸς

150

Hector had meantime stripp'd those famous arms,  
And was now trailing off the corse, with thought  
The head to sever from the shoulders sheer,  
And fling the body to the dogs of 'Troy ;  
When Ajax with his towerlike shield approach'd.  
Then Hector shrank into the throng, and sprang  
Into his car, yet gave the famous arms  
To be convey'd to Ilion and display'd  
In glory to his name ; whilst Ajax took  
Stand unopposed, shielding Menœtius' Son.  
Like as a lioness shows amongst her whelps,  
Assail'd by village-hunters as she leads  
Her litter through a forest ; wroth she stands,  
Infuriate, and, with scowling brows drawn down,  
Makes o'er her eyes a veil ; such Ajax show'd  
Moving around Patroclus ; at whose side  
Stood Menelaus also, Atreus' son,  
Still sorrowing, and his sorrow wax'd more.

But Lycia's chief, Glaucus, cast angry eye  
On Hector, and address'd a stern rebuke :  
“ Hector, in form most glorious, in thy deeds  
Found lacking ! False the fame that rings thee round,  
Who art a craven mere ! But take thou thought  
How thou with thine own folk and natives born  
Henceforth mayst hold alone thy city safe :  
For from this day of Lycia none shall move  
To battle for this all ungrateful town ;  
Small thanks we get, though endless war we wage.  
What hope hath lesser man of help from thee,  
Thou stony-hearted ! who couldst leave of late  
The body of Sarpedon—there to lie,  
Thy guest, thy friend, to Argos spoil and prey ?  
Great gain he was to thee and all thy state,  
From whom thou hast not cared to drive the dogs.  
Wherefore, if any Lycian hears my voice,  
I bid him home depart, and leave these men  
To the dread ruin settling on their heads.  
For if they felt a spark of that true fire  
Which should enkindle men who meet a foe

ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πόνον καὶ δῆριν ἔθεντο,  
 αἰψά κε Πατρόκλον ἐρυσαίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω.  
 εἰ δ' οὗτος προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος 160  
 ἔλθοι τεθνηὼς καὶ μιν ἐρυσαίμεθα χάρμης,  
 αἰψά πεν Ἀργεῖοι Σαρπηδόνος ἔντεα καλὰ  
 λύσειαν, καὶ κ' αὐτὸν ἀγοίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω·  
 τοίου γὰρ θεράπων πέφατ' ἀνέρος, ὃς μέγ' ἄριστος  
 Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχιέμαχοι θεράποντες.  
 ἀλλὰ σύγ' Αἴαντος μεγαλήτορος οὐκ ἐτάλασσας  
 στήμεναι ἄντα, κατ' ὅσσε ἰδὼν δηλῶν ἐν αὐτῇ,  
 οὐδ' ἰθὺς μαχέσασθαι, ἐπεὶ σέο φέρτερός ἐστιν."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·  
 "Γλαῦκε, τίη δὲ σὺ τοῖος ἐὼν ὑπέροπλον ἔειπες; 170  
 ὦ πόποι, ἦ τ' ἐφάμην σε περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,  
 τῶν ὅσσοι Λυκίην ἐριβώλακα ναιετάουσιν·  
 νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες,  
 ὅστε με φῆς Αἴαντα πελώριον οὐχ ὑπομείναι.  
 οὔτοι ἐγὼν ἔρριγα μάχην οὐδὲ κτύπον ἵππων·  
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ γε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος αἰγιόχοιο,  
 ὅστε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην  
 ῥηϊδίως, ὅτ' αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ' ἔμ' ἵστασο καὶ ἴδε ἔργον,  
 ἥε πανημέριος κακὸς ἔσσομαι, ὥς ἀγορεύεις, 180  
 ἢ τινα καὶ Δαναῶν, ἀλκῆς μάλα περ μεμαῶτα,  
 σχήσω ἀμυνέμεναι περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."

Ὡς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν αὔσας·  
 "Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχῆται,  
 ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,  
 ὅφρ' ἂν ἐγὼν Ἀχιλλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔντεα δύο  
 καλὰ, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξα κατακτάς."

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ  
 δηῖον ἐκ πολέμοιο· θέων δ' ἐκίχανεν ἐταίρους  
 ὦκα μάλ', οὐπω τῇλ' ἐ, ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι μετασπῶν, 190  
 αἰ προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλεϊῶνος.

In fiercest battle for their hearths and homes,  
Soon in the walls of Ilion then were drawn  
This body of Patroclus, and were this  
Safe to the palaces of Priam borne,  
Could we but win this from the battle's midst,  
Then would the Argives yield us back their spoil,  
Sarpedon's arms and *him* too we might bear  
Within the walls of Ilion, ransom'd home :  
Of such a man is he the dear loved friend,  
Who now hath fall'n and his companions near—  
Even of their greatest, Peleus' noble son.  
So might it be ; but thou hast not the heart  
To meet brave Ajax, and hadst hardly seen  
His visage in the battle, ere thou shrank'st  
A craven, knowing him the better far."

To whom bright-helmèd Hector sternly thus :  
" Glaucus, come these vain-glorious words from thee ?  
Thee, whom for wisdom I have ever deem'd  
Foremost of all who in rich Lycia dwell,  
But now must blame for this thy witless word,  
That I against great Ajax dare not stand.  
I fear not battle nor the tramp of steeds ;  
But ever Zeus' high will surpasseth mine ;  
Zeus, who oft frights the bravest, from his arm  
Taking away the victory with all ease,  
And oft again enkindling to the war.  
On, therefore, with me, friend ; fight by my side ;  
And see and know if all this day I seem  
The craven that thou nam'st me ; well I wot,  
Some Danaans, in despite of all their strength,  
My spear shall stay from this dead hero's corse ! "

He spoke and to the Trojans shouting turn'd ;  
" Trojans and Lycians, Dardan men-at-arms !  
Stand fâst, O friends, and mindful of your might,  
Whilst in the arms of Pelcus' blameless Son  
I clothe me, from Patroclus slain my spoil."

The bright helm'd hero spoke, and moved away  
From out the slaughterous strife, and ran, and caught,  
Pursuing with quick feet, the men still nigh,  
Who bore that famous armour tow'rd the town.

στὰς δ' ἀπάνευθε μάχης πολυδακρύτου ἐντε' ἄμειβεν·  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν τὰ ἅ δῶκε φέρειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρήν  
 Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν, ὁ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δύνει  
 Πηλεΐδευ Ἀχιλλῆος, ἃ οἱ θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνας  
 πατρὶ φίλῳ ἔπορον· ὁ δ' ἄρα ᾧ παιδί ὄπασσεν  
 γηράς· ἀλλ' οὐχ υἱὸς ἐν ἔντεσι πατρὸς ἐγήρα.

Τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἀπάνευθεν ἶδεν νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς  
 τεύχεσι Πηλεΐδαο κορυσσόμενον θείοιο,  
 κινήσας ῥα κάρη προτὶ δὴν μυθήσατο θυμόν·

200

“ Ἄ δεῖλ', οὐδέ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιός ἐστιν,  
 ὅς δὴ τοι σχεδὸν εἴσι· σὺ δ' ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δύνεις  
 ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος, τὸν τε τρομέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι.  
 τοῦ δὴ ἐταῖρου ἔπεφνες ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε,  
 τεύχεα δ' οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων  
 εἴλειψ· ἅτάρ τοι νῦν γε μέγα κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,  
 τῶν ποιυήν ὃ τοι οὔτι μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι  
 δέξεται Ἀνδρομάχη κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλείωνος.”

Ἦ καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὄφρυσιν νεῦσε Κρονίων.  
 Ἔκτορι δ' ἤρμωσε τεύχε' ἐπὶ χροῖ, δὴ δέ μιν Ἄρης  
 δεινὸς ἐνυάλιος, πλήσθεν δ' ἄρα οἱ μέλε' ἐντὸς  
 ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος. μετὰ δὲ κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους  
 βῆ ῥα μέγα ἰάχων· ἰνδάλλετο δὲ σφίσι πᾶσιν  
 τεύχεσι λαμπόμενος μεγαθύμου Πηλείωνος.  
 ὥτρυνεν δὲ ἕκαστον ἐποιχόμενος ἐπέεσσιν,  
 Μέσθλην τε Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε,  
 Ἀστεροπαῖόν τε Δεισήνορά θ' Ἴππόθοόν τε,  
 Φορκυν τε Χρομίον τε καὶ Ἐυνομον οἰωνιστήν·  
 τοὺς ὄγ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

210

“ Κέκλυτε, μυρία φύλα περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων·

220



And standing from the perilous fray aloof  
He changed his harness ; that which late he wore  
He gave to sacred Ilion to be borne  
By hands of those same warlike sons of Troy ;  
But donn'd the other, ev'n the immortal mail  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles ; which the Gods  
Bestow'd on Peleus ; Peleus in old age  
On his dear son ; but in the father's arms  
The son grew never, like the father, old.

Then Zeus supreme amidst the clouds look'd down  
From heaven, and saw him girding on the mail  
Of his great foe Peleion, and for ruth  
Bow'd down his head, and to his own heart spake .

“Death is not in thy thoughts, most wretched man,  
Yet is it near thee : the immortal arms  
Of that surpassing chieftain, at whose sight  
All others tremble, thou art girding on ;  
And thou hast slain his brave and gentle friend,  
And stripp'd the armour from his head and limbs,  
Which it belongeth scarce to man to wear ;  
Yet, forasmuch as fair Andromache  
Shall ne'er receive or see that glorious spoil,  
Nor welcome thee her lord from battle home,  
More glorious fame I will the while vouchsafe.”

Kroneion spake, and o'er his azure brows  
Bow'd low his head ; whose Nod confirm'd the word.

The arms were apt to Hector ; into whom  
The spirit of Ares Enyalios pass'd  
Forceful, and fill'd his limbs with strength and life.  
Through the renown'd allies he passed with shout,  
Showing to all from out the armour's blaze  
Most like to Peleus' noble-hearted son.  
One after one he stirr'd them with his voice,  
Mesthles, Deiscnor, and Thersilochus,  
Asteropæus, and Hippothous,  
Medon, and Glaucus, Ennomus the seer,  
Chromius, and Phorcys ; these with kindling speech  
He quicken'd, and address'd his wingèd words :

“Hear me, my thousand neighbours and allies !

οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πληθὺν διζήμενος οὐδὲ χατίζων  
 ἐνθάδ' ἄφ' ὑμετέρων πολλῶν ἡγείρα ἔκαστον,  
 ἀλλ' ἵνα μοι Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα  
 προφρονέως ῥύοισθε φιλοπτολέμων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.  
 τὰ φρονέων δώροισι κατατρήχω καὶ ἐδωδῇ  
 λαοῦς, ὑμέτερον δὲ ἐκάστου θυμὸν ἀέξω.  
 τῷ τις νῦν ἰθὺς τετραμμένος ἢ ἀπολέσθω,  
 ἢ σαωθήτω· ἡ γὰρ πολέμου ὀαριστὺς.  
 ὃς δέ κε Πάτροκλον, καὶ τεθνηῶτά περ, ἔμψης  
 Τρῶας ἐς ἵπποδάμους ἐρύσῃ, εἴξῃ δέ οἱ Αἴλας,  
 ἡμῖσιν τῷ ἐνάρων ἀποδάσσομαι, ἡμῖσιν δ' αὐτὸς  
 εἴξω ἐγώ· τὸ δέ οἱ κλέος ἔσσεται ὅσσον ἐμοὶ περ.”

230

ὧς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν βρίσαντες ἔβησαν,  
 δούρατ' ἀνασχόμενοι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς  
 νεκρὸν ὑπ' Αἴαντος ἐρύειν Τελαμωνιάδαο·  
 νήπιοι· ἢ τε πολέσσιν ἐπ' αὐτῷ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.  
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοῇν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·

“ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε διοτρεφεῖς, οὐκέτι νῶϊ  
 ἔλπομαι αὐτῷ περ νοστησέμεν ἐκ πολέμοιο.  
 οὔτι τόσον νέκυος περιδείδια Πατροκλαιο,  
 ὃς κε τάχα Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἢ δ' οἰωνούς,  
 ὅσσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ περιδείδια, μή τι πάθῃσιν,  
 καὶ σῇ, ἐπεὶ πολέμοιο νέφος περὶ πάντα καλύπτει,  
 Ἐκτωρ, ἡμῖν δ' αὖτ' ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν κάλει, ἣν τις ἀκούσῃ.”

240

ὧς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε βοῇν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,  
 ἦυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἢ δὲ μέδοντες,  
 οὔτε παρ' Ἀτρείδης, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάφ,  
 δῆμια πίνουσιν καὶ σημαίνουσιν ἕκαστος  
 λαοῖς· ἐκ δὲ Διὸς τιμὴ καὶ κῦδος ὀπηδεῖ.  
 ἀργαλέον δέ μοι ἐστι διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστον  
 ἡγεμόνων· τόσση γὰρ ἔρις πολέμοιο δέδρην.  
 ἀλλὰ τις αὐτὸς ἴτω, νεμεσιζέσθω δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ

250

From your own States so many were not call'd  
For quest or lack of numbers ; but because  
With your whole hearts I deem'd ye would defend  
Our wives and children from Achaia's sword.  
For this I spend the substance of the folk  
In gift and feast, to keep your valour high.  
Cleave then to battle, be it life or death ;  
The tryst of war hath ever either end.  
Patroclus lieth slain ; and, whosoe'er  
Wins but his body from their legions clear,  
To whomso Ajax yields, to him I give  
Half of the spoil ; myself, who slew him, keep  
Half only ; as my honour, such be his."

He spoke ; they straightway with uplifted spears  
Bore down upon the Danaans ; high their hopes  
To diag the corse from Ajax spoil and prey :  
Blind, blind ! whose deaths were many by his hand.  
Yet thus to Atreus' gallant Son he spake :

" Ah, brother ! Menelaüs Zeus-beloved !  
Now must I quite despair return to home  
Unto us two from out this perilous strait.  
Great for Patroclus' body, lest it lie  
Food to the vultures and the dogs of Troy,  
My fear ; but greater yet for our own selves,  
Thy life and mine, lest ev'n the worst befall.  
For Hector in a cloud of war enwraps  
All round us dark ; our deaths alone show clear.  
Shout, therefore ; to our rescue call the chiefs."

Nor gallant Menelaüs disobey'd,  
But raised his voice, and shouted through the host :  
" Friends, Chieftains, Captains of the Argive race !  
Who oft have ate and drank in public state  
At Agamemnon's and his brother's board,  
Who each in his own nation is a King,  
Whom name and fame attend by hest of Zeus :  
Hard were it for me now to thrust my way  
Right through this throng, and summon one by one ;  
Into such fury hath the war now flamed.  
But of your own wills to the rescue come :  
Think of our shame—to leave Patroclus here,

Πάτροκλον Τρωῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι.”

Ὦς ἔφατ', ὁξὺ δ' ἄκουσεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας.  
 πρῶτος δ' ἀντίος ἦλθε θεῶν ἀνὰ δημοτῆτα,  
 τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,  
 Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνναλίφ ἀνδρεϊφόντη.  
 τῶν δ' ἄλλων τίς κεν ᾗσι φρεσὶν οὐνόματ' εἴποι,  
 ὅσσοι δὴ μετόπισθε μάχην ἠγειραν Ἀχαιῶν;  
 Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἐκτωρ.

260

Ὦς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσι διῦπετέος ποταμοῖο  
 βέβρυχεν μέγα κύμα ποτὶ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκραι  
 ἡιόνες βοόωσιν ἐρευγομένης ἀλδὸς ἔξω,  
 τόσση ἄρα Τρῶες ἰαχῇ ἴσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἔστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενoitιάδῃ ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,  
 φραχθέντες σάκεσιν χαλκήρεσιν. ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφιν  
 λαμπρῇσιν κορύθεσσι Κρουίων ἡέρα πολλὴν  
 χεῦ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ Μενoitιάδην ἤχθαιρε πάρος γε,  
 ὄφρα ζωὸς ἐὼν θεράπων ἦν Αἰακίδαο·  
 μίσσησεν δ' ἄρα μιν δηίων κυσὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι  
 Τρωῇσιν· τῷ καὶ οἱ ἀμυνέμεν ὄρσεν ἐταίρους.

270

ᾧσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιοὺς·  
 νεκρὸν δὲ προλιπόντες ὑπέτρεσαν, οὐδὲ τίς αὐτῶν  
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι ἔλον ἔγχεσιν, ἰέμενοι περ,  
 ἀλλὰ νέκυν ἐρύοντο· μίνυνθα δὲ καὶ τοῦ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 μέλλον ἀπέσσεσθαι· μάλα γάρ σφεας ὦκ' ἐλέλιξεν  
 Αἴας, ὃς περὶ μὲν εἶδος, περὶ δ' ἔργα τέτυκτο  
 τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.  
 ἔθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων σὺν εἴκελος ἀλκήν  
 καπρίφ, ὅστ' ἐν ὄρεσσι κύνας θαλεροὺς τ' αἰζηοὺς  
 ῥηιδίως ἐκέδασσεν, ἐλιξάμενος διὰ βήσας·

280

Our fellow chieftain, to be torn by dogs !”

He spoke ; the fleetfoot chief, Oileus’ son,  
Ajax first heard, and speeding through the fray  
First to the rescue ran ; Idomeneus  
Next, and the follower of Idomeneus  
Meriones, to slaughterous Ares peer.  
Nay, who may tell, though but in thought, the names  
Who after these toward that rally press’d ?  
Yet in pack’d order Troy still push’d her path  
Onward, and helmèd Hector led the way.

As with loud roaring at a river’s mouth  
Huge billows roll against the swollen flood ;  
Its coasts and brinks re-echo, for the sea  
Is inward borne upon it ; such the sound  
Wherewith the Trojans came. Yet steadfast stood,  
With brass-bound bucklers serried to a hedge,  
The Achaians, one in heart, around the coise.  
Thick o’er their gleaming morions lay the mist  
Shed by Kroneion ; who of old had borne  
No hatred to Menœtius’ Son in life,  
Whilst he did service to Æacides,  
And now begrudged his body to the dogs,  
And fired his legions to repel their foe.

Yet first the Trojans gain’d a little space  
And drove them in a panic from the corse ;  
But, though on war intent, yet more intent  
To win that prize, they seized it and withdrew,  
Nor further sent their spears ; yet won it not,  
For short th’ Achaians’ panic ; whom forthwith  
Ajax avail’d to rally, Ajax, aye  
For beauty, and for mighty feat of arms,  
First of the Danaan tribes, save only one,  
The blameless son of Peleus. He made way  
Straight through the foremost, seeming in his might  
As a wild boar, who, hunted o’er the hills,  
Hath turn’d to bay, and scatter’d with all ease  
The hunters through the forest with their hounds ;  
So then the giant son of Telamon,

ὥς υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ἀγανοῦ, φαίδιμος Αἴας,  
 ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος Τρώων ἐκέδασσε φάλαγγας,  
 οἱ περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βέβασαν, φρόνεον δὲ μάλιστα  
 ἄστυ ποτὶ σφέτερον ἐρύειν καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.

Ἦτοι τὸν Λήθιοιο Πελασγοῦ φαίδιμος υἱὸς,  
 Ἴππόθοος, ποδὸς εἶλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην,  
 δησάμενος τελαμῶνι παρὰ σφυρὸν ἀμφὶ τένοντας, 290  
 Ἔκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ  
 ἦλθε κακὸν, τό οἱ οὔτις ἐρύκακεν ἰεμένων περ.  
 τὸν δ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος, ἐπαίξας δι' ὀμίλου,  
 πληῆξ' αὐτοσχεδίνην κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήου·  
 ἤρικε δ' ἵπποδάσεια κόρυς περὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ,  
 πληγῆϊσ' ἔγχε' τε μεγάλῳ καὶ χειρὶ παχείῃ,  
 ἐγκέφαλος δὲ παρ' αὐλὸν ἀνέδραμεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς  
 αἱματόεις· τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη μένος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν  
 Πατρόκλοιο πόδα μεγαλήτορος ἦκε χαμᾶζε  
 κεῖσθαι· ὁ δ' ἄγχι αὐτοῖο πέσε πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ 300  
 τῇλ' ἀπὸ Λαρίσσης ἐριβόλακος, οὐδὲ τοκεῦσιν  
 θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν  
 ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος μεγαθύμου δουρὶ δαμέντι.  
 Ἐκτωρ δ' αὖτ' Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος  
 τυτθόν· ὁ δὲ Σχεδίων, μεγαθύμου Ἰφίτου υἱὸν,  
 Φωκῆων ὄχ' ἄριστον, ὃς ἐν κλειτῷ Πανοπῇ  
 οἰκία ναιετάασκε πολέσσ' ἀνδρεσσιν ἀνάσσων,  
 τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ κληΐδα μέσσην· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἄκρη  
 αἰχμὴ χαλκείῃ παρὰ νείατον ὦμον ἀνέσχεν. 310  
 δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.  
 Αἴας δ' αὖ Φόρκυνα, daίφρουνα Φαίνοπος υἱὸν,  
 Ἴπποθόῳ περιβάντα μέσσην κατὰ γαστέρα τύψεν·  
 ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς  
 ἦφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἔλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ  
 χώρησαν δ' ὑπὸ τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ·

Bright-mailed Ajax, scatter'd with all ease  
The Trojan legions gather'd round the corse  
Close-throng'd, and making in their hearts most sure  
To achieve the fame and bear it to their town.  
For one, the son of Lethus, of a tribe  
Of the Pelasgians, Hippothous, had caught  
The body by the foot, and, with a thong  
Binding the tendons at the ankle-bone,  
'Gan trail it: dear to Hector seem'd the deed ;  
But sudden death forestall'd him ; nor, who would,  
Could aught to save ; for on him Ajax leap'd  
Clear of the thong, and with a home-thrust pierced  
Right through the brass-bar'd vizor ; plume and helm  
Started in sunder round the sharp spear-point,  
Scatter'd and splinter'd by the giant arm,  
And liquid from the wound the white brains pour'd,  
Mingled with blood, in channel down the shaft.  
He yielded up the ghost, and from his grasp  
The foot of brave Patroclus slid and fell.  
Prone o'er the body near the foot he dropp'd,  
Dying, from rich Larissa dying far ;  
Never requiting to his parents dear  
The cost of nurture ; but his life was short,  
Under the spear of Ajax there subdued.

Bright spear at Ajax Hector then discharged,  
Who saw it, and with sudden glide escaped.  
Yet struck it down a son of Iphitus,  
Schedius, the chieftain of Phocæa's tribes,  
Who dwelt in far-renowned Panope,  
King of a numerous race. Him full it struck  
Under the collar-bone ; the brazen point  
Held, till it issued 'neath the shoulder-blade :  
He fell, and loud around him rang his arms.  
'Then Ajax, vengeful, on the belly smote  
Phorcyn, a gallant warrior, Phænops' son,  
Hard by the body of Hippothous ;  
And brake the corslet's lower rib, and drew  
The entrails through the wound ; in dust he fell  
Headlong, and bit the earth for agony.

Ἄργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἴαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκρούς,  
 Φόρκυν θ' Ἰππόθοόν τε, λύοντο δὲ τεύχε' ἀπ' ὤμων.

Ἔνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν  
 Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν ἀναλκείησι δαμέντες· 320  
 Ἄργεῖοι δέ κε κῦδος ἔλουν καὶ ὑπὲρ Διὸς αἶσαν  
 κάρτει καὶ σθένει σφετέρῳ. ἀλλ' αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων  
 Αἰνείαν ὥτρυνε, δέμας Περίφαντι εἰοκῶς,  
 κήρυκ' Ἡπυτίδῃ, ὅς οἱ παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι  
 κηρύσσων γήρασκε, φίλα φρεσὶ μῆδεα εἰδῶς·  
 τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

“ Αἰνεία, πῶς ἂν καὶ ὑπὲρ θεὸν εἰρύσσαισθε  
 Ἴλιον αἰπεινήν ; ὥς δὴ ἴδον ἀνέρας ἄλλους  
 καρτεῖ τε σθένει τε πεποιθότας ἡγορέῃ τε  
 πλήθει τε σφετέρῳ, καὶ ὑπερδέα δῆμον ἔχοντας. 330  
 ἡμῖν δὲ Ζεὺς μὲν πολὺν βούλεται ἢ Δαναοῖσιν  
 νίκην· ἀλλ' αὐτοὶ τρεῖτ' ἄσπετον οὐδὲ μάχεσθε.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', Αἰνείας δ' ἐκατηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα  
 ἔγνω ἐσάντα ἰδὼν, μέγα δ' Ἔκτορα εἶπε βοήσας·

“ Ἔκτορ τ' ἡδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἄγοι ἡδ' ἐπικούρων,  
 αἰδῶς μὲν νῦν ἦδε γ', ἀρηϊφίλων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν  
 Ἴλιον εἰσαναβῆναι ἀναλκείησι δαμέντας.  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι γάρ τις φησὶ θεῶν, ἐμοὶ ἔγχι παραστάς,  
 Ζῆν', ὕπατον μῆστωρα, μάχης ἐπιτάρρῳθον εἶναι·  
 τῷ ῥ' ἰθὺς Δαναῶν ἴομεν, μηδ' οὔγε ἔκηλοι 340  
 Πάτροκλον νηυσὶν πελασαίατο τεθνηῶτα.”

Ὡς φάτο, καὶ ῥα πολὺ προμάχων ἐξάλμενος ἔστη·  
 οἱ δ' ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 ἔνθ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Λειώκριτον οὔτασε δουρὶ,  
 υἱὸν Ἀρίσβαντος, Λυκομήδεος ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον.  
 τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηϊφίλος Λυκομήδης,



And Argos with glad shout diagg'd off her slain,  
And stripp'd the armour off them fairly won.

So had the Trojans, of their failing hearts,  
Repell'd before Achaia's warlike host,  
Fled into Ilion, and the Danaans won,  
Ev'n in despite of Zeus and by the strength  
Of their own valour and their own right-arms,  
An endless glory ; had not Phœbus come  
In likeness of the herald Periphas  
The son of Epytus (who, side by side  
With father old, himself had wax'd old  
As herald, constant in good-will to Troy)—  
In his fair image came the child of Zeus  
Near to Æneas, and address'd him thus :

“ Men have I known, Æneas, who, albeit  
Their host in numbers lack'd exceedingly,  
Yet by their own brave arms and gallant hearts,  
With such few legions as they had, have proved  
Victorious, even against the will of heaven.  
But how would ye so rescue Ilion's steep?  
Not to the Danaans, but to you, Zeus wills  
The victory ; yet ye tremble thus, and flee ! ”

Æneas turn'd, and look'd, and knew the God  
Apollo, the Far-smiter, face to face  
Conversing ; then to Hector cried and said :

“ Hear me, all Chiefs of Troy, and Troy's allies,  
And Hector, thou ! If we up Ilion's hill,  
Repell'd before Achaia's warlike sons,  
Of our own craven hearts now flee subdued,  
Endless will be our shame ; for at my hand  
A God now stood, and told how Zeus himself,  
Lord of wise counsel, leans him to our side.  
Charge, therefore, charge on still, nor let them draw  
Patroclus to their galleys unassail'd.”

He spoke, and sprang the vanmost of their van,  
And all in rally stood against the foe.

Then first Æneas struck Leocritus,  
Arisbas' son, of Lycomedes' train ;  
Whose fall, much-sorrowing, Lycomedes mark'd,

στῇ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰὼν, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,  
 καὶ βάλεν Ἴππασίδην Ἀπιδάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 ἦπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,  
 ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει, 350  
 καὶ δὲ μετ' Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.  
 τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν Ἀρήϊος Ἀστεροπαῖος,  
 ἔθυσεν δὲ καὶ ὁ πρόφρων Δαναοῖσι μάχεσθαι·  
 ἀλλ' οὐπὼς ἔτι εἶχε· σάκεσσι γὰρ ἔρχατο πάντη  
 ἑσταότες περὶ Πατρόκλῳ, πρὸ δὲ δούρατ' ἔχοντο.  
 Αἴας γὰρ μάλα πάντας ἐπώχετο, πολλὰ κελεύων·  
 οὔτε τιν' ἐξοπίσω νεκροῦ χάζεσθαι ἀνώγει  
 οὔτε τινὰ προμάχεσθαι Ἀχαιῶν ἑξοχὸν ἄλλων,  
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβήμεν, σχεδόθεν δὲ μάχεσθαι.  
 ὥς Αἴας ἐπέτελλε πελώριος, αἶματι δὲ χθών 360  
 δεύετο πορφυρέῳ, τοὶ δ' ἀγχιστῖνοι ἐπιπτον  
 νεκροὶ ὁμοῦ Τρώων καὶ ὑπερμενέων ἐπικουρων  
 καὶ Δαναῶν· οὐδ' οἱ γὰρ ἀναιμωτί γ' ἐμάχοντο,  
 παυρότεροι δὲ πολὺ φθίνυθον· μέμνηντο γὰρ αἰεὶ  
 ἀλλήλοισι καθ' ὅμιλον ἀλεξέμεναι φόνον αἰπύν.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς, οὐδέ κε φαίης  
 οὔτε ποτ' ἠέλιον σῶν ἔμμεναι οὔτε σελήνην.  
 ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχοντο μάχης ἐπὶ ὅσσοι ἄριστοι  
 ἑστάσαν ἀμφὶ Μενoitιάδῃ κατατεθνηῶτι.  
 οἱ δ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες καὶ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ 370  
 εὖκηλοι πολέμιζον ὑπ' αἰθέρι, πέπτατο δ' αὐγὴ  
 ἠελίου ὀξεῖα, νέφος δ' οὐ φαίνετο πάσης  
 γαίης οὐδ' ὀρέων· μεταπαυόμενοι δ' ἐμάχοντο,  
 ἀλλήλων ἀλεείνουτες βέλεα στονόνετα,  
 πολλὸν ἀφεςταότες. τοὶ δ' ἐν μέσῳ ἄλγε' ἔπασχον  
 ἠέρι καὶ πολέμῳ, τείροντο δὲ νηλεῖ χαλκῷ  
 ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἔσαν. δύο δ' οὐπω φῶτε πεπύσθην,  
 ἄνερε κυδαλίμῳ, Θρασυμήδῃς Ἀντίλοχός τε,  
 Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος ἀμύμονος, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο  
 ζῶν ἐνὶ πρώτῳ ὁμάδῃ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι. 380  
 τῷ δ' ἐπιοσσομένῳ θάνατον καὶ φῦζαν ἐταίρων

Nearer approach'd, and with a gleaming spear  
Struck Apisaon, son of Hippasus,  
A chieftain of much people, through the ribs  
Hard by the liver, slackening all his limbs.  
From rich Pæonia he, and of his tribe  
After Asteropæus best at arms.  
Whose fall Asteropæus sorrowing saw  
And charged straight onward, ardent to the fight ;  
Yet might not reach them ; for in phalanx firm,  
Hedged all with bucklers, round Patroclus' corse,  
They stood ; whom Ajax traversed, ordering clear  
That none behind the body draw him back,  
Nor any move too headstrong to the front,  
But all around it close in dense array.  
'Thus Ajax order'd ; whilst with purple blood  
The earth was wet about ; for one by one  
They fell, first haply some brave chief of Troy,  
And then anon of Argos : though indeed  
Their deaths were fewer, who kept ever thought  
Each to forefend his fellow from the foe,  
Not wholly bloodless could their battle be.

Like fire the strife raged on : hadst seen, hadst said  
Nor sun nor moon were in their courses safe ;  
For all about in mist were those enwrapp'd  
Who stood, the bravest, round Menœtius' Son ;  
Whilst elsewhere all of either host engaged  
Under a sky serene ; the sun's bright ray  
Was wide dispread : no cloud was on the field  
Nor on the mountains near ; at ease they fought,  
Each shunning oft the other's baleful dart  
Or resting at safe distance. Other far  
Their centre's plight, where round Patroclus' corse  
Their chieftains in that darkness and close fray  
Suffer'd most hardly, bruised by ruthless arms.

Meantime two heroes of renown'd name,  
Antilochus and Thrasymed, not yet  
Had heard the tidings of Patroclus' fall,  
But deem'd him living still, and first 'gainst Troy  
For fiercely, as though boding to their men

νόσφιν ἐμαρνάσθην, ἐπεὶ ὥς ἐπετέλλετο Νέστωρ,  
ὀτρύνων πόλεμόνδε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν.

Τοῖς δὲ πανημερίοις ἔριδος μέγα νείκος ὀρώρει  
ἀργαλέης· καμάτῳ δὲ καὶ ἰδρῶ νωλεμεὲς αἰεὶ  
γούνατά τε κνήμαί τε πόδες θ' ὑπένερθεν ἐκάστου  
χεῖρές τ' ὀφθαλμοὶ τε παλάσσετο μαρναμένοι  
ἀμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Λιακίδαο.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλιοι βοεῖν  
λαοῖσιν δώῃ ταυνέιν, μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφή·  
δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοίγῃ διαστάντες ταυνοῦσιν  
κυκλός', ἄφαρ δέ τε ἱκμάς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ' ἀλοιφή,  
πολλῶν ἐλκόντων, τάνυται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρύ·  
ὥς οὔγ' ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα νέκυν ὀλίγη ἐνὶ χώρῃ  
ἔλκεον ἀμφοτέροι· μάλα γάρ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς,  
Τρωσὶν μὲν ἐρύειν προτὶ Ἴλιον, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς  
νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς· περὶ δ' αὐτοῦ μῶλος ὀρώρει  
ἄγριος· οὐδέ κ' Ἄρης λαοσσόος οὐδέ κ' Ἀθήνη  
τόνγε ἰδοῦσ' ὀνόσαιτ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα μιν χόλος ἴκοι.

390

Τοῖον Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ ἵππων  
ἥματι τῷ ἐτάνυσσε κακὸν πόνον. οὐδ' ἄρα πῶ τι  
ἦδε Πατρόκλον τεθνηότα διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς  
πολλὸν γὰρ ἀπάνευθε νεῶν μάρναντο θοάων,  
τείχει ὑπὸ Τρώων· τό μιν οὔποτε ἔλπετο θυμῷ  
τεθνάμεν, ἀλλὰ ζῶν, ἐνιχριμφθέντα πύλῃσιν,  
ἄλφ' ἀπονοστήσειν, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ τὸ ἔλπετο πάμπαν,  
ἐκπέρσειν πτολίεθρον ἄνευ ἔθεν, οὐδὲ σὺν αὐτῷ·  
πολλάκι γὰρ τόγε μητρὸς ἐπεύθετο νόσφιν ἰκούων,  
ἧ οἱ ἀπαγγέλλεσκε Διὸς μεγάλιοι νόημα·  
δὴ τότε γ' οὐ οἱ ἔειπε κακὸν τόσον ὅσσον ἐτύχθη  
μῆτηρ, ὅττι ρά οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος.

400

410

Οἱ δ' αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες  
νωλεμεὲς ἐγχρίμπτοντα καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐν᾿ ἱρίζον·

An utter ruin else, they waged the fight  
On the right wing aloof ; so Nestor bade,  
Their father, when he sent them from the fleet.

But to those others all that day the moil  
Of baleful battle grew more hard ; with sweat  
Of their great labour, knees, and greaves, and feet,  
And hands, and eyes were spatter'd in the fray  
Round the fall'n friend of Peleus' fleetfoot Son.

As when a herdsman gives to curriers' hands  
A large bull-hide well saturate with oil  
To be tight-stretch'd ; they gather in a ring  
And grasp and draw ; the moisture with the strain  
Exudes, the oil sinks in, and to its size  
The hide is stretched ; ev'n thus in narrow room  
Hither and thither either drew that corse,  
The Trojans, hoping it to Ilion borne,  
The Achæans, to their fleet recover'd safe.

And such the savage moil around them grew,  
Not war-enkindling Ares, nor the might  
Of Pallas, though themselves in angry mood,  
Had lightly reck'd the valiant work there done.  
To horses and to armèd men alike  
Most dire the toil that day decreed by Zeus.

Nor yet Achilles knew his comrade's death ;  
For near Troy-wall, far from the arrowy ships,  
The fight was now. Nor enter'd it his thought  
That he had died, but still his hope was sure  
To greet him safe returning, though repell'd ;  
Repell'd—for of the fall of Ilion's towers,  
With or without himself, he now despair'd.  
This from his mother he had learn'd assured,  
Who oft her secret errand to his ear  
Had borne, the message of the will of Zeus.  
But ne'er, of all foretold, had she foretold  
So great an evil as had now befall'n,  
His death, whom most of all mankind he loved.

Holding their sharp-tipp'd spears above the dead,  
Ceaseless they chargèd and each the other slew,

ὥδε δέ τις εἶπεςκεν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·

“ὦ φίλοι, οὐ μὰν ἡμῖν ἐνκλεῖς ἀπονέεσθαι  
νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυρὰς, ἀλλ’ αὐτοῦ γαῖα μέλαινα  
πᾶσι χάνοι· τό κεν ἡμῖν ἄφαρ πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη,  
εἰ τοῦτον Τρώεσσι μεθήσομεν ἵπποδάμοισιν  
ἄστνυ πότι σφέτερον ἐρύσαι καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.”

Ἦς δέ τις αὖ Τρώων μεγαθύμων αὐδήσασκεν·  
“ὦ φίλοι, εἰ καὶ μοῖρα παρ’ ἀνέρι τῷδε δαμῆναι  
πάντας ὁμῶς, μή πῶ τις ἐρωείτω πολέμοιο.”

420

Ἦς ἄρα τις εἶπεςκε, μένος δ’ ὄρσασκεν ἑταίρου.  
ὥς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο· σιδήρειος δ’ ὀρυμαγδὸς  
χάλκεον οὐρανὸν ἵκε δι’ αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο·  
ἵπποι δ’ Αἰακίδαο μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐόντες  
κλαῖον, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα πυθέσθην ἡνιόχοιο  
ἐν κονίησι πεσόντος ὑφ’ Ἑκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο.  
ἦ μὰν Αὐτομέδων, Διώρεος ἄλκιμος υἱὸς,  
πολλὰ μὲν ἄρ μάστιγι θοῇ ἐπεμαίετο θείνων,  
πολλὰ δὲ μείλιχίοισι προσηύδα, πολλὰ δ’ ἀρειῇ·  
τὼ δ’ οὔτ’ ἄψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἐπὶ πλατύν Ἑλλήσποντον  
ἠθελέτην ἵεναι οὔτ’ ἐς πόλεμον μετ’ Ἀχαιοὺς,  
ἀλλ’ ὥστε στήλη μένει ἔμπεδον, ἦτ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
ἀνέρος ἐστήκη τεθνηὸς ἢ γυναικὸς  
ὥς μένον ἀσφαλέως περικαλλέα δίφρον ἔχοντες,  
οὔδεις ἐνισκίμψαντε καρήατα· δάκρυα δέ σφιν  
θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χαμᾶδις ῥέει μυρομένοισιν  
ἡνιόχοιο πόθῳ· θαλερὴ δὲ μαινέτο χαίτη  
ζεύγλης ἔξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν.  
μυρομένῳ δ’ ἄρα τώγε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,  
κινήσας δὲ κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·

430

440

“Ἄ δειλὸν, τί σφῶι δόμεν Πηλῆϊ ἄνακτι  
θυητῷ, ὑμεῖς δ’ ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ’ ἀθανάτω τε.  
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ’ ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε’ ἔχητον·  
οὐ μὲν γάρ τί που ἐστὶν οὐζυρώτερον ἀνδρὸς  
πάντων, ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἐπὶ πνείει τε καὶ ἔρπει.  
ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰν ὑμῖν γε καὶ ἄρμασι δαιδαλέοισιν  
Ἑκτωρ Πριαμίδης ἐποχίσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἔασω.

And this the cry in every Argive heart :

“ ’Twere dearth of honour now to draw us back ;  
Rather the black earth gape to swallow us here,  
Than that we suffer to the men of Troy  
To win their wish and drag this chieftain off,  
Spoil to their town ! Yea, death were better far.”

And thus from gallant Trojans rose the cry :  
“ Though, friends, ’tis doom’d that every man must fall  
About his body, slacken not the charge ! ”

Such rose the cries enkindling all their hearts.

And still the battle raged ; the iron clang  
Rose through the pathless desert of the air  
And smote against the brazen floor of heaven.

Meantime, since first they knew their chariot’s lord  
Laid prone in dust by Hector’s slaughtering hand,  
The steeds, the gift of Heav’n to Peleus’ Son,  
Held from the battle, ceasing not from tears.  
Vainly Automedon their charioteer,  
Diores’ valiant son, strove, now to urge  
With quick-plyed lash, and now with sweet address  
Or stronger threat to win them to their speed.  
Nor to the galleys on broad Hellespont  
Nor back to battle would they move, but clove  
Motionless as a column o’er a tomb,  
Yoked to the splendid car, and droop’d their heads  
Low to the dust ; whose hot big tears roll’d down  
Caking the earth below, mourning the loss  
Of their dear lord ; and dust besmich’d their manes  
Falling from out the collar by the pole.

Whom thus lamenting Zeus with pity saw,  
Bow’d down his head, and to his own heart spake :

“ Most miserable pair ! To what good end  
Gave we you twain, immortals and exempt  
From mortal age, to Peleus, mortal king ?  
Was’t that ye might partake the woes of men ?  
For in good sooth of all that breathes or moves  
Nought is more wretched on the earth than man.  
But not o’er you nor on your dædal car  
Shall Hector mount ; that grace I will not yield.

ἦ οὐχ ἄλλῃς ὥς καὶ τεύχε' ἔχει καὶ ἐπεύχεται αὐτῶς ; 450  
 σφῶν δ' ἐν γούνεσσι βαλὼ μένος ἥδ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,  
 ὄφρα καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα σαώσεται ἐκ πολέμοιο  
 νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς· ἔτι γάρ σφισι κῦδος ὀρέξω,  
 κτείνειν, εἰσόκε νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἀφίκωνται  
 δύη τ' ἠέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐνέπνευσεν μένος ἡΰ.  
 τὼ δ' ἀπὸ χαιτῶν κούρην οὐδᾶσδε βαλόντε  
 ῥίμφ' ἔφερον θοὴν ἄρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐπ' Αὐτομέδων μάχετ', ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,  
 ἵπποις αἰσσω ὥστ' αἰγυπιδὸς μετὰ χῆνας· 460  
 ῥέα μὲν γὰρ φεύγεσκειν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,  
 ῥεῖα δ' ἐπαίξασκε πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον ὀπίζων.  
 ἀλλ' οὐχ ἥρει φῶτας, ὅτε σεύαιτο διώκειν·  
 οὐ γάρ πως ἦν οἶον ἐόνθ' ἱερῷ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ  
 ἔγχει ἐφορμάσθαι καὶ ἐπίσχειν ὠκέας ἵππους.  
 ὁψ' ἐδὲ δὴ μιν ἑταῖρος ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
 Ἀλκιμέδων, υἱὸς Λαέρκεος Αἰμονίδαο·  
 στῆ δ' ὀπιθεν δίφροιο, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα προσηΐδα·

"Αὐτόμεδον, τίς τοί νυ θεῶν νηκερδέα βουλὴν  
 ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθηκε, καὶ ἐξέλετο φρένας ἐσθλᾶς ; 470  
 οἶον πρὸς Τρῶας μάχεαι πρῶτῳ ἐν ὀμίλῳ  
 μούνοσ· ἀτάρ τοι ἑταῖρος ἀπέκτατο, τεύχεα δ' ἔκτωρ  
 αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται Αἰακίδαο."

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αὐτομέδων προσέφη, Διῶρεος υἱός·  
 "Ἀλκιμέδον, τίς γάρ τοι Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ὁμοῖος  
 ἵππων ἀθανάτων ἐχέμεν δμῆσίν τε μένος τε,  
 εἰ μὴ Πάτροκλος, θεόφιν μῆστωρ ἀτάλαντος,  
 ζωὸς ἐών ; νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχίνει.  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μάλιστα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόευντα  
 δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἀποβήσομαι, ὄφρα μάχωμαι." 480

Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀλκιμέδων δὲ βοηθὸν ἄρμ' ἐπορούσας  
 καρπαλίμως μάλιστα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,  
 Αὐτομέδων δ' ἐπόρουσε νύησε δὲ φαίδιμος ἔκτωρ,  
 αὐτίκα δ' Αἰνείαν προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·



Is not enow to vaunt him in those arms?  
Rather on you I breathe through heart and limb  
A spirit strong to bear Automedon  
Safe to the hollow galleys from the fray.  
For still to Troy I grant increasing fame,  
To slaughter, till the fleet be reach'd once more,  
And the sun sink, and sacred darkness come."

He spoke, and breathed his spirit upon the steeds.  
From their long manes they shook the dust, and bare  
Lightly the flying chariot tow'rd the fray.  
Above them on the seat Automedon,  
As shows to birds a vulture, to and fro  
Sped battling, through still sorrowing for his lord  
With ease he turn'd to flight the men of Troy;  
With ease he drave their rout before the car;  
Yet could not slay them, howsoever near;  
For sitting single o'er those heavenly steeds,  
Whilst reining them, he could not ply his arm.  
This his brave comrade saw, Alcimedon,  
Son of Laerces, Hæmon's son, and came  
Behind the chariot, and address'd him thus:

"What heavenly power, Automedon, hath reft  
Sense from thy mind, implanting this fool's rede,  
Alone to range amongst the Trojan van  
Without a comrade? For thine own is slain;  
Yea, Hector triumphs in Achilles' arms."

To him Dioces' son, Automedon:  
"Alcimedon, who else of Argos here  
Hath skill like thine to guide these heavenly steeds,  
Save only, whilst he lived, Menætiüs' son,  
Him whom we deem'd in council peer to Gods,  
Patroclus? Fate and Death now hold him fast.  
Take therefore thou these glossy reins and goad  
To guide them, and let me dismount to fight."

He spoke; and with a shout Alcimedon  
Sprang up the car, and seized incontinent  
The glossy reins and goad; whilst off the seat  
The other bounded.

Noble Hector saw,  
And straight address'd Æneas at his side:

“ Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,  
 ἵππω τώδ' ἐνόησα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο  
 ἐς πόλεμον προφανέντε σὺν ἡνιόχοισι κακοῖσιν.  
 τῷ κεν ἐελποίμην αἶρησέμεν, εἰ σύγ γε θυμῷ  
 σῶ θέέλεις, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἂν ἐφορμηθέντε γε νῶϊ  
 τλαῖεν ἐναντίβιον στάντες μαχέσασθαι Ἀρηι.”

490

“Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἐς πάϊς Ἀγχιόσαο.  
 τὼ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην βοέης εἰλυμένω ὦμους  
 αὔησι στερεῇσι· πολὺς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἄμα Χρομῖος τε καὶ Ἀρητος θεοειδὴς  
 ἦισαν ἀμφοτέροι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς  
 αὐτῷ τε κτενέειν ἐλάν τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους·  
 νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἀναιμωτί γε νέεσθαι  
 αὐτίς ἀπ' Λυτομέδοντος. ὁ δ' εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ  
 ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένος πλήτο φρένας ἀμφιμελαίνας.  
 αὐτίκα δ' Ἀλκιμέδοντα προσηύδα, πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·

500

“ Ἀλκίμεδον, μὴ δὴ μοι ἀπόπροθεν ἰσχύμεν ἵππους,  
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμπνεῖοντε μεταφρένῳ· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μένεος σχήσεσθαι οἶω,  
 πρὶν γ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος καλλίτριχε βήμεναι ἵππω  
 νῶϊ κατακτείναντα, φοβῆσαί τε στίχας ἀνδρῶν  
 Ἀργείων, ἢ κ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρῶτοισιν ὕλοίη.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν Αἴαντε καλέσσατο καὶ Μενέλαον·  
 “ Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, καὶ Μενέλαε,  
 ἦτοι μὲν τὸν νεκρὸν ἐπιτράπεθ' οἵπερ ἄριστοι,  
 ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν καὶ ἀμύνεσθαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν,  
 νῶϊν δὲ ζωοῖσιν ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἦμαρ·  
 τῇδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν πόλεμον κάτα δακρυόεντα  
 Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας θ', οἳ Τρώων εἰσὶν ἄριστοι.  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται·  
 ἦσω γὰρ καὶ ἐγὼ, τὰ δέ κεν Διὶ πάντα μελήσει.”

510

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 καὶ βάλεν Ἀρήτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἵσθη·  
 ἢ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἶσατο χαλκός,  
 νειαίρη δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστήρος ἔλασεν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὀξὺν ἔχων πέλεκυν αἰζήϊος ἀνήρ,

520

“Æneas, sage in counsel to the host,  
I mark’d but now, returning to the fray,  
The immortal coursers of Æacides  
Under base guidance, and if thou wilt join  
We well may gain them, for, who hold them now,  
Will not withstand us charging side by side.”

He spoke; Anchises’ Son obey’d well-pleased.  
Together straight they went, their shoulders broad  
Shielded with tough dry bucklers brass-emboss’d.  
And with them other two, brave Chromius  
And heavenly-form’d Aretus; high the hope  
Leaping within them, to slay both their foes,  
And gain those proud-neck’d horses, spoil and prey:  
Fools! who would woundless not escape the arm  
Of brave Automedon. In prayer he call’d  
On Father Zeus, and felt his heart throb high  
With strength and valour; whilst half-turning, thus,  
To his true friend Alcimedon he spake:

“Hold not behind me far, Alcimedon,  
The horses; rather let me feel their breath.  
For Hector will not from the fray refrain  
Ere either he hath mounted o’er these steeds,  
And slain us two, and turn’d to flight the ranks  
Of Argos, or himself hath vanmost fall’n.”

To either Ajax then and Atreus’ Son;  
“Hear me, ye captains of the Argive host,  
And, Menelaus, thou! And leave the dead  
In charge of those brave chiefs around him thick,  
And come and save the living, and defend  
Our evil hour from us! For hither press,  
With their whole weight approaching through the fray,  
Troy’s greatest, Hector and Anchises’ Son.  
Yet is the issue in the lap of Heav’n;  
I hurl my spear; the rest I leave to Zeus.”

He spoke, and waved on high and hurl’d his spear,  
And struck Aretus through the orb’d shield.  
The shield withstay’d it not; the lance went on  
And pierced him in the belly through the belt.  
As when a vigorous stripling, axe in hand,  
Hews down a sturdy bullock in his field,

κόψας ἐξόπιθεν κεράων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,  
 ἵνα τάμῃ διὰ πᾶσαν, ὃ δὲ προθορῶν ἐρίπησιν,  
 ὥς ἄρ' ὅγε προθορῶν πέσεν ὕπτιος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἔγχος  
 νηδυίοισι μάλ' ὀξὺ κραδαινόμενον λύε γυνία.  
 "Ἐκτωρ δ' Αὐτομέδοντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ·  
 ἀλλ' ὃ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·  
 πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν  
 οὐδεὶ ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίσχθη  
 ἔγχος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.  
 καὶ νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν ὠρμηθήτην,  
 εἰ μὴ σφω Αἴαντε διέκριναν μεμαῶτε,  
 οἳ ῥ' ἦλθον καθ' ὅμιλον ἐταίρου κυκλήσκοντος.  
 τοὺς ὑποταρβήσαντες ἐχώρησαν πάλιν αὐτίς  
 "Ἐκτωρ Αἰνείας τ' ἠδὲ Χρομῖος θεοειδής,  
 "Ἀρητον δὲ κατ' αὐθι λίπον δεδαιγμένον ἦτορ,  
 κείμενον· Αὐτομέδων δὲ, θοῶ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι,  
 τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·

530

"Ἦ δὴ μὰν ὀλίγον γε Μενoitιάδαο θανόντος  
 κῆρ ἄχεος μεθέηκα, χερεῖονά περ καταπέφνων."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐς δῖφρον ἑλὼν ἕναρα βροτόεντα  
 θῆκε, ἂν δ' αὐτὸς ἔβαινε, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθευ  
 αἱματόεις, ὥς τίς τε λέων κατὰ ταῦρον ἐδηδώς.

540

"Ἄψ δ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ τέτατο κρατερὴ ὕσμινῃ  
 ἀργαλήν πολὺδακρυς, ἔγειρε δὲ νεῖκος Ἀθήνη  
 οὐρανόθεν καταβάσα· προῆκε γὰρ εὐρύσopa Ζεὺς  
 ὀρνύμεναι Δαναούς· δὴ γὰρ νόος ἐτράπετ' αὐτοῦ·  
 ἥντε πορφυρέην ἱριν θνητοῖσι τανύσση  
 Ζεὺς ἐξ οὐρανόθεν, τέρας ἔμμεναι ἢ πολέμοιο,  
 ἢ καὶ χειμῶνος δυσδαλπέος, ὃς ῥά τε ἔργων  
 ἀνθρώπους ἀνέπαυσεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ, μῆλα δὲ κήδει,  
 ὥς ἢ πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ πυκνύσασα ἐ αὐτῇ  
 δύσεται Ἀχαιῶν ἔθνος, ἔγειρε δὲ φῶτα ἕκαστον.  
 πρῶτον δ' Ἀτρεὺς υἷὸν ἐποτρύνουσα προσῆυδα.  
 ἴφθιμον Μενέλαον—ὃ γὰρ ῥά οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν—  
 εἰσαμένη Φοῖνικι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·

550

"Σοὶ μὲν δὴ, Μενέλαε, κατηφείῃ καὶ ὄνειδος

Striking behind the hoins and shearing through  
The vital sinew ; one long leap it takes  
Forward, and drops ; so with one forward leap  
Headlong he dropp'd, and in his bowels the spear,  
Still quivering up its shaft, made slack his limbs. •  
In turn then Hector at Alcimedon  
Sent a bright spear, who yet perceived and shunn'd  
The blow by stooping forward ; and the lance  
Deep into earth was dash'd with quivering staff  
Behind him, and war's spirit spent its force.  
Then on each other had they drawn their swords,  
Had not betwixt them either Ajax come,  
'Through the throng hasting to their comrade's call ;  
Whercat in fear the others drew them back,  
Chromius and Hector and Anchises' Son,  
Yet left Arctus there cleft through the heart,  
Prone ; whom his foeman, Ares-like in arms,  
Stripp'd of his harness, and exultant said .

“ Poor for Patroclus though the forfeit be,  
My grief is somewhat lighten'd by this death.”

He spoke, and lifting to the dædal car  
The gory spoils, remounted, blood-besmeared  
As is a lion, feasted on a bull.

Back to Patroclus sway'd the tide of fight,  
Toilsome and tear-abounding, fierce and cruel ;  
Which to a sevenfold heat Athene stirr'd,  
From heaven descending by the hest of Zeus  
To rally to the war Achaia's host.  
As is the purple-tinted Iris stretch'd  
Bow-like from heaven by the great arm of Zeus,  
When Zeus portends to mortals war, or clime  
Distemper'd, such as mars the works of men  
Upon the fruitful earth, and taints their flocks ;  
So She in purple cloud about her wrapp'd  
Show'd coming, and descending to the throng  
She cheer'd the heroes on. First Atreus' son,  
Brave Menelaus, she alighted near,  
And in the guise and voice of Phoenix spake :

“ To thee, O Menelaus, most 'twill be

ἔσσεται, εἴ κ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀγανυῦ πιστὸν ἑταῖρον  
τείχει ὑπο Τρώων ταχέες κύνες ἐλκῆσουσιν.  
ἀλλ' ἔχο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος· 560  
"Φοῖνιξ, ἅττα γεραῖε παλαιγενὲς, εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη  
δοίη κάρτος ἐμοὶ, βελέων δ' ἀπερύκοι ἑρώην·  
τῷ κεν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν  
Πατρόκλῳ· μάλα γάρ με θανὼν ἔσεμάσσατο θυμόν.  
ἀλλ'"Εκτωρ πυρὸς αἰνὸν ἔχει μένος, οὐδ' ἀπολήγει  
χαλκῷ δηϊῶν· τῷ γὰρ Ζεὺς κύδος ὀπάξει."

"Ὡς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
ὅττι ῥά οἱ πάμπρωτα θεῶν ἡρήσατο πάντων.  
ἐν δὲ βίην ὤμοισι καὶ ἐν γούνεσσιν ἔθηκεν,  
καὶ οἱ μῆνις θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐνήκεν, 570  
ἥτε καὶ ἐργομένη μάλα περ χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο  
ἰσχανάα δακέειν, λαρόν τέ οἱ αἶμ' ἀνθρώπου·  
τοίου μιν θάρσευς πλήσε φρένας ἀμφιμελαίνας.  
βῆ δ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.  
ἔσκε δ' ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι Ποδῆς, υἱὸς Ἡετίωνος,  
ἀφνειὸς τ' ἀγαθὸς τε· μάλιστα δέ μιν ἑκτωρ  
δήμου, ἐπεὶ οἱ ἑταῖρος ἦν φίλος εἰλαπιναστής·  
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστήρα βάλε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος  
αἶξαντα φόβονδε, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν·  
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών. ἀτὰρ Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος 580  
νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ἔρυσεν μετὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων.

"Εκτορα δ' ἐγγύθεν ἰστάμενος ὥτρυνεν Ἀπόλλων,  
Φαίνοπι Ἀσιάδῃ ἐναλγίγκιος, ὃς οἱ ἀπάντων  
ξείνων φίλτατος ἔσκειν, Ἀβυδόθι οἰκία ναίων·  
[τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·]

"Εκτορ, τίς κέ σ' ἔτ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ταρβήσειεν ;  
οἷον δὴ Μενέλαον ὑπέτρεσας, ὃς τὸ πάρος περ  
μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής· νῦν δ' οἴχεται οἷος ἀείρας

A byword everlasting and disgrace,  
If by the dogs beneath Troy-wall be torn  
The body of Achilles' dearest friend ;  
Stand therefore, and sustain with thee thy host."

Brave to the cry of war he answer'd thus :  
"Yea, Phoenix, father mine and elderborn !  
Would but Athene grant me strength, and guard  
The darts from off me, gladly would I stand  
And fight for him who by his death hath touch'd  
My heart most nearly : but, behold, a fire  
Fills Hector, nor his arm from slaughter rests ;  
To him Zeus grants the glory of this day."

Whose words rejoiced the blue-eyed Maiden's heart,  
For that of all the Gods he named her first.  
On him she breathed in shoulder and in knee  
A dauntless strength, and boldness in his heart  
Such as inspirits a hornet, oft repell'd  
Yet still persistent till it bites the blood,  
So much it loves the taste ; like boldness fill'd  
The heart of Menelaus, imbreathed by her ;  
And toward the body, spear in aim, he went.

There dwelt in Troy Eëtion's son, a man  
Of substance rich, and brave, Podæus hight,  
Of all the people most by Hector loved,  
His comrade oft and boon companion dear ;  
Whom now the hero of the auburn hair  
Smote in the girdle as he turn'd to flee,  
And drave the point right through. The arms rang loud  
Around him as he fell ; and Atreus' Son  
Drew off the body, to the Danaans spoil.

Whereat Apollo came to Hector's side,  
In image like to Phœnops, Asius' son,  
By Hector of his nation most beloved,  
The chieftain of Abydos ; in his form  
The God appearing spake to Hector thus :

"Hector, henceforth what Argive fears thee more ?  
Whom Menelaus now hath made retire—  
A warrior till this day of light esteem ;

νεκρὸν ὑπέκ Τρώων, σὸν δ' ἔκτανε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον,  
ἔσθλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, Ποδῆν, υἱὸν Ἡετίωνος.”

590

ᾧ φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα,  
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.  
καὶ τότε ἄρα Κρονίδης ἔλετ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν  
μαρμαρέην, Ἰδην δὲ κατὰ νεφέεσσι κάλυψεν,  
ἀστράφας δὲ μάλα μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, τὴν δ' ἐτίναξεν.  
νίκην δὲ Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαιοὺς.

Πρῶτος Πηνέλεως βοιώτιος ἦρχε φόβοιο.  
βλήτο γὰρ ὦμον δουρὶ, πρόσω τετραμμένος αἰεὶ,  
ἄκρον ἐπιλίγδην· γράψεν δὲ οἱ ὀστέον ἄχρις  
αἰχμὴ Πουλυδάμαντος· ὁ γὰρ ῥ' ἔβαλε σχεδὸν ἑλθών. 600  
Λήϊτον αὖθ' Ἔκτωρ σχεδὸν οὐτάσε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ  
υἱὸν Ἀλεκτρυόνης μεγαθύμου, παῦσε δὲ χάρις.  
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι ἔλπετο θυμῷ  
ἔγχος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ μαχήσεσθαι Τρώεσσιν.  
Ἔκτορα δ' Ἰδομενεὺς μετὰ Λήϊτον ὀρμηθέντα  
βεβλήκει θώρηκα κατὰ στήθος παρὰ μαζόν·  
ἐν καυλῷ δ' ἔαγε δολιχὸν δόρυ, τοὶ δ' ἐβόησαν  
Τρώες· ὁ δ' Ἰδομενῆος ἀκόντισε Δευκαλίδας  
δίφρῳ ἐφεσταότος· τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀπὸ τυτθὸν ἄμαρτεν·  
αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόνας ὀπάονά θ' ἠνίοχόν τε, 610  
Κοίρανον, ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Λύκτου εὐκτιμένης ἔπετ' αὐτῷ—  
πεζὸς γὰρ τὰ πρῶτα λιπὼν νέας ἀμφιελίσσας  
ἤλυθε, καὶ κε Τρωσὶ μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν,  
εἰ μὴ Κοίρανος ὦκα ποδώκεας ἤλασεν ἵππους·  
καὶ τῷ μὲν φάος ἦλθεν, ἄμυνε δὲ νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,  
αὐτὸς δ' ὤλεσε θυμὸν ὑφ' Ἔκτορος ἀνδροφόνουιο—  
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὐατος, ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ὀδόντας  
ὦσε δόρυ πρυμνὸν, διὰ δὲ γλῶσσαν τάμε μέσσην.  
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἠνία χεῦεν ἔραζε.



Yet hath he singly and unaided gain'd  
The spoils of whom he slew, ev'n thy true friend,  
Eetion's son Podæus, brave in arms."

He spoke, the other's soul was clouded o'er  
With sorrow, and in arms of flashing brass  
On through the foremost champions straight he moved.

Zeus then upraised his sparkling fringed shield,  
And shook it, and wrapp'd Ida's hill in cloud,  
Sending his lightnings and his thunders forth,  
Portent of victory now vouchsafed to Troy  
And panic to Achaia. First in flight  
Penelcus of Bœotia led the way,  
For as he charged in wonted onset strong  
A spear had laid his shoulder bare of flesh;  
At whom Polydamas had cast a dart,  
Approaching near him, and it grazed the bone:  
Whilst Hector wounded Leitus, the son  
Of the high-soul'd Alectryon, in the wrist.  
His hand was stay'd from battle; round he look'd,  
No longer hoping to oppose the foe,  
Bewilder'd. But Idomeneus had aim'd  
At Hector, as he charged on Leitus,  
And struck him on the breastplate o'er his chest;  
Yet snapping at the splice the javelin fell,  
Whereat Troy shouted loud; and Hector aim'd  
In turn, as the other mounted to a car,  
Yet err'd a little, and struck Cærianus,  
The gallant driver of Meriones,  
From Lectos, at his side. Idomeneus  
Had left the well-bench'd barks on foot that day;  
And great the triumph he had given to Troy,  
Had not those fleet-foot horses to his help  
Been quickly brought by Cæranus;—who came  
A saving light to the other in his need,  
But his own self to lose his life thereby.  
For Hector pierced him through the cheek and ear,  
Cleaving his tongue and thrusting out his teeth  
The point pass'd downward; from the seat he fell  
And shower'd the reins about him on the earth.

καὶ τάγε Μηριόνης ἔλαβεν χεῖρεσσι φίλησιν 620  
 κούφας ἐκ πεδίοιο, καὶ Ἰδομενῆα προσηύδα·

“ Μάστιγε νῦν, εἴως κε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηαι·  
 γυγνώσκεις δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅτ' οὐκέτι κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν.”

ᾧς ἔφατ', Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἵμασεν καλλιτρίχας ἵππους  
 νῆας ἐπι γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ δέος ἔμπησε θυμῷ.

Οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Αἶαντα μεγάλητορα καὶ Μενέλαον  
 Ζεὺς, ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσι δίδου ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·

“ ὦ πόποι, ἦδη μὲν κε, καὶ ὃς μάλα νήη ος ἐστίν,  
 γνοίη ὅτι Τρώεσσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀρήγει. 630  
 τῶν μὲν γὰρ πάντων βέλε' ἄπτεται, ὅστις ἀφείη,  
 ἢ κακὸς, ἢ ἀγαθός· Ζεὺς δ' ἔμπης πάντ' ἰθύνει·  
 ἡμῖν δ' αὐτῶς πᾶσιν ἐτώσια πίπτει ἔραζε.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγετ', αὐτοὶ περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,  
 ἡμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 χάρμα φίλοις ἐτάροισι γενώμεθα νοστήσαντες,  
 οἳ που δεῦρ' ὀρόωντες ἀκηχέδατ', οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν  
 “ Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους  
 σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι.  
 εἴη δ' ὅστις ἐταῖρος ἀπαγγεῖλειε τάχιστα 640  
 Πηλεΐδῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐ μιν ἀόμαι οὐδὲ πεπύσθαι  
 λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ὤλεθ' ἐταῖρος.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ πη δύναμαι ἰδέειν τοιοῦτον Ἀχαιῶν·  
 ἡέρι γὰρ κατέχονται ὁμῶς αὐτοὶ τε καὶ ἵπποι.  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ρῦσαι ὑπ' ἡέρος νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι·  
 ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλυσσον, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὐάδεν οὕτως.”

ᾧς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δακρυχέοντα·  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἡέρα μὲν σκέδασεν καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὁμίχλην,  
 ἥελιος δ' ἐπέλαμψε, μάχῃ δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσα φαάνθη· 650  
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·

“ Σκέπτεο νῦν, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, αἶ κεν ἴδῃαι  
 ζῶν ἔτ' Ἀντιλοχόν, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱόν,

Meriones upraised them from the ground,  
Bending, and thus address'd Idomeneus :

“Lash on the horses till thou gain the fleet ;  
Thyself mayst see, Achaia's strength hath gone.”

He spoke ; the other thong'd the glossy steeds  
Swift to the ships ; his heart was fill'd with fear.

Nor by great Ajax, nor by Atreus' Son,  
Pass'd it unmark'd, that Zeus had now inclined  
The balance of the battle unto Troy ;  
This Telamonian Ajax saw and spake :

“Now veriest fools might know, Zeus aideth Troy.  
Be their spears strongly, be they weakly, sent,  
They take effect ; Zeus guides them to their aim :  
Whilst ours fall wide and vainly dash'd to earth.  
Remains for us to take the readiest plan  
Whereby to draw this body safe to home,  
And our own selves to gladden the dear eyes  
Of those who love us with our sight again :  
For now with anxious hearts they look this way,  
Fearing the might and arms invincible  
Of Hector unwithstood till all have fallen  
Slaughter'd amongst the galleys. Would I saw  
Some messenger at hand to bear the news  
To Peleus' Son, who knows not yet, I ween,  
The evil tidings of his comrade's fall.  
But none can I distinguish, nought can see,  
In the thick mist that covers all the field.  
Save, from this darkness save, O Father Zeus !  
Achaia's host ; make pure the air, and grant  
Sight to our eyes ; and though it be thy will  
To slay us, let it be in face of day !”

He spoke ; the Father, pitying, saw his tears,  
Scatter'd the mist, and rent the veil apart ;  
The sun shone bright, and all the war lay clear.

Then Ajax said to Menelaus thus :  
“Look round thee, Menelaus, chief Zeus-born,  
So haply to descry Antilochus,  
The son of noble Nestor, still unscathed

ὄτρυνον δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ δαίφρονι θάσσον ἰόντα  
εἰπεῖν ὅττι ῥα οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος."

"Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,  
βῆ δ' ἵκναι ὥς τίς τε λέων ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο,  
ὅστ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ' κε κάμησι κύνας τ' ἄνδρας τ' ἐρεθίζων,  
οἷτε μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἐλῆσθαι  
πάννυχτοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων  
ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὔτι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκουτες  
ἀντίοι ἀίσσουσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,  
καϊόμεναι τε δεταί, τάσ τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·  
ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόςφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ·  
ὥς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος  
ἦιε πόλλ' ἄέκων· περὶ γὰρ δῖε μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ  
ἀργαλέου πρὸ φόβοιο ἔλωρ δηίοισι λίποιεν.  
πολλὰ δὲ Μηριόνη τε καὶ Αἰάντεσσ' ἐπέτελλεν·

660

"Αἶαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, Μηριόνη τε,  
νῦν τις ἐνηείης Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο  
μνησάσθω· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι  
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."

670

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,  
πάντοσε παπταίνων ὥστ' αἰετὸς, ὃν ῥά τέ φασιν  
ὀξύτατον δέρκεσθαι ὑπουρανίων πετεηνῶν,  
οὔτε καὶ ὑψόθ' ἐόντα πόδας ταχὺς οὐκ ἔλαθε πτώξ  
θάμνῳ ὑπ' ἀμφικόμῳ κατακείμενος, ἀλλὰ τ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
ἔσσυτο, καὶ τέ μιν ὦκα λαβὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.  
ὥς τότε σοὶ, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ὅσσε φαεινῶ  
πάντοσε δινείσθην πολέων κατὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων,  
εἴ που Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔτι ξῶοντα ἴδοιο.  
τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἰψ' ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ πάσης  
θαρσύνονθ' ἐτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι.  
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἰστάμενος προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·

680

"Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα πύθῃαι  
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ἥ μὴ ὥφελλε γενέσθαι.  
ἦδη μὲν σὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ὀλομαι εἰσορόοντα

And bid him haste to tell to Peleus' Son  
His death, whom most of all mankind he loved."

He spoke, nor Menelaus disobey'd,  
But, turning, show'd like lion from a fold  
Withdrawing, wearied out with long contest ;  
For hounds and herdsmen all night long have watch'd,  
Nor let him seize the fatling from their herd ;  
He charges oft, a-hunger'd, but in vain ;  
So thick the javelins and the burning brands  
Full in his face darted from strong right-arms,  
That in his heart's despite he dreads their flare,  
And sullenly at dawn perforce departs.  
Such from Patroclus Menelaus show'd  
Moving most loth ; exceeding was his fear  
Lest, in some panic spreading through the ranks,  
The body fall abandon'd to the foe.  
Much therefore, ere departure, he enjoin'd  
Meriones and either Ajax thus :

" Twin captains of Achaia's host, and thou,  
Meriones ! Oh, bear ye well in mind  
How gently manner'd was the noble dead,  
How lovely and how pleasant in his life  
Unto us all—whom Fate and Death hold now ! "

So spake the hero of the auburn hair  
And left them, and around him cast his eyes  
Keen as an eagle's—of the fowls of air  
Keenest to see ; far up he flies, yet low  
Beneath him doth not pass unmark'd a hare,  
Fleet-footed, in a leafy thicket couch'd,  
But pounceth straight upon it and bereaves  
Its wretched life ; so Menelaus, thou  
Roll'dst thy bright eyes about thee through the throng,  
If haply Nestor's Son thou mightst descrie.

Whom soon he saw, upon the battle's left,  
Kindling, bestirring to the war his men ;  
And moving to his side address'd him thus :

" Come unto me, Antilochus, and hear  
Sad tidings, what I would had never been !  
Thyself canst well perceive, O Zeus-born chief,

γιγνώσκειν ὅτι πῆμα θεὸς Δαναοῖσι κυλίνδει,  
 νίκη δὲ Τρώων· πέφαται δ' ὄριστος Ἀχαιῶν,  
 Πάτροκλος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι τέτυκται. 690  
 ἀλλὰ σύγ' αἶψ' Ἀχιλλῇι, θέων ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 εἰπεῖν, αἶ κε τάχιστα νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆα σαώσῃ  
 γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τάγε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ."

ὧς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δὲ κατέστυγε μῦθον ἀκούσας.  
 δὴν δέ μιν ἀμφασίη ἐπέων λάβε, τῷ δέ οἱ ὅσσε  
 δακρυόφι πλησθεν, θαλερὴ δὲ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.  
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς Μενελάου ἐφημοσύνης ἀμέλησεν,  
 βῆ δὲ θέειν, τὰ δὲ τεύχε' ἀμύμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ,  
 Λαοδόκῳ, ὅς οἱ σχεδὸν ἔστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους.

Τὸν μὲν δακρυχέοντα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο, 700  
 Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλλῇι κακὸν ἔπος ἀγγελέοντα.  
 οὐδ' ἄρα σοι, Μενέλαε διοτρεφες, ἥθελε θυμὸς  
 τειρομένοις ἐτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν, ἔνθεν ἀπῆλθεν  
 Ἀντίλοχος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Πυλίοισιν ἐτύχθη·  
 ἀλλ' ὅγε τοῖσιν μὲν Θρασυμήδεα δῖον ἀνῆκεν,  
 αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωι βεβήκει,  
 στῇ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι θέων, εἴθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·

“Κεῖνον μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα θοῆσιν,  
 ἔλθειν εἰς Ἀχιλλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδέ μιν οἶω  
 νῦν ἰέναι, μάλα περ κεχολωμένον” Ἐκτορι δῖφ 710  
 οὐ γάρ πως ἂν γυμνὸς ἐὼν Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' αὐτοὶ περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,  
 ἡμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ  
 Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς θάνατον καὶ κῆρα φύγωμεν.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·  
 “πάντα κατ' αἶσαν ἔειπες, ἀγακλεὲς ὦ Μενέλαε·  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν καὶ Μηριόνης ὑποδύντε μάλ' ὧκα  
 νεκρὸν αἰείραντες φέρετ' ἐκ πόνου· αὐτὰρ ὅπισθεν  
 νῶϊ μαχησόμεθα Τρωσὶν τε καὶ Ἐκτορι δῖφ,

How Heav'n now rolls destruction on our host  
And glory on the Trojans. But withal  
The best of us is dead, Patroclus slain,  
And great the sorrow on the Danaans fall'n.  
Speed therefore to the ships, and run, and tell  
These tidings to Achilles ; so perchance  
He hastes to save the body to his ship,  
Though naked now ; for Hector hath the arms."

He spoke ; the other dumb with horror stood,  
His eyes grew big with tears, his tongue clave fast  
Unto his mouth, his fresh young voice was choked.  
Yet not for this to Menelaus' word  
Stood he neglectful, but girt up his loins  
To run, and gave to brave Laodicus,  
Who held his horses near, the arms he doff'd ;  
So, weeping, and with tidings sad to tell,  
Swiftly his feet thence bare him from the fray.

But not to thee, Atrides, Zeus-born Chief,  
The heart consented then to stay, and help  
The troubled followers whom Antilochus  
Had left, albeit the Pylians miss'd thee sore ;  
These rather to brave Thrasymed he left,  
Himself returning to Patroclus' corse ,  
Whither he sped to Ajax' side, and said :

" Him have I found and to Achilles sent  
Amongst the arrowy galleys swift of foot ;  
Yet well I wot Achilles may not come,  
How wroth soe'er with Hector, forth this day :  
He hath no arms wherein to meet the foe.  
Take then ourselves what counsel seemeth best,  
To save the body to the fleet and shun  
Our death and fate in this turmoil of Troy."

To whom the giant Son of Telamon :  
" Well hast thou said, Atrides most renown'd !  
Stoop thee down therefore with Meriones,  
And lift the body up and bear it back  
Free of the moil, whilst we still stand, and meet  
The brunt of noble Hector and all Troy—

ἴσον θυμὸν ἔχοντες, ὁμώνυμοι, οἷ τὸ πάρος περ 720  
μῖνονμεν ὄξυν Ἄρηα παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες."

Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα νεκρὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀγκαζοντο  
ὑψι μάλα μεγάλως· ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς ὀπισθεν  
Τρωικὸς, ὥς εἴδοντο νέκυν αἵρουτας Ἀχαιοὺς.  
ἴθυσαν δὲ κύνεσσιν ἐοικότες, οὔτ' ἐπὶ κάπρῳ  
βλημένῳ ἀλῆσιν πρὸ κούρων θηρητήρων·  
ἕως μὲν γάρ τε θέουσι διαρῥαῖσαι μεμαῶτες,  
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐν τοῖσιν ἐλίξεται ἀλκὴ πεποιοῦς,  
ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησαν διὰ τ' ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος.  
ὥς Τρῶες εἶως μὲν ὁμίλαδὸν αἰὲν ἔποντο, 730  
νύσσοντες ξίφεσιν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγυίοισιν·  
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' Αἴαντε μεταστρεφθέντε κατ' αὐτοὺς  
σταίησαν τῶν δὲ τράπετο χρῶς, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη  
πρόσσω ἀλῆας περὶ νεκροῦ δηριάσθαι.

Ὡς οὔγ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο  
νῆας ἐπι γλαφυράς· ἐπὶ δὲ πτόλεμος τέτατό σφιν  
ἄγριος ἥντε πῦρ, τό τ' ἐπεσσύμενον πόλιν ἀνδρῶν  
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης φλεγέθει, μινύθουσι δὲ οἶκοι  
ἐν σέλαϊ μεγ' ἄλφ· τὸ δ' ἐπιβρέμει ἰς ἀνέμοιο.  
ὥς μὲν τοῖς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων 740  
ἄζηχῆς ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπήϊεν ἐρχομένοισιν·  
οἱ δ' ὥσθ' ἡμίονοι κρατερὸν μένος ἀμφιβαλόντες  
ἔλκωσ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατὰ παιπαλόεσσαν ἀταρπον  
ἢ δοκόν, ἢ δόρυ μέγα νήϊον· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς  
τείρεθ' ὁμοῦ καμάτῳ τε καὶ ἰδρῶ σπενδόντεσσιν·  
ὥς οὔγ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον. αὐτὰρ ὀπισθεν  
Αἴαντ' ἰσχανέτην, ὥστε πρῶν ἰσχύει ὕδωρ  
ὕληϊς, πεδίοιο διαπρύσιον τετυχήκως,  
ὅστε καὶ ἰφθίμων ποταμῶν ἀλεγεινὰ ῥέεθρα  
ἴσχει, ἄφαρ δέ τε πᾶσι ῥόον πεδίονδε τίθησιν, 750  
πλάζων· οὐδέ τί μιν σθένει ῥηγνύσι ῥέοντες·



We two—alike in heart as one in name—  
Who oft have faced fierce Ares, side by side.”

He spoke ; they took upon their arms and raised  
The body clear on high ; the Trojans mark'd  
The lifted corse, and shouting on their rear  
Charged, like to dogs that on a wounded boar  
Dash to the vaward of the village-hunt,  
And, keen to kill him, press upon his heels ;  
But, if he gather heart and turn to bay  
Against them, back they shrink, this way and that  
Scatter'd and trembling ; such the men of Troy  
Show'd, for a while following in fierce pursuit,  
Threatening with swords and spikèd pointed spears,  
And then anon, whene'er the Ajax-twain  
Wheel'd round and stood, changing their checks to pale,  
Not daring nearer battle to the corse.

So, step by step, with earnest hearts, the two  
Bare from the fray the body tow'rd the fleet ;  
'Gainst whom in utmost fury broke the war,  
Wild as a fire that sudden hath arisen  
Assailing some great city ; in the blaze,  
Wide-spreading, houses perish ; and the force  
Of a strong wind makes terrible its roar ;  
So rose the din, unceasing as they went,  
Of the proud steeds and tramp of armèd men.

Nathless like mules in stubborn strength begirt  
On rough path drawing down a steep hillside  
Plank or hewn stem to be a vessel's mast ;  
Though with the labour and the sweat their hearts  
Are faint within them, onward still they press ;  
So with sad hearts the two still bare their friend.

But in their rear the Ajax-twain held back  
The charging foe ; as a well-wooded ridge,  
That, right across a plain, withstands and holds  
The rush of ruining rivers at its base,  
Unbroke, unshaken, by their fullest flood,  
And sends their waters washing o'er the plain ;

ὥς αἰεὶ Αἴαντε μάχην ἀνέεργον ὀπίσσω  
 Τρώων· οἳ δ' ἄμ' ἔποντο, δύω δ' ἐν τοῖσι μάλιστα,  
 Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.  
 τῶν δ', ὥστε ψαρῶν νέφος ἔρχεται ἢ ἐκ κολοιῶν,  
 οὐλον κεκλήγοντες, ὅτε προῖδωσιν ἰόντα  
 κίρκον, ὃ τε σμικρῇσι φόνον φέρει ὀρνίθεσσιν·  
 ὥς ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἰνείᾳ τε καὶ Ἕκτορι κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν  
 οὐλον κεκλήγοντες ἴσαν, λήθοντο δὲ χάρμης.  
 πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ πέσον περὶ τ' ἀμφὶ τε τάφρον  
 φευγόντων Δαναῶν· πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνεται ἔρωή.

So either Ajax oft would turn, and check  
The Trojans all, though near they press'd, and most  
Their leaders, Hector and Anchises' Son.

But as a cloud of starlings or of daws  
Flee with a cry of panic when they spy  
A hawk, the deadly foe of all their tribe ;  
So with a cry of panic fled distraught  
From Hector and Æneas tow'rd their camp  
The warriors of Achaia, and forgot  
Their wonted valour, dropping at the trench  
Their arms, the while of battle pause was none.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Σ'.

Ὅπλοποιία.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο,  
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀχιλῆι πόδας ταχὺς ἄγγελος ἦλθεν.  
τὸν δ' εὖρε προπάρειθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων,  
τὰ φρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ δὴ τετελεσμένα ἦεν.  
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

“ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, τί τ' ἄρ' αὖτε καρηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ  
νηυσὶν ἐπι κλονέονται ἀτυζόμενοι πεδίοιο;  
μὴ δὴ μοι τελέσωσι θεοὶ κακὰ κήδεα θυμῷ,  
ὥς ποτέ μοι μήτηρ διεπέφραδε, καί μοι ἔειπεν,  
Μυρμιδόνων τὸν ἄριστον ἔτι ζώντος ἐμεῖο  
χερσὶν ὑπο Τρώων λείψειν φάος ἡέλιιο.  
ἦ μάλα δὴ τέθνηκε Μενoitίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς,  
σχέτλιος· ἦ τ' ἐκέλευον ἀπώσάμενον δῆιον πῦρ  
ἄψ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἔμεν, μηδ' Ἐκτορι ἱφι μάχεσθαι.”

10

Εἶος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,  
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν ἀγαυοῦ Νέστορος υἱὸς,  
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, φάτο δ' ἀγγελίην ἀλεγεινήν·

“ὦ μοι, Πηλέος υἱὲ δαίφρονος, ἦ μάλα λυγρῆς  
πεύσσαι ἀγγελίης, ἢ μὴ ὥφελλε γενέσθαι.  
κεῖται Πάτροκλος, νέκυος δὲ δὴ ἀμφιμάχονται  
γυμνοῦ· ἀτὰρ τάγε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ.”

20

Ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα.  
ἀμφοτέρησι δὲ χερσὶν ἔλῶν κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν  
χεύατο κακὴ κεφαλῆς, χαρίεν δ' ἦσχυνε πρόσωπον·  
νεκταρέφ δὲ χιτῶνι μέλαιν' ἀμφίζανε τέφρην·  
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κονίησι μέγας μεγαλωστί τανυσθεὶς

## ILIAD XVIII.

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THUS, like a fiery furnace, raged the war,  
The while Antilochus bare, fleet of foot,  
His errand to Achilles: him he found  
Pacing before his high-beak'd barks, and there,  
As shadowing ev'n the ill that now had pass'd,  
Much moved, and saying to his own brave heart:

“ Ah me! why thronging backward to the fleet  
Come thus the Achæans o'er the plain distraught?  
Oh! not this day, ye Gods, fulfil the doom  
Foretold me by my mother, woe to me,  
That, ere I die myself, I needs must lose  
The best and bravest of the Myrmidons,  
Banish'd from daylight by the hands of Troy!  
Yet surely hath Menœtius' gallant Son  
Now fall'n—Infatuate! whom I bade forthwith,  
Whene'er the ravage of the flame was stay'd,  
Return, nor venture upon Hector war.”

Ev'n while this thought went coursing through his  
breast,

The son of noble Nestor stood in tears  
Beside him, and the doleful message spake:

“ Son of the warrior Pelcus! woe is me!  
Evil my tidings; would it had not been!  
Fall'n lies Patroclus; round his naked corse  
They battle now; and Hector hath the arms.”

He spoke, and a black cloud of grief enwrapp'd  
The other, who in either palm upsciz'd  
Ashes, and shower'd them o'er his head, and foul'd  
His beauteous face; and the dark embers clung  
About his fragrant robe. And prone he lay  
Stretch'd giant-like—a mighty bulk—in dust,

κείτο, φίλῃσι δὲ χερσὶ κόμην ἥσχυνε δαΐζων.  
 δμῳαὶ δ', ἅς Ἀχιλεὺς λήϊσσατο Πάτροκλός τε,  
 θυμὸν ἀκηχέμεναι μεγάλ' ἴαχον, ἐκ δὲ θύραζε  
 ἔδραμον ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα δαΐφρονα, χερσὶ δὲ πᾶσαι  
 στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, λύθην δ' ὑπὸ γυνὴ ἐκάστης.  
 Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δάκρυα λείβων,  
 χεῖρας ἔχων Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἔστενε κυδάλιμον κῆρ·  
 δείδιε γὰρ μὴ λαιμὸν ἀποτμήξειε σιδήρῳ.  
 σμερδαλέον δ' ὦμῳ ξεν· ἄκουσε δὲ πότνια μήτηρ  
 ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἄλδος παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι  
 κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα· θεαὶ δέ μιν ἀμφαγέροντο  
 πᾶσαι ὅσαι κατὰ βένθος ἄλδος Νηρηίδες ἦσαν.  
 [ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἔην Γλαύκη Θάλειά τε Κυμοδόκη τε  
 Νησαίη Σπειώ τε Θόη θ' Ἀλὶή τε βοῶπις,  
 Κυμοθόη τε καὶ Ἀκταίη καὶ Λιμνώρεια  
 καὶ Μελίτη καὶ Ἰαίρα καὶ Ἀμφιθόη καὶ Ἀγαυή,  
 Δωτώ τε Πρωτώ τε Φέρουσά τε Δυναμένη τε,  
 Δεξαμένη καὶ Ἀμφινόμη καὶ Καλλιάνειρα,  
 Δωρίς καὶ Πανόπη καὶ ἀγκαλειτὴ Γαλάτεια,  
 Νημερτὴς τε καὶ Ἀψευδὴς καὶ Καλλιάνασσα·  
 ἔνθα δ' ἔην Κλυμένη Ἰάνειρά τε καὶ Ἰάνασσα,  
 Μαῖρα καὶ Ὀρείθυια εὐπλόκαμός τ' Ἀμάθεια  
 ἄλλαι θ' αἰ κατὰ βένθος ἄλδος Νηρηίδες ἦσαν.]  
 τῶν δὲ καὶ ἄργύφειον πλήτο σπέος· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι  
 στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, Θέτις δ' ἐξήρχε γόοιο·

“Κλῦτε, κασίγνηται Νηρηίδες, ὄφρ' εὐ πᾶσαι  
 εἴδεν' ἀκούουσαι ὅσ' ἐμῶ ἐνὶ κήδεα θυμῶ.  
 ὦ μοι ἐγὼ δειλὴ, ὦ μοι δυσαριστοτόκεια,  
 ἦτ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ τέκον υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,  
 ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνει ἴσος·  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα, φυτὸν ὥς γουνοῦ ἄλωϊς,  
 νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω  
 Τρῳαὶ μαχισόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὐτὴς  
 οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα, δόμον Πηληϊὸν εἴσω.  
 ὄφρα δέ μοι ζῶει καὶ ὄρᾳ φάος ἡελίοιο,

And tearing with his hands defiled his hair.  
But all the handmaids whom those heroes twain  
Had won in war together, ran, heart-struck,  
With shriek and wail from out their chamber-doors  
About their warlike lord, and beat their breasts,  
And all their fainting limbs beneath them fail'd.  
And by him wept Antilochus, yet held  
His hands, despite the heaving of his heart,  
Lest on his own throat he should turn his sword.  
Dreadful his moaning : whom the Goddess heard,  
His mother, where beside her Father old  
She sate within the abysses of the sea,  
And hearing wail'd in answer, whom the Nymphs  
The Nereids of the ocean cluster'd round,  
Glauce, Thalia, and Cymodoce,  
Apseudes, Ianeira, Panope,  
Kallianessa, and Amphinome,  
Speio, and Thoe, large-eyed Halie,  
Actæa, Limnorea, Melite,  
Kallianeira, and Dynamene,  
Doto, and Galatea's famed form,  
Agave, Omythua, Klymene,  
Proto, Pherousa, and Dexanene,  
Nemertes, and Nesæa of the isles,  
Mæra, Iæra, and Amphithoë,  
And Amathea of the golden locks ;  
They fill'd the silvery cavern, each and all  
Beating their breasts, and 'Thetis led their wail :

“Hear me, my sisters, hearken to my grief,  
And hear the countless sorrows of my heart.  
Ah me most hapless, mother of a son  
The noblest of all heroes, to my woe !  
Tall as a sapling, strong and fair, he throve ;  
And tenderly as a plant in some rich bower  
I nursed him, till I sent him forth embark'd  
On the beak'd galleys to the war with Troy ;  
But never more shall I receive him home,  
Never will he return to Pelcus' house.  
Yea, while he yet survives to me and lives

ἄχυνται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύνamai χραισμήσαι ἰοῦσα.  
 ἀλλ' εἴμ', ὅφρα ἴδωμι φίλον τέκος, ἥδ' ἐπακούσω  
 ὅττι μιν ἔκετο πένθος ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μένοντα."

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα λίπε σπέος· αἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῇ  
 δακρυόεσσαι ἴσαν, περὶ δέ σφισι κῦμα θαλάσσης  
 ῥήγνυτο. ταῖ δ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἐρίβωλὸν ἵκοντο,  
 ἀκτὴν εἰσανέβαινον ἐπισχερῶ, ἔνθα θαμειαὶ  
 Μυρμιδόνων εἵρυντο νέες ταχύν ἄμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα.  
 τῷ δὲ βαρὺ στενάχοντι παρίστατο πότνια μήτηρ,  
 ὄξυν δὲ κωκύσασα κάρη λάβε παιδὸς ἑῆος,  
 καὶ ῥ' ὀλοφυρομένην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

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“Τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρένας ἔκετο πένθος;  
 ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῖθε· τὰ μὲν δὴ τοι τετέλεστοι  
 ἐκ Διὸς, ὥς ἄρα δὴ πρίν γ' εὖχεο χεῖρας ἀνασχών,  
 πάντας ἐπὶ πρύμνησιν ἀλήμεναι νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 σεῦ ἐπιδενομένους, παθέειν τ' ἀεκήλια ἔργα.”

Τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “μῆτερ ἐμῇ, τὰ μὲν ἄρ μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἐξετέλεσεν·  
 ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἥδος, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος,  
 Πάτροκλος, τὸν ἐγὼ περὶ πάντων τῶν ἑταίρων,  
 ἴσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ· τὸν ἀπώλεσα, τεύχεα δ' Ἐκτωρ  
 δηώσας ἀπέδυσσε πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,  
 καλὰ· τὰ μὲν Πηλῆϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτε σε βροτοῦ ἀνέρος ἔμβαλον εὖνῃ.  
 αἴθ' ὅφελες σὺ μὲν αὖθι μετ' ἀθανάτης ἀλίστην  
 ναίειν, Πηλεὺς δὲ θνητὴν ἀγαγέσθαι ἄκοιτιν.  
 νῦν δ', ἵνα καὶ σοὶ πένθος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μυρίον εἴη  
 παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο, τὸν οὐχ ὑποδέξαι αὖτις  
 οἴκαδε νοστήσαντ', ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἄνωγεν  
 ζῶειν οὐδ' ἀνδρεσσι μετέμμεναι, αἶ κε μὴ Ἐκτωρ

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To see the sunshine of another day,  
Yet hearken, with what anguish he is rent ;  
Nor can my going aught avail to help him,  
Yet will I go, that I may see my son,  
And hear from his dear lips what woe hath fall'n  
Upon him, ev'n while resting far from war."

She spoke, and left the cavern ; with her rose  
The others, and about their rising brake  
The billows whence they issued : one by one,  
Arrived at fruitful Troy, they scaled the strand,  
There where the galleys of the Myrmidons  
Lay thick about their gallant chief array'd.  
But by their chief his mother took her stand,  
Bitterly weeping, and embraced the head  
Of her dear son, and 'twixt her cries and tears  
Gave utterance to wing'd words, and said :

" My child, why weep'st thou ? In thy soul what grief  
Hath touch'd thee ? Speak it : hide it not from me.  
For surely Zeus hath brought to pass the prayer  
Which thou with hands uplifted pray'dst of late,  
That all Achaia's sons amidst their ships  
Might suffer rout and shame through lack of thee."

Achilles, deeply sighing, answer'd thus :  
" Yea, Mother, Zeus hath brought this all to pass ;  
But what delight to me in all of this,  
When now Patroclus, my own dearest friend,  
Hath perish'd ? Him—him, whom of all my host  
I honour'd most, loved as I love myself—  
I have lost him ! whom Hector hath slain, and stripp'd  
Of all that wondrous terrible armour bright  
Which Gods to Peleus gave, a glorious boon,  
Then when they threw thee to a mortal's bed.  
Yet oh that rather thou hadst ever dwelt  
With thine immortal sisters of the sea,  
And Peleus had brought home a mortal bride !  
For now shall sorrow fall ten-thousandfold  
On thee, when thy son dies, whom never more  
Shalt thou receive returning to his home—  
Nay, nor my heart now prompts me to live on  
Or mingle with my kind, unless—unless

πρῶτος ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπείς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσση,  
Πατρόκλοιο δ' ἔλωρα Μενoitιάδεω ἀποτίσῃ."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·  
"ὠκύμορος δὴ μοι, τέκος, ἔσσειαι, οἷ' ἀγορεύεις·  
αὐτίκα γάρ τοι ἔπειτα μεθ' Ἑκτορα πότμος ἐτοίμος."

Τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
"αὐτίκα τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ' ἐμελλον ἐταίρω  
κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμῦναι· ὁ μὲν μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης  
ἔφθιτ', ἐμεῖο δὲ δῆσεν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα γενέσθαι. 100  
νῦν δ', ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,  
οὐδέ τι Πατρόκλῳ γενόμεν φάος οὐδ' ἐτάροισιν  
τοῖς ἄλλοις, οἳ δὴ πολέες δάμεν Ἑκτορι δίῳ,  
ἀλλ' ἦμαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης,  
τοῖος ἐὼν οἷος οὔτις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων  
ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνονές εἰσι καὶ ἄλλοι,  
ὥς ἔρις ἐκ τε θεῶν ἐκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἀπόλοιτο,  
καὶ χόλος, ὅστ' ἐφέηκε πολύφρονά περ χαλεπήναι,  
ὅσπερ πολὺ γλυκίων μέλιτος καταλειβομένοιο  
ἀνδρῶν ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀέξεται ἥντε καπνός· 110  
ὥς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐχόλωσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.  
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,  
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκη.  
νῦν δ' εἴμ', ὄφρα φίλης κεφαλῆς ὀλετήρα κιχέω,  
Ἑκτορα· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὅππότε κεν δὴ  
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἥδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι.  
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ βίῃ Ἡρακλῆος φύγε κῆρα,  
ὅσπερ φίλτατος ἔσκε Διὶ Κρονίῳνι ἄνακτι·  
ἀλλὰ ἐ Μοῖρ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀργαλέος χόλος Ἡρῆς. 120  
ὥς καὶ ἐγὼν, εἰ δὴ μοι ὁμοίῃ μοῖρα τέτυκται,  
κεῖσομ', ἐπεὶ κε θάνω· νῦν δὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀροίμην  
καὶ τινα Τρωϊάδων καὶ Δαρδανίδων βαθυκόλπων,  
ἀμφοτέρησιν χερσὶ παρειῶν ἀπαλάων  
δάκρυ' ὁμορξαμένην ἀδινὸν στοναχῆσαι ἐφείην·  
γνοῖεν δ' ὥς δὴ δηρὸν ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι.

Hector first pay me for Patroclus' shame  
Ev'n with the bloody ransom of his life ! ”

But Thetis, all in tears, made sad reply :  
“ But, if what now thou say'st be brought to pass,  
Early, O son, my woe, and death to thee ;  
For still on Hector's fate thine followeth fast.”

Much moved, Achilles spake in answer thus :  
“ Would I had died that moment, when I fail'd  
To save my slaughter'd comrade ! Far from home  
He perish'd, who had oft besought of me  
Myself to meet and drive away the curse.  
And—since it seemeth I may ne'er return  
To my dear fatherland, nor here have shown  
True beacon to Patroclus or the host  
Whom Hector hath by thousands slain, but still  
Have sate an idle cumbrance to the earth  
Amongst these ships, albeit in fact of arms  
(In council others ever have excell'd)  
Great as no second of Achaia's sons—  
Therefore may Strife perish from heav'n and earth,  
And Wrath that fires the wisest into strife,  
Sweeter than dropping honey to the lips,  
But, like a smoke, stifling the heart within !  
And such the wrath I nursed 'gainst Atreus' Son.  
Howbeit, the past be past, whate'er its wrongs,  
All lesser pangs subdued in this extreme ;  
Now will I forth • so haply may I meet  
The foe who slew my friend. For mine own self,  
Welcome my doom, whene'er it so please Heaven ;  
For doom not all the might of Hercules,  
'Though dearest unto sovran Zeus, might 'scape,  
But Fate and Herè's vengeful anger slew him.  
So, if like destiny be doom'd to me,  
I likewise will resign me, when I die !  
But now a noble name I first would win,  
Laying a lifelong sorrow (as they wipe  
Off their smooth cheeks with wringing hands their tears)  
On many a fair deep-bosom'd Dardan dame.  
Thus also may they know and take to heart,  
Their strength lay only in my long repose.

μηδέ μ' ἔρυκε μάχης, φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμέιβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·  
 “ναὶ δὴ ταυτὶ γε, τέκνον, ἐτήτυμον· οὐ κακὸν ἐστὶν  
 τειρομένοις ἐτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον·  
 ἀλλὰ τοι ἔντεα καλὰ μετὰ Τρῳέεσσιν ἔχονται, 130  
 χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα· τὰ μὲν κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ  
 αὐτὸς ἔχων ὁμοισιν ἀγάλλεται· οὐδέ ἔφημι  
 δηρὸν ἐπαγγλαιοῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ φόνος ἐγγύθεν αὐτῷ·  
 ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μήπω καταδύσεο μῶλον Ἄρης,  
 πρὶν γ' ἐμὲ δεῦρ' ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἶδθαι·  
 ἠῶθεν γὰρ νύμμαι, ἅμ' ἠελίῳ ἀνιόντι,  
 τεύχεα καλὰ φέρουσα παρ' Ἑφαιστοιο ἄνακτος.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τράπεθ' υἱὸς ἔηος,  
 καὶ στρεφθεῖσ' ἀλῆησι κασιγνήτησι μετηύδα·

“Τμεῖς μὲν νῦν δῦτε θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον, 140  
 ὀψόμεναί τε γέρονθ' ἄλιον καὶ δώματα πυτρὸς  
 καὶ οἱ πάντ' ἀγορεύσατ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον  
 εἶμι παρ' Ἑφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην, αἷ κ' ἐθέλησιν  
 υἱεὶ ἐμῷ δόμεναι κλυτὰ τεύχεα παμφανόωντα.”

Ὡς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ὑπὸ κῦμα θαλάσσης αὐτίκ' ἔδυσαν·  
 ἡ δ' αὖτ' Οὐλυμπόνδε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα  
 ἦεν, ὅφρα φίλῳ παιδὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἐνείκαι.

Τὴν μὲν ἄρ' Οὐλυμπόνδε πόδες φέρον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 θεσπεσίῳ ἀλαλητῷ ὑφ' Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνουιο  
 φεύγοντες νηάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο. 150  
 οὐδέ κε Πάτροκλόν περ εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσαντο νέκυν, θεράποντ' Ἀχιλλῆος·  
 αὐτὶς γὰρ δὴ τόνγε κίχον λαός τε καὶ ἵπποι  
 Ἐκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο πάις, φλογὶ εἵκελος ἀλκῆν·  
 τρὶς μὲν μιν μετόπισθε ποδῶν λάβε φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ  
 ἐλκόμεναι μεμαῶς, μέγα δὲ Τρῳέεσσιν ὁμόκλα·  
 τρὶς δὲ δὺ Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκῆν,  
 νεκροῦ ἀπεστυφέλιξαν· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον, ἀλκὴ πεποιθὼς,  
 ἄλλοτ' ἐπαΐξασκε κατὰ μόθον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε

Stay me not, though thou lov'st me, 'tis in vain."

And thus the silverfooted Nymph return'd :  
" My son, meet this thine answer . think no shame  
Thus to defend thy broken host from death.  
But all thy beauteous blazing arms of brass  
Are now amid the Trojans, vaunted high  
A spoil on Hector's shoulder—not for long,  
Nor long delight, for now his death is nigh.  
Therefore forbear to mingle with the war  
Ere I again behold thee in my sight ,  
The morrow with the rising sun I come,  
And bear thee armour by Hephæstus wrought."

She ceased, and, turning from her son away,  
Address'd her to her sisters of the sea :

" Into the broad-spread bosom of the deep  
Depart ye to the agèd Ocean-God  
And palace of our father, and to him  
Report ye all ; but I will hence to seek  
Hephæstus, the artificer in heaven,  
On steep Olympus : he vouchsafes perchance  
A glorious heavenly armour on my son."

She spoke ; they straightway plunged within the main ;  
Whilst 'Thetis to Olympus' holy mount  
Sped, whence to bear famed armour for her son.

She hasted tow'rd Olympus ; but the while,  
In clamour such as passeth man to tell,  
And flight before the sword of Hector, came  
The Achaians, to their ships and shore repell'd.  
Nor had their warriors drawn Patroclus slain,  
Achilles' dearest friend, from out the darts ;  
But steeds and foemen all around the corse  
And Hector, flamelike in his might, had come :  
'Thrice did great Hector seize him by the heel,  
To drag him back, and loudly cheer'd to 'Troy ;  
And thrice had either Ajax girt himself  
In strength invincible, and hurl'd him off :  
Yet he, still firm, well-weening of his might,  
Anon amid the turmoil flashing moved,  
Anon erect stood, shouting ; nor one step

στάσκει μέγα ἰάχων· ὀπίσω δ' οὐ χάζετο πάμπαν. 160  
 ὥς δ' ἀπὸ σώματος οὔτι λέοντ' αἰθῶνα δύνανται  
 ποιμένες ἄγραυλοι μέγα πεινάοντα δίεσθαι,  
 ὥς ῥα τὸν οὐκ ἐδύναντο δύω Αἴαντε κορυστά  
 "Εκτορα Πριαμίδην ἀπὸ νεκροῦ δειδίξασθαι.  
 καὶ νύ κεν εἵρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἥρατο κῦδος,  
 εἰ μὴ Πηλεΐωνι ποδῆνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις  
 ἄγγελος ἦλθε θεοῦσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι,  
 κρύβδα Διὸς ἄλλων τε θεῶν· πρὸ γὰρ ἦκέ μιν Ἥρη.  
 ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ὀρσεο, Πηλεΐδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν· 170  
 Πατρόκλῳ ἐπάμυνον, οὗ εἵνεκα φύλοπις αἰνὴ  
 ἔσθηκε πρὸ νεῶν. οἱ δ' ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσιν,  
 οἱ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι νέκυος πέρι τεθνηῶτος,  
 οἱ δὲ ἐρύσσασθαι ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν  
 Τρῶες ἐπιθύουσι· μάλιστα δὲ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ  
 ἐλκόμεναι μέμονεν· κεφαλὴν δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀνώγει  
 πῆξαι ἀνὰ σκολόπεσσι, ταμόνθ' ἀπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρήs.  
 ἀλλ' ἄνα, μῆδ' ἔτι κέῖσο· σέβας δέ σε θυμὸν ἰκέσθω,  
 Πάτροκλον Τρῳῆσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι·  
 σοὶ λῶβῃ, αἷ κέν τι νέκυς ἤσχυμμένος ἔλθῃ.” 180

Τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “Ἴρι θεὰ, τίς γὰρ σε θεῶν ἐμοὶ ἄγγελον ἦκεν;”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδῆνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις·  
 “Ἥρη με προέηκε, Διὸς κυδρὴ παράκοιτις·  
 οὐδ' οἶδε Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
 ἀθανάτων, οἱ Ὀλυμπον ἀγάννιφον ἀμφινέμονται.”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “πῶς τ' ἄρ' ἴω μετὰ μῶλον; ἔχουσι δὲ τεύχεα κείνοι·  
 μήτηρ δ' οὐ με φίλη πρίν γ' εἶα θωρήσσεσθαι,  
 πρίν γ' αὐτὴν ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωμαι. 190  
 στεῦτο γὰρ Ἐφάιστοιο πᾶρ' οἰσέμεν ἔντεα καλά.  
 ἄλλου δ' οὐ τευ οἶδα τεῦ ἂν κλυτὰ τεύχεα δύω,  
 εἰ μὴ Αἴαντός γε σάκος Τελαμωνιάδαο.  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅδ', ἔλπομ', ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν ὀμιλεῖ,

Retiring yielded ; but, as village hinds  
To drive a fasting lion from his prey  
Avail not, so those two great heroes arm'd  
Aval'd not to daunt Hector from that coise  
Yea, he had gain'd it, and achieved withal  
Fame infinite, but Iris fleet as wind  
Came hasting from Olympus with behest  
To bid Achilles arm, unknown to Gods  
Save Herè, who had sent her ; and she stood  
Beside him, and address'd her wingèd words :

“ Rise, Peleus' Son, the mightiest of mankind !  
To rescue of Patroclus get thee forth .  
For him this fearful battle now is waged  
Before the galleys' front, and either host  
Is smitten, these defending still the dead,  
And those the Trojans fiery-hot to bear  
His corse to wind-swept Ilion ; but of all  
Is Hector hottest for the spoil, and hopes  
Anon to hoist the head aloft on pikes  
Impaled, and sever'd from the tender neck.  
Up ! sleep no longer ; shame bestir thy soul !  
Thy friend a morsel to the dogs of Troy !  
Yea, if dishonour touch him, thine the shame.”

To whom the fleetfoot hero thus return'd :  
“ Who, Iris, who hath sent thee on this hest ? ”

And thus wind-footed Iris gave reply :  
“ Herè, the glorious spouse of Zeus, hath sent me ;  
Nor knoweth of my coming He, enthroned  
On high, nor other of Immortal Gods  
Who dwell about Olympus' snow-capp'd heights.”

To whom the fleetfoot hero thus again :  
“ How should I go amid the moil of war,  
Whose arms are yonder in the foeman's hands ?  
My mother eke forbade me to be arm'd  
Ere I again behold her in my sight,  
And promised from Hephæstus arms divine.  
Nor know I other man in whose bright mail  
I could be dight, save haply what may shield  
Ajax the giant son of Telamon.  
But he, be sure, himself the foremost plies

ἔγχει δηϊόων περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἴρις·  
 “ εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὃ τοι κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἔχονται·  
 ἀλλ' αὖτως ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν Τρώεσσι φάνηθι,  
 αἳ κέ σ' ὑποδδείσαντες ἀπόσχυνται πολέμοιο  
 Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' Ἀρήιοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν  
 200 τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.”

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὡς εἰποῦς' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ὦρτο διίφιλος· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθήνη  
 ὤμοις ἰφθίμοισι βάλ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεφαλῇ νέφος ἔστεφε δῖα θεᾶων  
 χρύσειον, ἐκ δ' αὐτοῦ δαῖε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν ἐξ ἄστεος αἰθέρ' ἵκηται,  
 τηλόθεν ἐκ νήσου, τὴν δῆιοι ἀμφιμάχωνται,  
 οἷτε πανημέριοι στυγερῶ κρίνονται Ἀρηι  
 210 ἄστεος ἐκ σφετέρου· ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι  
 πυρσοὶ τε φλεγέθουσιν ἐπήτριμοι, ὑψόσε δ' αὐγὴ  
 γίγνεται αἰσσοῦσα, περικτιόνεσσιν ἰδέσθαι,  
 αἳ κέν πως σὺν νηυσὶν ἀρής ἄλκτῆρες ἵκωνται·  
 ὥς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος κεφαλῆς σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανε.  
 στῇ δ' ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν ἀπὸ τείχεος, οὐδ' ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς  
 μίσγετο· μητρὸς γὰρ πυκινὴν ὠπίζετ' ἐφετμήν.  
 ἔνθα στὰς ἦύς', ἀπώτερθε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη  
 φθέγγεατ'· ἀτὰρ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἄσπετον ὦρσε κυδοιμόν.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνή, ὅτε τ' ἔαχε σάλπιγξ  
 220 ἄστν περιπλομένων δηϊῶν ὑπο θυμοραιστέων,  
 ὥς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνή γέμετ' Αἰακίδαο.  
 οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν αἶον ὅπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,  
 πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχες ἵπποι  
 ἀψ' ὄχρα τρόπεον· ὅσσοντο γὰρ ἄλγεα θυμῶ.  
 ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἀκάματον πῦρ  
 δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος  
 δαιόμενον· τὸ δὲ δαῖε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.



His spear in slaughter o'er Patroclus slain."

And wind foot'd Iris answering thus return'd :  
" Full well we know thine aims are with the foe.  
But moving to yon trench, ev'n as thou art,  
Show thyself merely ; and the host of Troy  
For fear shall hold them from the fight, and so  
The Achaians in their toil may breathe again  
One moment—short the breathing-space of war."

And, as she spoke, she vanish'd from the earth.

Then rose Achilles, the beloved of Zeus.  
About whose giant shoulder Pallas threw  
The fringed *Aëgis*, and around whose head  
The gracious Goddess wreathed a golden cloud,  
And kindled from its midst a steadfast fire.  
Like smoke that goeth up from leaguer'd town  
Far in some island compass'd by her foes,  
Where all day long they wage from off their walls  
A baleful battle ; but with set of sun  
One after one their turrets flame with fires,  
And high the flash darts upward, beacon-sign  
To neighbour lands, if thence a fleet may come  
Across the sea, and save them—such the flame  
From off Achilles' brow pierced high to heaven.  
Forth from the bulwark to the trench he moved,  
There stood, nor mingled with the host, for still  
He revered his mother's warning hest ;  
But, standing, shouted : from his side, unseen,  
Pallas *Athenè* lifted eke her voice,  
And woke unutterable dread in Troy.  
As clear above all sounds a trumpet's blare  
From some death-dealing leaguer of a town,  
So clear above all sounds Achilles' call.  
And all who heard that brazen cry, they felt  
Their hearts disturb'd within them : whilst the steeds,  
Forebodesful of their death, whirl'd the cars round ;  
And, struck aghast, the charioteers beheld  
Flame flashing terrible from off the brows  
Of *Peleus'* noble Son, and still it flash'd  
Unwaning, by the blue-eyed Goddess fed.

τρὶς μὲν ὑπὲρ τάφρου μεγάλ' ἴαχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς.  
 τρὶς δὲ κυκλήθησαν Τρῶες κλειτοὶ τ' ἐπικούροι·  
 ἔνθα δὲ καὶ τότε ὄλοντο δυῶδεκα φῶτες ἄριστοι 230  
 ἀμφὶ σφοῖς ὀχέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἀσπασίως Πάτροκλον ὑπέκ βελέων ἐρύσαντες  
 κάτθεσαν ἐν λεχέεσσι· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι  
 μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι ποδώκης εἶπετ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, ἐπεὶ εἶσιδε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον  
 κείμενον ἐν φέρτρῳ δεδαιγμένον ὀξεί χαλκῷ.  
 τὸν ῥ' ἦτοι μὲν ἔπεμπε σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν  
 ἐς πόλεμον, οὐδ' αὖτις ἐδέξατο νοστήσαντα.

Ἥελιον δ' ἀκάμαντα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη  
 πέμψεν ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς ἀέκοντα νέεσθαι· 240  
 Ἥελιος μὲν ἔδω, παύσαντο δὲ δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ  
 φυλόπιδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοίου πολέμοιο.

Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης  
 χωρήσαντες ἔλυσαν ὑφ' ἄρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,  
 ἐς δ' ἀγορὴν ἀγέροντο, πᾶρος δόρποιο μέδεσθαι.  
 ὀρθῶν δ' ἐσταότων ἀγορὴ γένητ', οὐδέ τις ἔτλη  
 ἔξεσθαι· πάντας γὰρ ἔχε τρόμος, οὔνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἔξεφύνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλειτουργίης.  
 τοῖσι δὲ Πουλυδάμας πεπνυμένος ἦρχ' ἀγορεύειν 250  
 Πανθοίδης· ὁ γὰρ οἶος ὄρα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω.  
 Ἔκτορι δ' ἦεν ἑταῖρος, ἱῆ δ' ἐν νυκτὶ γένοντο·  
 ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄρ' μύθοισιν, ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ πολλὸν ἐνέκα·  
 ὃ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

“Ἀμφὶ μάλα φράζεσθε, φίλοι· κέλομαι γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 ἄστυδε νῦν ἵεναι, μὴ μίμνειν Πῶ δῖαν  
 ἐν πεδίῳ παρὰ νηυσὶν· ἐκὰς δ' ἀπὸ τείχεός εἰμεν.  
 ὄφρα μὲν οὗτος ἀνὴρ Ἀγαμέμνονι μῆνιε δῖφ,  
 τόφρρα δὲ ῥῆντεροι πολεμίζειν ἦσαν Ἀχαιοί·  
 χαίρεσκον γὰρ ἔγωγε θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἱαύων,  
 ἐλπόμενος νῆας αἰρήσέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας. 260  
 νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δαίδοικα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα·

Thrice o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice,  
Thrice Troy and all the nations quaked for fear ;  
Twelve of whose bravest perish'd mid the crush  
Of their own spears and chariots.

But, the while,

The Achaians gladly drew from out the darts  
And on a litter laid their hero slain :  
Around whom his loved comrades wailing stood,  
And, midmost, swift Achilles , passionate tears  
He shed ; for there upon his loyal friend,  
Stark on a bier, and gash'd with wounds, he gazed ,  
Him had he sent with horses and with cars  
To battle, whom he never greeted more.

Then royal Herè sped the unwearied Sun  
To sink in ocean, loth, and ere his time :  
So the Sun sank, and all the host had rest  
From onset and the changeful chance of war.

On the other side, from bitter strife retired,  
The Trojans loosed their horses from their yokes ;  
Yet, ere they cared for breaking fast, they held  
A council, all erect, for none durst sit ;  
Seeing that Achilles, after long surcease  
From toilsome battle, now shone forth anew ;  
To whom Polydamas began address,  
Panthous' son, alone in 'Troy discreet  
To look before and after, next in rank  
To Hector, born upon the selfsame night,  
Peerless in council one, as one in arms ;  
He now address'd them with good will, and spake :  
“ Friends, countrymen, hold prudent counsel now :  
I bid us to our city—not to wait,  
Here 'mongst their ships, and far from our own walls,  
The dawn of sacred morning on the plain :  
So long as this man's wrath was unallay'd  
Tow'rd Agamemnon, easier fell the task  
Of battle with Achaia ; yea, my heart  
Amidst their arrowy galleys leap'd with hope  
To fire their fleet. But Peleus' fleetfoot Son

οἷος κέλνου θυμὸς ὑπέρβιος, οὐκ ἐθελήσει  
 μίμνειν ἐν πεδίῳ, ὅθι περ Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ἐν μέσῳ ἀμφότεροι μένος Ἀρης δατέονται,  
 ἀλλὰ περὶ πτόλιός τε μαχήσεται ἡδὲ γυναικῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἵομεν προτὶ ἄστν, πίθεσθέ μοι· ὦδε γὰρ ἔσται.  
 νῦν μὲν νύξ ἀπέπαυσε ποδῶκεα Πηλεΐωνα  
 ἀμβροσίῃ· εἰ δ' ἄμμε κιχήσεται ἐνθάδ' ἰόντας  
 αὔριον ὀρμηθεὶς σὺν τεύχεσιν, εὔ νύ τις αὐτὸν  
 γινώσεται· ἀσπασίως γὰρ ἀφίξεται Ἴλιον ἱρήν  
 ὅς κε φύγη, πολλοὺς δὲ κύνας καὶ γῦπες ἔδονται  
 Τρώων· αἱ γὰρ δὴ μοι ἀπ' οὔατος ὦδε γένοιντο.  
 εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοῖς ἐπέεσσι πιθώμεθα, κηδόμενοι περ,  
 νύκτα μὲν εἰν ἀγορῇ σθένος ἔξομεν, ἄστν δὲ πύργοι  
 ὑψηλαὶ τε πύλαι σανίδες τ' ἐπὶ τῆς ἀραρυῖαι  
 μακρὰι ἐύξεστοι ἐξευγμένοι εἰρύσσονται.  
 πρῶι δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες  
 στησόμεθ' ἄμ πύργους· τῷ δ' ἄλγιον, αἱ κ' ἐθέλησιν  
 ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν περὶ τείχεος ἄμμι μάχεσθαι.  
 ἄψ πάλιν εἰς' ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ κ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους  
 παντοίου δρόμου ἄσῃ ὑπὸ πτόλιν ἡλασκάζων.  
 εἶσω δ' οὐ μιν θυμὸς ἐφορμηθῆναι ἐάσει,  
 οὐδέ ποτ' ἐκπέρσει· πρὶν μιν κύνες ἀργοὶ ἔδονται.”

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ.  
 “Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις,  
 ὃς κέλεαι κατὰ ἄστν ἀλήμεναι αὖτις ἰόντας.  
 ἢ οὐπω κεκόρησθε ἐελμένοι ἐνδοθι πύργων;  
 πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι  
 πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·  
 νῦν δὲ δὴ ἑξαπόλωλε δόμων κειμήλια καλὰ,  
 πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μηονίην ἐρατεινὴν  
 κτήματα περνάμεν ἴκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεὺς.  
 νῦν δ' ὅτε πέρ μοι ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω

I deeply dread. His all-surpassing spirit  
Brooks not the limits of the middle field  
Where we partake the battle, but will range  
Unsated, till he gain our homes and wives.  
Into the city let us then retire :  
Obey me ; thus these things will come to pass :  
Darkness hath stay'd Peleion for the while ;  
But girt in arms to-morrow he will come,  
And, should he come upon us tarrying here,  
Too well his presence will be felt and known.  
Right gladly into Ilion's sacred walls  
Will any who escape him then retire,  
But vultures and the dogs shall feast on more.  
Ill words—may they be distant from mine ear !  
But, be ye led of me, albeit we grudge  
Retiring, yet this night our strength shall lie  
In council ; and the battlements, and towers,  
And lofty gates, and the huge panels smooth  
Within them barr'd, shall hold our city safe :  
Then at first daybreak we will take our stand  
In arms along the parapets array'd :  
So, if he dare advance against our walls,  
The worse for him, and idly to the camp,  
When he hath wearied driving round the town  
His proudneck'd horses, he will drive them back.  
But never shall his mighty heart suffice  
To win him entry ; dogs shall rend his flesh  
Or e'er he so can plunder sacred Troy."

Whom Hector, sternly frowning, answer'd thus :  
" No more, Polydamas, thou speak'st thy rede  
Pleasing to me, bidding us go again  
Into the town, behind our walls—Speak ye !  
Are ye not wearied, dungeon'd in these towers ?  
King Priam's city was the tale of yore  
Through the whole world for wealth of brass and gold ;  
All those rich heirlooms of our homes have gone :  
To Phrygia or Mæonia's pleasant land  
Our wealth hath pass'd for barter : such the will  
Of mighty Zeus, who smites us low with war.  
But now, when great Kronceion hath vouchsafed

κῦδος ἀρέσθ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ, θαλάσῃ τ' ἔλσαι Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 νήπιε, μηκέτι ταῦτα νοήματα φαῖν' ἐνὶ δῆμῳ.  
 οὐ γάρ τις Τρώων ἐπιπείσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἑάσω.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ὥς ἂν ἐγὼν εἵπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.  
 νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἔλεσθε κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσιν,  
 καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε, καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἕκαστος·  
 Τρώων δ' ὃς κτεάτεσσιν ὑπερφιάλως ἀνιάζει, 300  
 συλλέξας λαοῖσι δότω καταδημοβορῆσαι,  
 τῶν τινὰ βέλτερον ἐστὶν ἐπαυρέμεν ἢ περ Ἀχαιούς.  
 πρῶϊ δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες  
 νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν' Ἀρηα.  
 εἰ δ' ἔτεδὸν παρὰ ναῦφιν ἀνέστη δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 ἄλγιον, αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται. οὐ μὲν ἔγωγε  
 φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀντην  
 στήσομαι, ἥ κε φέρῃσι μέγα κράτος, ἥ κε φεροίμην.  
 ξυνὸς Ἐνυάλιος, καὶ τε κτανέοντα κατέκτα."

ᾠς Ἐκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν 310  
 νήπιοι· ἐκ γὰρ σφῶν φρένας εἴλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·  
 Ἐκτορι μὲν γὰρ ἐπήνησαν κακὰ μητιόωντι,  
 Πουλυδάμαντι δ' ἄρ' οὔτις, ὃς ἐσθλὴν φράζετο βουλήν.  
 δόρπον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο κατὰ στρατὸν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 παννύχιοι Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάζοντο γοῶντες.  
 τοῖσι δὲ Πηλεΐδης ἀδινοῦ ἐξήρχε γόοιο,  
 χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου  
 πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχων ὥστε λῖς ἠνυγένειος,  
 ᾧ ρά θ' ὑπὸ σκύμνους ἐλαφιβόλος ἀρπάσῃ ἀνὴρ  
 ὕλης ἐκ πυκινῆς· ὁ δέ τ' ἄχνηται ὕστερος ἐλθὼν, 320  
 πολλὰ δέ τ' ἄγκε' ἐπῆλθε μετ' ἀνέρος ἵχνι' ἐρευνῶν,  
 εἴ ποθεν ἐξεύροι· μάλα γὰρ δριμύς χόλος αἰρεῖ·  
 ὥς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων μετεφώνεε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν·

“ᾠ πόποι, ἦ ῥ' ἄλιον ἔπος ἔκβαλον ἡματι κείνῳ,

Glory to me victorious midst the fleet,  
Hemming the Achaians back against the sea—  
No longer set these counsels, O thou fool,  
Before the people ; none of Troy shall hear  
Thy bidding, for I suffer this no more.  
Hear therefore, and obey ye all my word.  
Leave not your files, but take repast in line ;  
Keep watchful guard, and wakeful, every man  
And if the thought of large possessions here  
Much vexeth any, let him gather all  
And give them for the nation's uses free ;  
Better let these enjoy them, than the foe !  
So at first daybreak we will raise our cry  
Of battle far advanced amidst their camp ;  
Worse shall he fare, if then in very deed  
Achilles dare stand forth to save the ships :  
So be it : for I will not yield, but stand  
Steadfast to meet him : his or mine perchance  
To gain the glory ; ever just the God  
Of battles, and hath oft times slain the slayer."

He spoke, to whom the Trojans gave acclaim  
Consenting : fools—by Pallas reft of wit,  
Harkening to Hector and his evil rede,  
Deaf to Polydamas, whose word was wise !

So there in battle-line they made repast.

Meantime the Achaians all night long bewail'd  
Patroclus, and Pelides led their wail :  
Who clasp'd his slaughterous arms about the breast  
Of the dear dead, and moan'd aloud, most like  
Some bearded lion lorn of all his whelps,  
Seized by a hunter from their forest-den ;  
Erelong he comes, and learns his woe, and roams  
Through many a brake chasing the hunter's track  
(If haply he may find him) fill'd with grief  
Infuriate : thus with deepest moan their prince  
Turn'd and address'd the Myrmidonian host :

" Ah, vague and wide of truth the word I spake,

θαρσύνων ἥρωα Μενοίτιον ἐν μεγάροισιν·  
 φῆν δέ οἱ εἰς Ὀπόεντα περικλυτὸν υἱὸν ἀπάξειν  
 Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντα, λαχόντα τε ληίδος αἶσαν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ Ζεὺς ἀνδρεσσι νοήματα πάντα τελευτᾷ·  
 ἄμφω γὰρ πέπρωται ὁμοίην γαῖαν ἐρεῦσαι  
 αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νοστήσαντα  
 δέξεται ἐν μεγάροισι γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς  
 οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ γαῖα καθέξει.  
 νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὔν, Πάτροκλε, σεῦ ὕστερος εἰμ' ὑπο γαῖαν,  
 οὐ σε πρὶν κτεριῶ, πρὶν γ' Ἑκτορος ἐνθάδ' ἐνείκαι  
 τεύχεα καὶ κεφαλὴν, μεγαθύμου σοῖο φονῆος·  
 δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσω  
 Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολωθείς.  
 τόφρα δέ μοι παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι κείσεται αὐτως,  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ σὲ Τρῳαὶ καὶ Δαρδανίδες βαθύκολποι  
 κλαύσονται νύκτας τε καὶ ἡματα δακρυχέουσαι,  
 τὰς αὐτοὶ καμόμεσθα βίῃφί τε δουρί τε μακρῷ,  
 πιείρας πέρθοντε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στήσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὅφρα τάχιστα  
 Πάτροκλον λούσειαν ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.  
 οἱ δὲ λοετροχόον τρίποδ' ἵστασαν ἐν πυρὶ κηλέφ,  
 ἐν δ' ἄρ' ὕδωρ ἔχεαν, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα δαῖον ἐλόντες·  
 γάστρην μὲν τρίποδος πῦρ ἄμφεπε, θέρμετο δ' ὕδωρ.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ ζέσσειεν ὕδωρ ἐνὶ ἡνοπι χαλκῷ,  
 καὶ τότε δὴ λούσαν τε καὶ ἤλειψαν λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,  
 ἐν δ' ὠτειλὰς πλήσαν ἀλείφατος ἐννεώροιο·  
 ἐν λεχέεσσι δὲ θέντες ἐανῶ λιτὶ κάλυψαν  
 ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρει λευκῷ.  
 παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα πόδας ταχὺν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα  
 Μυρμιδόνες Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες·  
 Ζεὺς δ' Ἥρην προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·

“Ἐπρηξας καὶ ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρην,  
 ἀνστήσας Ἀχιλλῆα πόδας ταχύν· ἦ ῥά νυ σεῖο



Then when I cheer'd Menœtius in his home,  
Vowing ere long to carry back his son  
Laden with glory of the sack of Troy,  
And wealthy with his portion of the spoil !  
But Zeus fulfilleth not all thoughts of man.  
For, lo, the doom of both is, here in Troy  
To redden with our blood one foreign strand ;  
Nor e'er shall Peleus, my old warrior-sire,  
Nor Thetis, my loved mother, to their son  
Give greeting, but the earth shall hold him here.  
Yet, since my death, Patroclus, followeth thine,  
I will not lay thy body in thy grave  
Ere I have slain thy slayer, and can throw  
The spoils and head of Hector on thy corse.  
Yea, then before thy pyre I vow to slay,  
For this my wrath, twelve fairest sons of Troy.  
Meantime, here lie amongst our long-beak'd barks ;  
And round thee days and nights the Dardan dames  
Deep-bosom'd and the Trojan maids may weep,  
Whom by our own right hands at point of spear  
We won, and richest cities then despoil'd."

Achilles spoke, and to his comrades call'd  
To set a massy tripod on a fire,  
And cleanse the body of the clotted blood.  
They set the tripod vessel o'er a fire,  
Therein pour'd water, and lit logs beneath :  
Up round the bellying cauldron curl'd the flame :  
The water wax'd hot, and, when it seethed  
Within the burnish'd brass, they wash'd the corse  
Therewith, anointed it with olive oil,  
And closed its wounds with balm nine years in store ;  
Then laid it on a bier, from head to foot  
Swathed in fine linen-cloth, and o'er the cloth  
White mantle : thus the whole night long, around  
Their chief, the Myrmidonians mourn'd the dead.

And Zeus address'd his sister and his spouse :  
" My Herè, broad-brow'd Queen ! Thus then at last  
Thou hast fulfill'd thy longing, and uprous'd  
Thy fleetfoot hero ; such thy love, I trow

ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐγένοντο κερηκομόωντες Ἀχαιοί·”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη· 360  
αἰνότετα Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες ;  
αἱ μὲν δὴ πού τις μέλλει βροτὸς ἀνδρὶ τελέσσαι,  
ισπερ θνητός τ' ἐστὶ καὶ οὐ τόσα μῆδεα οἶδεν·  
πῶς δὴ ἔγωγ', ἣ φημι θεάων ἔμμεν ἀρίστη,  
ἁμφοτέρων, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὐνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις  
κέκλημαι, σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσεις,  
οὐκ ὄφελον Τρώεσσι κοτεσσαμένη κακὰ ῥάψαι ;”

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·  
Ἥφαιστου δ' ἔκανε δόμον Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα  
ἄφθιτον ἀστερόεντα, μεταπρεπέ' ἀθανάτοισιν, 370  
χάλκεον, ὃν ῥ' αὐτὸς ποιήσατο κυλλοποδῖον.  
τὸν δ' εὖρ' ἰδρώοντα ἐλίσσόμενον περὶ φύσας,  
σπεύδοντα· τρίποδας γὰρ ἐέικοσι πάντας ἔτευχεν  
ἐστάμεναι περὶ τοίχον ἐυσταθέος μεγάρου,  
χρύσεια δέ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλα ἐκάστω πυθμένι θῆκεν,  
ὄφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῖον δυσάλατ' ἀγῶνα  
ἦδ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νεοίατο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.  
οἱ δ' ἦτοι τόσσον μὲν ἔχον τέλος, οὔατα δ' οὔπω  
δαιδάλεα προσέκειτο· τά ῥ' ἤρτυε, κόπτε δὲ δεσμούς.  
ὄφρ' ὅγε ταῦτ' ἐπονεῖτο ἰδυίησι πραπίδεςσιν, 380  
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα.  
τὴν δὲ ἶδε προμολοῦσα Χάρις λιπαροκρήδεμνος,  
καλὴν, τὴν ὥπυιε περικλυτὸς, ἁμφιγυῖης·  
ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“ Τίπτε, Θέτι ταnúπεπλε, ἰκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ  
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε ; πάρος γε μὲν οὔτι θαμίζεις.  
ἀλλ' ἔπειο προτέρω, ἵνα τοι παρ ξείνῳα θείω.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα πρόσω ἄγε διὰ θεάων.  
τὴν μὲν ἔπειτα καθείσεν ἐπὶ θρόνου ἀργυροήλου,  
καλοῦ δαιδαλέον· ὑπὸ δὲ θρήνῃς ποσὶν ἦεν·

These long-curl'd warriors children of thy womb !”

To Him the broad-brow'd Goddess made reply :  
“ Most dead my Lord ! What meaneth this thy gibe ?  
Lo, men on one another wreak their wills,  
Though mortal, and of wisdom not as Gods ;  
How then should I, first of the heavenly host,  
By right of birth, and eke by place, who am  
Thy spouse, and thou art sovran of all Gods,  
Not weave my net to wreak my wrath on Troy ?”

This was the commune of the Gods in heaven.

But silver-footed Thetis, Nymph divine,  
Gain'd soon the palace of Hephæstus, rear'd  
For his own dwelling by the haltfoot God,  
Of beauty most transcendent even in heaven,  
Starry and incorruptible of brass.  
She found him in hard labour dripping sweat  
Above his bellows ; for he fashioning wrought  
Of tripods a full score, to stand array'd  
In range about the stately chamber's walls ;  
And to the pedestal of each he made  
Beneath them golden wheels, whereon to move  
Spontaneous to the choir divine, and thence  
Spontaneous to their place return, self-roll'd,  
A marvel to all eyes ! So far complete  
The work ; but not as yet their curl'd ears  
Were added ; these now welding and their links,  
Constant he labour'd of his cunning craft,  
Unknowing, whilst fair Thetis nigh approach'd.  
But Charis, mantled in a glistening veil,  
The far-famed Haltfoot's beauteous wife, went forth  
To meet her, and embraced her hand, and said :  
“ Nymph of the flowing robe, beloved, revered,  
Thetis, say wherefore com'st thou to our house ?  
This hath not been thy wont at all ; but come,  
Enter, partake of hospitable fare.”

And while she spoke, the Goddess led her in,  
And set her on a throne, with silver starr'd  
Of precious work, and with a footstep raised  
Beneath it ; then aloud she spoke, and call'd

κέκλετο δ' ἼΗφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην εἰπέ τε μῦθον·

“ ἼΗφαιστε, πρόμολ' ὦδε· Θέτις νύ τι σείο χατίζει.”  
τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἄμφιγυήεις·

“ Ἦ ῥά νύ μοι δεινὴ τε καὶ αἰδοίη θεὸς ἔνδον,  
ἣ μ' ἐσάωσ', ὅτε μ' ἄλγος ἀφίκετο τῆλε πεσόντα  
μητρὸς ἐμῆς ἰότητι κυνώπιδος, ἣ μ' ἐθέλησεν  
κρύψαι χωλὸν ἔοντα· τότ' ἂν πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ,  
εἰ μὴ μ' Εὐρυνόμη τε Θέτις θ' ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ,  
Εὐρυνόμη, θυγάτηρ ἀφορῥόου Ὀκεανοῖο.

τῆσι παρ' εἰνάετες χάλκεον δαίδαλα πολλὰ, 400  
πόρπας τε γναμπτάς θ' ἔλικας κάλυκας τε καὶ ὄρμους  
ἐν σπῆι γλαφυρῷ· περὶ δὲ ῥόος Ὀκεανοῖο  
ἰφρῷ μορμύρων ῥέεν ἄσπετος· οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
ᾗδεεν οὔτε θεῶν οὔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,  
ἀλλὰ Θέτις τε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη ἴσαν, αἶ μ' ἐσάωσαν.  
ἣ νῦν ἡμέτερον δόμον ἔκει· τῷ με μάλα χρεῶ  
πάντα Θέτι καλλιπλοκάμῳ ζωάγρια τίνειν.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν οἱ παράθες ξεινήια καλά,  
ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ φύσας ἀποθελόμαι ὄπλα τε πάντα.”

Ἦ καὶ ὑπ' ἄκμοθέτοιο πέλωρ αἴητον ἀνέστη 410  
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δὲ κνήμαι ῥώνοντο ἀραιαί.  
φύσας μὲν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε τίθει πυρὸς, ὄπλα τε πάντα  
λάρνακ' ἐς ἀργυρέην συλλέξατο, τοῖς ἐπονείτο·  
σπόγγῳ δ' ἄμφι πρόσωπα καὶ ἄμφω χεῖρ' ἀπομόργνυ  
αὐχένα τε στιβαρὸν καὶ στήθεα λαχνήεντα,  
δύ δὲ χιτῶν', ἔλε δὲ σκῆπτρον παχὺ, βῆ δὲ θύραζε  
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δ' ἀμφίπολοι ῥώνοντο ἄνακτι  
χρύσειαι, ζωῆσι νεήνισιν εἰοικυῖαι.

τῆς ἐν μὲν νόος ἐστὶ μετὰ φρεσίν, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐδὴ 420  
καὶ σθένος, ἀθανάτων δὲ θεῶν ἅπο ἔργα ἴσασιν.  
αἱ μὲν ὑπαιθα ἄνακτος ἐποίπνυν· αὐτὰρ ὁ ἑρῶν  
πλησίον, ἔνθα Θέτις περ, ἐπὶ θρόνου ἴζε φαεινοῦ,  
ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

Hephæstus, lord of heavenly craft, and said :

“Come forth ; for Thetis hath some need of thee.”  
And quick the far-famed Halftoot made reply :

“Say'st thou ? Then verily within my doors  
Hath come whom most I venerate and love ;  
Who saved me, when that anguish came upon me  
Far falling headlong by the unnatural hand  
Of mine own mother, who would fain have hid  
A birth so lame ; then had I suffer'd sore  
Had not fair Thetis and Eurynomè  
(Eurynomè, of circling Ocean child)  
Caught me within their laps. For them I wrought  
A nine-years' space full many a lovely jewel,  
Clasps, and crook'd twists, and flowers of gold, and chains,  
Deep in that hollow cavern ; foaming round me  
The infinite stream of Ocean murmuring flow'd ;  
Nor other or of Gods or mortal men  
Knew me there hidden, but Eurynomè  
And Thetis, who had saved me, only knew :  
Who now hath come to visit this our home ;  
To fair-hair'd Thetis, as is meet, I give  
My all, in guerdon of a life preserved.  
Set thou before thy guest thy best of fare ;  
I lay my bellows and my tools aside.”

Speaking, his giant bulk from off the stithe  
He heaved with halting gait ; his shrunken shanks  
Yet bare him nimbly up, the while he placed  
His bellows from the fire remote, and all  
The tools, wherewith he labour'd, gather'd close  
Into a silver coffer ; then sponged clean  
His face, and stalwart throat, and both his hands,  
And shaggy chest, and wiped them clear of soot ;  
Last, donn'd a tunic, and with staff in hand  
Limp'd tow'rd the door ; handmaids their lord upbare  
Fashion'd in gold, yet like to maids who live,  
In whom was speech and wide discourse, and strength,  
And knowledge of all craft bestow'd by Heav'n :  
These now did service 'neath their God, who, nigh  
To Thetis moved, and took a glittering throne,  
Embraced her hand, and spake her name, and said :

“ Τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἰκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ  
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε ; πάρος γε μὲν οὔτι θαμίξεις.  
αὐδα ὃ τι φρονέεις · τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,  
εἰ δύναιμι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἔστίην.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμεῖβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα ·  
“ Ἥφαιστ', ἧ ἄρα δὴ τις, ὅσαι θεαὶ εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
τοσσάδ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσιν ἀνέσχετο κήδεα λυγρὰ, 430  
ὅσος ἔμοι ἐκ πασέων Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν ;  
ἐκ μὲν μ' ἀλλάων ἀλιάων ἀνδρὶ δάμασσεν,  
Αἰακίδῃ Πηλῆϊ, καὶ ἔτλην ἀνέρος εὐνὴν  
πολλὰ μάλ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσα. ὁ μὲν δὴ γῆραί λυγρῷ  
κεῖται ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἀρημένος, ἄλλα δέ μοι νῦν ·  
νιὸν ἐπεὶ μοι δῶκε γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε,  
ἔξοχον ἡρώων · ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνει ἴσος ·  
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα φυτὸν ὥς γουνοῖ ἀλώῃς,  
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἶσω  
Τρῳσὶ μαχησόμενον · τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις 440  
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα, δόμον Πηληϊὸν εἶσω.  
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζῶει καὶ ὄρᾳ φάος ἡελίοιο,  
ἄχνηται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναιμι χραίσμῃσαι ἰοῦσα.  
κούρην ἦν ἄρα οἱ γέρας ἔξελον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν,  
τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.  
ἦτοι ὁ τῆς ἀχέων φρένας ἔφθιεν · αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
Τρῳῆς ἐπὶ πρύμνησιν εἰέλεον, οὐδὲ θύραζε  
εἶων ἐξιέναι. τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες  
Ἀργείων, καὶ πολλὰ περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνόμαζον.  
ἔνθ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἠναίνετο λοιγὸν ἀμύναι, 450  
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πάτροκλον περὶ μὲν τὰ ἅ τεύχεα ἔσσειν,  
πέμπει δέ μιν πόλεμόνδε, πολὺν δ' ἄμα λαὸν ὅπασσεν.  
πᾶν δ' ἡμαρ μάρναντο περὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν ·  
καὶ νῦν κεν αὐτῆμαρ πόλιν ἔπραθον, εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων

“Nymph of the flowing robes, beloved, revered,  
Say, Thetis, wherefore com'st thou to our home?  
This hath not been thy wont; but speak thy will;  
My heart is quick to do it; so it be  
That which I can, and that which may be done.”

And Thetis all in tears made sad reply:  
“O say, Hephæstus, of the host of heaven,  
Hath ever Goddess suffer'd in her heart  
Woe such as Zeus hath singled me to bear?  
Of old he bow'd me under sway of man,  
Me only of my sisters of the sea,  
To Peleus, son of Æacus: most loth,  
Perforce, I bore to wed with mortal man,  
Who now within his home by mournful age  
Lies broken. Other woes are yet to come.  
For he hath granted me to bear a son  
And rear him till he shows of heroes first;  
Straight as a sapling, strong and fair, he throve;  
And tenderly as a plant in some rich bower  
I nursed him, till I sent him forth embark'd  
On the beak'd galleys to the war with Troy.  
But nevermore shall I receive him home,  
Never will he return to Peleus' house.  
Yea, while he still survives to me and lives  
To see the sunshine of another day,  
His heart is rent with anguish, nor at all  
Avails my succour for his sorrow's cure.  
The maiden whom the Achæians chose his meed,  
Was torn by Agamemnon from his hands;  
For her he inly grieved, and pined away;  
Until Achæia's host was straiten'd sore,  
Hemm'd to their very galleys' sterns by Troy,  
Nor durst advance before their bulwark's gates.  
Their old men came beseeching; glorious gifts  
They proffer'd; but he would not, and denied  
Himself to save their ruin: yet he clad  
Patroclus in his arms, and sent him forth  
To war, and with him join'd a mighty host.  
So all day long before the Scæan gate  
They fought, and on that day had ta'en the city,

πολλὰ κακὰ ῥέξαντα Μενoitίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν  
 ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἑκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκεν.  
 τοῦνεκα νῦν τὰ σὰ γούναθ' ἱκάνομαι, αἶ κ' ἐθέλησθα  
 υἱεὶ ἐμῷ ὠκυμόρῳ δόμεν ἄσπιδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν  
 καὶ καλὰς κνημίδας, ἐπισφυρίους ἀραρυίας,  
 καὶ θώραχ'. ὃ γὰρ ἦν οἷ, ἀπώλεσε πιστὸς ἑταῖρος  
 Τρωσὶ δαμείς· ὃ δὲ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυμὸν ἀχέουων." 460

Τὴν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·  
 "θάρσει· μὴ τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.  
 αἶ γάρ μιν θανάτοιου δυσσηχέος ὧδε δυναίμην  
 νόσφιν ἀποκρύψαι, ὅτε μιν μόρος αἰνὸς ἱκάνοι,  
 ὥς οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ παρέσσεται, οἷά τις αὐτε  
 ἀνθρώπων πολέων θαυμάσσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδῃται."

"Ὡς εἰπὼν τὴν μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δ' ἐπὶ φύσας,  
 τὰς δ' ἐς πῦρ ἔτρεψε, κέλευσέ τε ἐργάζεσθαι.  
 φύσαι δ' ἐν χοάνοισιν ἐείκοσι πᾶσαι ἐφύσων,  
 παντοίην εὐπρηστον αὐτμὴν ἐξανειῖσαι,  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν σπεύδοντι παρέμμεναι, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτε,  
 ὅππως Ἡφαιστὸς τ' ἐθέλοι καὶ ἔργον ἄνοιτο.  
 χαλκὸν δ' ἐν πυρὶ βύλλεν ἀτειρέα κασσίτερόν τε  
 καὶ χρυσὸν τιμῆντα καὶ ἄργυρον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 θῆκεν ἐν ἄκμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, γέντο δὲ χειρὶ  
 ραιστῆρα κρατερὴν, ἐτέρηφι δὲ γέντο πυράγρην. 470

Ποίει δὲ πρῶτιστα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε  
 πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν,  
 τρίπλακα μαρμαρέην, ἐκ δ' ἄργύρεον τελαμώνα.  
 πέντε δ' ἄρ' αὐτοῦ ἔσαν σάκεος πτύχες· αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ  
 ποίει δαίδαλα πολλὰ ἰδυίησι πραπίδεςσιν. 480

Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν,  
 ἡέλιόν τ' ἀκάμαντα σελήνην τε πλήθουσιν,  
 ἐν δὲ τὰ τεῖρεα πάντα, τάτ' οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωνται,  
 Παλιῶν θ' Ἰάδων τε, τό τε σθένης Ὀρίωνος



Had not Apollo 'mongst their foremost slain  
(Yet after slaughter wrought) Menœtius' Son,  
Bestowing all the glory of his death  
On Hector. Therefore have I come, and clasp  
Thy knees, beseeching that thou give my son,  
'Though doom'd to early death, a shield and helm,  
And glittering greaves with anklets clasp'd below,  
And corslet ; since the armour erst his own  
His faithful friend hath lost, by Trojans slain,  
For whom he now lies sobbing prone on earth."

And thus renown'd Hephæstus made reply :  
"Be cheer'd, nor let this weigh upon thy heart :  
For would that in the coming hour of fate  
My power were such to hide him safe away  
From baleful death, as now to forge him arms,  
The marvel of the thousands who shall see !"

Ceasing, he left her there, and went, and faced  
His bellows tow'rd the flames, and bade them blow.  
Full score of bellows breathed upon the moulds,  
And blew their kindling blasts, to every need  
Attemper'd, hot to haste, or cold, whene'er  
The God so bade, and toil was nigh fulfill'd.  
Then brass eterne upon the fire he cast,  
Silver, and tin, and precious gold, and laid  
Huge anvil on the stithy ; in his right  
A hammer, in his left he plied the tongs.

And first he fashion'd huge and massy shield,  
And all the surface varied by his craft :  
But round it cast a gleaming rim, in depth  
Three metal folds, and added silvern thong ;  
Five plates the targe in depth ; but on the disc  
Fair rich devices by his art he wrought.

Thereon he wrought the heavens, and earth, and sea,  
The sun untiring, and the moon at full,  
And all the constellations wreathed round heaven,  
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might  
Of great Orion, and the Wain-named star

Ἄρκτον θ', ἣν καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐπὶ κλησιν καλέουσιν,  
 ἥ τ' αὐτοῦ στρέφεται καὶ τ' Ὀρίωνα δοκεύει,  
 οἷη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὀκεανοῖο.

Ἐν δὲ δύνω ποίησε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων 490  
 καλὰς. ἐν τῇ μὲν ῥα γάμοι τ' ἔσαν εἰλαπῖναι τε,  
 νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων δαίδων ὑπο λαμπομενῶν  
 ἡγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστρῳ, πολλὺς δ' ὑμέναιος ὁρώρει·  
 κοῦροι δ' ὀρχηστήρες ἐδίνεον, ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν  
 αὐλοὶ φόρμιγγές τε βοὴν ἔχον· αἱ δὲ γυναικες  
 ἰστάμεναι θαύμαζον ἐπὶ προθύροισιν ἐκάστη.  
 λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ ἔσαν ἀθρόοι· ἔνθα δὲ νείκος  
 ὠρώρει, δύο δ' ἄνδρες ἐνείκεον εἵνεκα ποινηῆς  
 ἀνδρὸς ἀποφθιμένου· ὁ μὲν εὔχετο πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι,  
 δῆμῳ πιφαύσκων, ὁ δ' ἀναίνετο μηδὲν ἐλέσθαι· 500  
 ἄμφω δ' ἰέσθην ἐπὶ Ἱστορίῳ πεῖραρ ἐλέσθαι.  
 λαοὶ δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπήπνουν, ἀμφὶς ἀρωγοί·  
 κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον· οἱ δὲ γέροντες  
 εἶατ' ἐπὶ ξεστοῖσι λίθοις ἱερῶ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ,  
 σκῆπτρα δὲ κηρύκων ἐν χέρσ' ἔχον ἡεροφῶνων·  
 τοῖσιν ἔπειτ' ἦισσον, ἀμοιβηδὶς δὲ δικάζον.  
 κεῖτο δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι δύνω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,  
 τῷ δόμεν ὅς μετὰ τοῖσι δίκην ἰθύνατα εἴποι.

Τὴν δ' ἐτέρην πόλιν ἀμφὶ δύνω στρατοὶ εἶατο λαῶν  
 τεύχεσι λαμπόμενοι. δίχα δὲ σφισιν ἦν δανε βουλή, 510  
 ἥ ἐ διαπραθείειν ἢ ἀνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι,  
 κτῆσιν ὅσῃν πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἐέργοι·  
 οἱ δ' οὐπω πείθοντο, λόχῳ δ' ὑπεθωρήσσοντο.  
 τεῖχος μὲν ῥ' ἄλοχοί τε φίλαι καὶ νήπια τέκνα  
 ῥύατ', ἐφεσταότες, μετὰ δ' ἀνέρες οὓς ἔχε γῆρας·  
 οἱ δ' ἴσαν· ἦρχε δ' ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
 ἄμφω χρυσεῖω, χρύσεια δὲ εἵματα ἔσθην,  
 καλῶ καὶ μεγάλῳ σὺν τεύχεσιν, ὥστε θεῶ περ,  
 ἀμφὶς ἀριζήλῳ· λαοὶ δ' ὑπ' ὀλίζονες ἦσαν.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἴκανον ὄθι σφίσιν εἶκε λοχῆσαι, 520

Of Arctos, whirling steadfast in his place,  
Thence watching on Orion, and alone  
Unportion'd in the baths of ocean's stream.

Thereon he wrought withal two cities fair,  
And full : in one were marriages and feasts ;  
And brides from out their chambers by the gleam  
Of torches led along the streets, with hymns  
Of Hymen piercing upwards, and with youths  
In giddy dance , amongst them play of pipes  
And flutes ; and women gazing from their doors.  
But in the market-place a throng ; for there  
Had risen a strife at law betwixt two men  
For price of blood : stood, vowing to the crowd,  
The one, that he had paid the utmost mulct,  
The other, that he ne'er had aught received.  
And both desired to close on testimony.  
The people, as they favour'd each, still gave  
Acclam, but heralds kept the people back,  
The while the Elders sate in sacred ring  
On smooth-worn stones, holding such staves in hand  
As clear-voiced heralds use, and, one by one,  
Rose up to judgment and to just award.  
But in their midst two golden talents lay  
For him whose voice was righteous in the cause.

But round the other city two great hosts  
Were camp'd, in arms all shining ; whom amongst  
Was now divided counsel—should they give  
The whole to sack and plunder, or accept  
The half of all within the leaguer'd walls.  
But not within was thought of yielding ; there  
They girt them to an ambush : on the walls  
Women and children, and the men whom age  
So held, stood guarding ; but the rest moved forth,  
Whom Ares led, and Pallas, graced in gold  
With golden garments, tall and lovely-shaped  
As Gods, and towering lofty o'er a crowd  
Enwrought of lower stature. So they came  
To likeliest ambush, by a river's bank,

ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι τ' ἀρδμὸς ἔην πάντεσσι βοτοῖσιν,  
 ἔνθ' ἄρα τοίγ' ἵζοντ' εἰλυμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.  
 τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀπάνευθε δύω σκοποὶ εἶατο λαῶν,  
 δέγμενοι ὅπποτε μῆλα ἰδοίαιτο καὶ ἔλικας βούς.  
 οἱ δὲ ἰάχα προγέγοντο, δύω δ' ἅμ' ἔποντο νομῆες  
 τερπόμενοι σύριγξι· δόλον δ' οὔτι προνόησαν.  
 οἱ μὲν τὰ προιδόντες ἐπέδραμον, ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα  
 τάμνοντ' ἅμφι βοῶν ἀγέλας καὶ πῶεα καλὰ  
 ἀργεννῶν οἴων, κτεῖνον δ' ἐπὶ μηλοβοτῆρας.  
 οἱ δ' ὥς οὖν ἐπύθοντο πολὺν κέλαδον παρὰ βουσὶν 530  
 εἰράων προπάροιθε καθήμενοι, αὐτίκ' ἐφ' ἵππων  
 βάντες ἀερσιπόδων μετεκίαθον, αἶψα δ' ἵκοντο.  
 στησάμενοι δ' ἐμάχοντο μάχην ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας,  
 βάλλον δ' ἀλλήλους χαλκῆρεσιν ἐγχείησιν.  
 ἐν δ' Ἔρις, ἐν δὲ Κυδοιμὸς ὀμίλεον, ἐν δ' ὀλοή Κῆρ,  
 ἄλλον ζῶν ἐχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,  
 ἄλλον τεθυῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἔλκε ποδοῖν·  
 εἶμα δ' ἔχ' ἅμφ' ὥμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἵματι φωτῶν.  
 ὀμίλευν δ' ὥστε ζωὸν βροτὸν ἦδ' ἐμάχοντο,  
 νεκρούς τ' ἀλλήλων ἔρυον κατατεθυῶτας. 540

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν, πίειραν ἄρουραν,  
 εὐρεῖαν, τρίπολον· πολλοὶ δ' ἀροτῆρες ἐν αὐτῇ  
 ζεύγεα δινεύοντες ἐλάστρεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.  
 οἱ δ' ὅποτε στρέψαντες ἰκοίαιτο τέλσον ἀρούρης,  
 τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἐν χερσὶ δέπας μελιθεός οἶνον  
 δόσκειν ἀνὴρ ἐπιών· τοὶ δὲ στρέψασκον ἀν' ὕγμους,  
 ἰέμενοι νειοῖο βαθείης τέλσον ἰκέσθαι.  
 ἦ δὲ μελαίνετ' ὀπισθεν, ἀρηρομένη δὲ ἐώκει,  
 χρυσεὴ περ εἴουσα· τὸ δὲ περὶ θαῦμα τέτυκτο.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος βαθυληΐον· ἔνθα δ' ἔριθοι 550  
 ἥμων ὀξεῖας δρεπάνας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες.  
 δράγματα δ' ἄλλα μετ' ὕγμον ἐπήτριμα πῖπτον ἔραζε,  
 ἄλλα δ' ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐν ἑλλεδανοῖσι δέοντο.  
 τρεῖς δ' ἄρ' ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐφέστασαν· αὐτὰρ ὀπισθεν

Where was the watering-place of flocks and herds ;  
There sate them down all-arm'd in dazzling brass ;  
Some short space off them crouch'd two scouts, in watch  
Against the coming of the sheep and kine.  
Ere long they came ; and with them following came  
Two shepherds joying of their flutes, nor thought  
Of guile so nigh ; on whom the ambush leap'd  
And cut from all retreat those white-fleeced flocks  
And herds, and slew the feeders of the flocks.  
But when the hosts, who sate before their tents  
Debating, caught the din, they mounted straight  
Then pawing steeds, and swift to rescue sped.  
And soon they battled by the river-bank  
And dash'd their brazen lances, each on each.  
Tumult and Strife were there, and deadly Fate,  
In robes all crimson'd as with human blood,  
With one man wounded in her clutch, and one  
Unwounded yet, but by his feet a third  
Already slain she trail'd from out the fray.  
Thus imaged, like to living men, they throng'd  
Battling to save the bodies of their dead.

Thereon he wrought withal a fallow field  
Of soft fat glebe, thrice till'd, and spacious breadth ;  
And many a plougher on it to and fro  
Drove yoke of oxen ; ever when they gain'd  
The border, where they wheel'd, a swain drew nigh  
Proffering a cup of honey-tasted wine ;  
Thence to new furrow-line they wheel'd, and strain'd  
To gain the adverse border of the lea ;  
But all the lea lay black behind them, black  
As tilth new turn'd, though wrought in stubborn gold :  
So wondrous was the marvel of the work.

Thereon he wrought withal a fair demesne  
Deep-meadow'd ; and the reapers reap'd upon it ;  
And in their hands keen sickles ; down to earth  
Successive all along the furrow dropp'd  
The trusses, and the binders bound the sheaves :  
Three men were there to bind the sheaves ; behind

παῖδες δραγμαεύοντες, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι φέροντες,  
 ἄσπερχῆς παρέχον· βασιλεὺς δ' ἐν τοῖσι σιωπῇ  
 σκῆπτρον ἔχων ἐστήκει ἐπ' ὄγμου γηθόσυνος κῆρ.  
 κήρυκες δ' ἀπάνευθεν ὑπὸ δρυὶ δαῖτα πένοντο,  
 βοῦν θ' ἱερεύσαντες μέγαν ἄμφεπον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες  
 δεῖπνον ἐρίθουσιν λεύκ' ἄλφιστα πολλὰ πάλυνον.

560

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σταφυλῇσι μέγα βρίθουσαν ἀλωὴν  
 καλὴν χρυσεῖην· μέλανεσ δ' ἀνὰ βότρυες ἦσαν,  
 ἐστήκει δὲ κάμαξι διαμπερὲς ἀργυρέησιν.  
 ἀμφὶ δὲ, κυανέην κάπετον, περὶ δ' ἔρκος ἔλασσεν  
 κασσιτέρου· μίᾳ δ' οὔῃ ἀταρπιτὸς ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτὴν,  
 τῇ νίσσοντο φορῆες, ὅτε τρυγῶφεν ἀλωήν.  
 παρθενικαὶ δὲ καὶ ἡίθιοι ὑταλὰ φρονέοντες  
 πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροισι φέρον μεληιδέα καρπόν.  
 τοῖσιν δ' ἐν μέσσοισι παῖς φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ  
 ἱμερόεν κιθάριζε, λῖνον δ' ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄειδεν  
 λεπταλέῃ φωνῇ· τοὶ δὲ ῥήσσοντες ἀμαρτῇ  
 μολπῇ τ' ἰνυγμῷ τε ποσὶ σκαίροντες ἔπουντο.

570

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν ὀρθοκραϊράων·  
 αἱ δὲ βόες χρυσοῖο τετεύχματο κασσιτέρου τε,  
 μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀπὸ κόπρου ἐπεσσεύοντο νομόνδε  
 παρ ποταμὸν κελάδοντα, παρὰ ῥοδανὸν δονακῆα.  
 χρύσειοι δὲ νομῆες ἅμ' ἐστιχόωντο βόεσσιν  
 τέσσαρες, ἐννέα δέ σφι κύνες πύδας ἀργοὶ ἔπουντο.  
 σμερδαλέω δὲ λέοντε δὺ' ἐν πρώτῃσι βόεσσιν  
 ταῦρον ἐρύγμηλον ἐχέτην· ὁ δὲ μακρὰ μεμυκὼς  
 ἔλκετο· τὸν δὲ κύνες μετεκίαθον ἡδ' αἰζηοί.  
 τῷ μὲν ἀναβρήξαντε βοὸς μέγαλοιο βοεῖην  
 ἔγκατα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα λαφύσσετον· οἱ δὲ νομῆες  
 αὐτῷ ἐνδίδεσαν ταχέας κύνας ὀτρύνοντες.  
 οἱ δ' ἦτοι δακέειν μὲν ἀπετρωπῶντων λεόντων,  
 ἰστάμενοι δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ὑλάκτεον ἔκ τ' ἀλέοντο.

580

Ἐν δὲ νομόν ποίησε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,  
 ἐν καλῇ βήσση, μέγαν οἶων ἀργενναίων,  
 σταθμούς τε κλισίας τε κατηρεφέας ἰδὲ σηκοὺς.

Came children gathering up the corn, and bare  
By aimfuls to the binders without end.  
But in a furrow, staff in hand, their lord  
Stood, silent, happy, and short way apart,  
Under an oak his servants spread a feast  
Or tended on the offering of an ox,  
Whilst women sprinkled all the meats with meal.

Thereon a vineyard he enwrought withal  
Grape-laden, graved in gold, but clusters black  
Upon it, and the vines on silver poles.  
The ditch he carved in steel; in tin the fence,  
About it, and a single path ran through,  
Whereon the gatherers pass'd at vintage time:  
And, all in glee child-hearted, maids and men  
Along it now in osier baskets bare  
The honey-tasted clusters, in their midst  
A boy stood, sweetly harping on a lute,  
And sang the lay of Linos, slender-toned.  
Round him together, beating time, they came,  
Singing, and breaking into dance and shout.

Thereon he wrought withal a hornèd herd  
Of oxen, and the kine in gold and tin;  
Forth to their pasture by a sounding stream  
Along a bed of flickering reeds they rush'd  
With lowing from their stalls; engraved in gold,  
Four hinds came with them, and nine nimble hounds.  
Two terrible lions held a snorting bull  
Down 'mid their foremost, bellowing, dragged to death.  
The hinds and dogs were graven in pursuit.  
Anon the lions, bursting through the hide,  
'Gin lap the blood and offal; whilst the men  
Press on their foe and cheer their dogs in vain;  
Who shun to grip a lion with their teeth,  
Bark and bay round him, yet remain aloof.

Thereon withal the far-famed Halftfoot wrought  
Large pasture in a lovely glade, and flocks  
In silver, folds, and roofing-tents, and pens.

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν ποίκιλλε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις, 590  
 τῷ ἕκλον οἶόν ποτ' ἐνὶ Κνωσῷ εὐρείῃ  
 Δαίδαλος ἤσκησεν καλλιπλοκάμῳ Ἀριάδνῃ.  
 ἔνθα μὲν ἡίθεοι καὶ παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι  
 ὠρχεῖντ', ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔχοντες.  
 τῶν δ' αἱ μὲν λεπτὰς ὀθόνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ χιτῶνας  
 εἴατ' ἐυννήτους, ἦκα στίλβοντας ἐλαίῳ·  
 καὶ ῥ' αἱ μὲν καλὰς στεφάνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ μαχαίρας  
 εἶχον χρυσεῖας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν θρέξασκον ἐπισταμένοισι πόδεςσιν  
 ῥεῖα μάλ', ὥς ὅτε τις τροχὸν ἄρμενον ἐν παλάμῃσιν 600  
 ἐξόμενος κεραμεὺς πειρήσεται, αἶ κε θέησιν·  
 ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ θρέξασκον ἐπὶ στίχας ἀλλήλοισιν.  
 πολλὸς δ' ἱμερόεντα χορὸν περιύσταθ' ὄμιλος  
 τερπόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφιν ἐμέλπετο θεῖος ἀοιδὸς  
 φορμίζων· δοιὼ δὲ κυβιστητῆρε κατ' αὐτοὺς  
 μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντος ἐδίνευον κατὰ μέσους.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο μέγα σθένος Ὀκεανοῖο  
 ἄντυγα παρ πυμάτην σάκεος πύκα ποιητοῖο.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ τεύξε σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε, 610  
 τεύξ' ἄρα οἱ θώρηκα φαιινότερον πυρὸς αὐγῆς,  
 τεύξε δέ οἱ κόρυθα βριαρὴν κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν,  
 καλὴν δαιδαλέην, ἐπὶ δὲ χρύσειον λόφον ἦκεν,  
 τεύξε δέ οἱ κνημίδας ἑανοῦ κασσιτέριοι.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πᾶνθ' ὅπλα κάμε κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,  
 μητρὸς Ἀχιλλῆος θῆκε προπύροιθεν αἶρας.  
 ἦ δ' ἱρηξ ὥς ἄλτο κατ' Οὐλύμπου νιφόεντος,  
 τεύχεα μαρμαίροντα παρ' Ἑφαιστοῖο φέρουσα.



Thereon he wrought withal in various art  
A dance, ev'n such as Dædalus design'd  
Of old in spacious Cnossus for delight  
Of bright-hair'd Ariadne : youths in throng  
With maidens, fair to win a nuptial gift  
Of many oxen,—hand in hand, they danced,  
And wrist o'er wrist ; *these* clad in thinnest lawn,  
And *those* in tunics glossy as with oil ;  
And *these* with lovely wreaths, and *those* with swords  
All golden, but from silver baldrics hung  
As when a potter, sitting o'er his wheel,  
Twirls it with ease, assaying if it run,  
So with all ease they ran, and graceful step,  
Smooth, to and fro, and ever interchanged  
Around them joying of the beauteous dance  
A crowd stood gather'd, and a bard divine  
Sang to his harp, and, as he led the strain,  
Two tumblers in their midst went whirling round

And, last, great Ocean's mighty stream he graved  
To ring the margin of the wondrous shield.

But when the huge and massy shield was wrought,  
A corslet, brighter than the blaze of fire,  
A ponderous helmet, to the temples apt,  
Enamell'd, and a golden crest above,  
And greaves of pliant tin, he wrought thereto.

And when renown'd Hephæstus so had wrought  
The arms, he laid them all before the feet  
Of silver-footed Thetis ; straight she sprang  
Down like a falcon from Olympus' snows,  
Bearing the heavenly armour to her son.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Τ'.



Μήνιδος ἀπόρρησις.

Ἵως μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων  
ῥρυνθ', ἔν' ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·  
ἦ δ' ἐς νῆας ἵκανε θεοῦ πῖρα δῶρα φέρουσα.  
εὖρε δὲ Πατρόκλῳ περικείμενον ὃν φίλον υἱόν,  
κλαίοντα λιγέως· πολέες δ' ἄμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι  
μύρουσθ'. ἦ δ' ἐν τοῖσι παρίστατο δία θεάων,  
ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἕκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Τέκνον ἐμὸν, τοῦτον μὲν εἴσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,  
κεῖσθαι, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα θεῶν ἰότητι δαμάσθη·  
τύνῃ δ' Ἠφαίστοιο πᾶρα κλυτὰ τεύχεα δέξο,  
καλὰ μῦλ', οἷ' οὐπω τις ἀνὴρ ὥμοισι φόρησεν.”

10

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κατὰ τεύχε' ἔθηκεν  
πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλῆος· τὰ δ' ἀνέβραχε δαίδαλα πάντα.  
Μυρμιδόνas δ' ἄρα πάντας ἔλε τρόμος, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη  
αὐτὴν εἰσιδέειν, ἀλλ' ἔτρεσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
ὥς εἶδ', ὥς μιν μᾶλλον ἔδν χόλος, ἐν δέ οἱ ὕσσε  
δεινὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάρων ὥσεί σέλας ἐξεφάνθην·  
τέρπετο δ' ἐν χεῖρεσσιν ἔχων θεοῦ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσι τετάρπετο δαίδαλα λεύσσω,  
αὐτίκα μητέρα ἦν ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

20

“Μῆτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ὄπλα θεὸς πόρεν οἷ' ἐπιεικὲς  
ἔργ' ἔμεν ἀθανάτων, μηδὲ βροτὸν ἄνδρα τελέσσαι.  
νῦν δ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ θωρήξομαι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς  
δεῖδω μή μοι τόφρα Μενoitίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν

## ILIAD XIX.

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AND Morn was moving forth in saffron robe,  
Issuing from out the Ocean-stream to bear  
Light to the world, when Thetis gain'd the fleet  
With that her heavenly burden for her son.  
She found him lying, clasping in his arms  
The body of Patroclus, still in tears  
Lamenting, and his followers round him wail'd.  
Midmost the Goddess by his side took seat,  
Clung to his hand, and spake his name, and said :

“ My child, despite our sorrow, yet awhile  
Suffer the dead to rest , and well thou know'st  
He had not fallen, except by hand of Gods ;  
And take these glorious arms, Hephaestus' gift,  
Beauteous—no man hath ever borne the like.”

And, as she spoke, the Goddess laid the arms  
Before Achilles' feet ; each lovely piece  
Clang'd, and their clang made tremble all the host  
Of Myrmidonia, nor might man uplift  
His eyes to meet their brightness, unappall'd.  
But, as Achilles gazed, his wrath but wax'd  
The hotter, and his eyeballs flash'd with fire ;  
Yet joy stole gradual o'er him, as he held  
Betwixt his hands those glorious gifts from heaven ;  
Till of his joy from gazing on their beauty  
He lightly to his mother made reply :

“ Arms worthy of immortal craft, and such  
As mortal ne'er might forge, the God hath wrought  
For thee, my mother ; and I straight will arm.  
But much I dread, lest meantime worms invade  
The body of Menœtius' noble Son,

μυῖαι καδδῦσαι κατὰ χαλκοτύπους ὠτειλὰς  
εὐλὰς ἐγγείνωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρόν—  
ἐκ δ' αἰὼν πέφαιται—κατὰ δὲ χροά πάντα σαπήρη.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·  
“ τέκνον, μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.  
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ πειρήσω ἀλαλκεῖν ἄγρια φύλα,  
μυίας, αἳ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηιφίτους κατέδουσιν·  
ἦνπερ γὰρ κῆταί γε τελεσφόρον εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν,  
αἰεὶ τῷδ' ἔσται χρῶς ἔμπεδος, ἣ καὶ ἀρείων.  
ἀλλὰ σύγ' εἰς ἀγορὴν καλέσας ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
μῆνιν ἀποσιπῶν Ἀγαμέμνωνι, ποιμένι λαῶν,  
αἰψα μάλ' ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσεο, δύσεο δ' ἀλκίην.”

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Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνῆκεν.  
Πατρόκλῳ δ' αὖτ' ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐρυθρὸν  
στάξε κατὰ ῥινῶν, ἵνα οἱ χρῶς ἔμπεδος εἴη.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ παρὰ θίνα θαλάσσης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, ὄρσεν δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιοὺς.  
καὶ ῥ' οἵπερ τὸ πάρος γε νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι μένεσκον,  
οἳ τε κυβερνῆται καὶ ἔχον οἰήϊα νηῶν  
καὶ ταμίαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔσαν, σίτοιο δοτῆρες,  
καὶ μὲν οἱ τότε γ' εἰς ἀγορὴν ἴσαν, οὐνεκ' Ἀχιλλεύς  
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μίχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς.  
τῷ δὲ δύω σκάζοντε βιάτην Ἄρεος θεράποντε,  
Τυδείδης τε μενεπτόλεμος καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
ἔγχει ἐρειδομένω· ἔτι γὰρ ἔχον ἔλκεα λυγρά·  
καὶ δὲ μετὰ πρώτῃ ἀγορῇ ἴζοντο κίοντες.  
αὐτὰρ ὁ δεύτατος ἦλθεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
ἔλκος ἔχων· καὶ γὰρ τὸν ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὕσμινῃ  
οὔτα Κόων Ἀντηνορίδης χαλκήρεϊ δουρί.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπειδὴ πάντες ἀολλίσθησαν Ἀχαιοί,  
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πύδας ὤκυς Ἀχιλλεύς·

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“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ, ἣ ἄρ τι τόδ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἄρειον  
ἔπλετο, σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ, ὅτε νῶϊ περ, ἀχθυμένω κῆρ,

Creep through the mouthèd wounds, and make their nests,  
Shaming the dead (for life hath long-since flown)  
With their unseemly work, and foul his limbs."

But silver-footed Thetis answering said :  
"Let not this weigh, my child, upon thy heart :  
Myself will send afar, as best I may,  
The indomitable swarms of creeping things,  
Whereto the mightiest yield a meal at last.  
Though thus he lay a full-orb'd year, his skin  
Should still be pure, yea, purer than of yore  
But haste and summon to the market-place  
The heroes of Achaia ; there renounce  
Thy wrath 'gainst Agamemnon King of men ;  
Then arm thee, and engird thee in thy might."

She spoke, enkindling in his heart new fire ,  
Then through Patroclus' nostrils, drop by drop,  
To keep him from corruption whole and pure,  
Pour'd ruddy nectar with ambrosia blent.

Thence by the sounding ocean's echoing shore  
Godlike Achilles went, with cry that roused  
And smote Achaia's sons with wondering awe ;  
And now ev'n those whose wont it was to bide  
Aboard the ships,—the craftsmen, those who held  
The rudders, and the stewards in the hulks,  
Dispensers of provision to the host,—  
These now all flock'd into the market-place,  
For that Achilles after long surcease  
From toilsome battle now had shown anew.  
Two gallant labourers in Ares' field,  
Noble Odysseus and brave Diomed,  
Moved thither, halting on their spears, possess'd  
By grievous wounds, and foremost sate them down.  
Likewise the chieftain sovran of the host  
Came halting by the wound of Coön's spear.  
In that full gathering of Achaia's sons  
Fleetfoot Achilles rose, and thus began :

"Better, Atrides, had it been for both,  
For thee and me, if thus we then had met,  
When with grieved hearts and spirit-wasting strife

θυμοβόρῳ ἔριδι μενεήναμεν εἵνεκα κούρης.  
 τὴν ὄφελ' ἐν νήεσσι κατακτάμεν Ἄρτεμις ἰῶ,  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτ' ἐγὼν ἐλόμην Λυρνησὸν ὀλέσσας·  
 τῷ κ' οὐ τόσσοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὁδὰξ ἔλον ἄσπετον οὐδας  
 δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χερσίν, ἐμεῦ ἀπομνηίσαντος.  
 Ἔκτορι μὲν καὶ Τρωσὶ τὸ κέρδιον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς  
 δηρὸν ἐμῆς καὶ σῆς ἔριδος μνήσεσθαι οἶω.  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ,  
 θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκη.  
 νῦν δ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ παύω χόλον, οὐδέ τί με χρὴ  
 ἄσκελέως αἰεὶ μενεαινέμεν· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον  
 ὄτρυνον πόλεμόνδε κερηκομόωντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 ὄφρ' ἔτι καὶ Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίος ἐλθὼν,  
 αἶ κ' ἐθέλωσ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύειν· ἀλλὰ τιν' οἷω  
 ἀσπασίως αὐτῶν γύνυ κάμψειν, ὅς κε φύγησιν  
 δηλίου ἐκ πολέμοιο ὑπ' ἑγχεος ἡμετέρου·

Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐχάρησαν ἐνκινήμίδες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 μῆνιν ἀπειπόντος μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος.  
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 [αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἔδρης, οὐδ' ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀναστάς].

ὦ φίλοι, ἦρωες Δαναοὶ, θεράποντες Ἄρῃος,  
 ἑσταότος μὲν καλὸν ἀκούειν, οὐδὲ ἔοικεν  
 ὑββάλλειν· χαλεπὸν γὰρ, ἐπισταμένῳ περ ἔόντι.  
 ἀνδρῶν δ' ἐν πολλῷ ὁμάδῳ πῶς κέν τις ἀκούσαι  
 ἢ εἴποι; βλάβεται δὲ λιγύς περ ἔων ἀγορητής.  
 Πηλεΐδῃ μὲν ἐγὼν ἐνδείξομαι· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι  
 σύνθεσθ' Ἀργεῖοι, μῦθόν τ' εὔ γινώτε ἕκαστος.  
 πολλὰκι δὴ μοι τοῦτον Ἀχαιοὶ μῦθον ἔειπον,  
 καὶ τέ με νεικείεσκον· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ αἰτίος εἰμι,  
 ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς καὶ Μοῖρα καὶ ἡεροφοῦτις Ἐρινὺς,  
 οἵτε μοι εἰν ἀγορῇ φρεσὶν ἔμβαλον ἄγριον ἄτην,  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτ' Ἀχιλλῆος γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπηύρων.  
 ἀλλὰ τί κεν ῥέξαιμι; θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ.  
 πρέσβα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄτη, ἣ πάντας ἀῖται,

We parted wroth, for one poor damsel's sake :  
Yea, better had the dart of Artemis  
Slain her amongst the galleys on the day  
I took her, and Lynessus fell despoil'd !  
So had been thousands saved their agonies,  
Who on the broad floor of the infinite earth—  
All for this anger's sake—have bit the dust ;  
Sheer gain to Hector and to Troy ; but long  
Shall Argos rue the strife betwixt us twain.  
Howbeit the past be past, whate'er its wrongs,  
All lesser pangs subdued in this extreme :  
I here renounce my wrath, and know my fault  
To nurse an endless anger. Therefore quick  
Arise, and wake to war Achæa's sons •  
That once again to Troy's encounter forth  
Advancing, I may try them, if they *then*  
Delight to take their rest so near our fleet !  
Rather I think that who escape to home  
Shall sit and hug their souls that they have shunn'd  
The onset of Achilles' slaughtering spear !”

He spoke, and all the host acclaiming heard  
The wrath for aye renounced by Peleus' Son ,  
Till Agamemnon from his throne began,  
Still sitting, let from rising by his wound •

“ Friends, fellow-labourers in Ares' field,  
And heroes of Achæa ! Just demand  
May he who riseth make for audience fair,  
That no unseemly clamour trip his speech ;  
Else, whatso'er his art, he fails perforce ;  
How may he speak or hear ? Mid din of tongues  
His voice is broken, though the clearest toned.  
I turn me in the main to Peleus' Son,  
But hearken all, and lay my words to heart.  
Oft have I heard these murmurs of the host  
Upbraiding—yet not I the cause, but Zeus,  
Fate, and the Furies, shrouded all in mist :  
These cast a spirit of wild Sin within me,  
Then when I robb'd Achilles of his meed.  
Yet what could I ? Sin worketh through all life,  
Sin, Power divine, and ancient-born of Zeus,

οὐλομένη· τῇ μὲν θ' ὑπαλοὶ πόδες· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ' οὔδρι  
 πύλναται, ἀλλ' ἄρα ἤγε κατ' ἀνδρῶν κρύατα βαίνει  
 [βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· κατὰ δ' οὖν ἑτερόν γε πέδησεν].  
 καὶ γὰρ δὴ νύ ποτε Ζεὺς ἄσατο, τόντερ ἄριστον  
 ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ τὸν  
 "Ἡρη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα δολοφροσύνης ἀπάτησεν,  
 ἡματι· τῷ ὅτ' ἔμελλε βίην Ἑρακλεῖν  
 Ἀλκμήνῃ τέξασθαι ἐνστεφάνῳ ἐνὶ Θήβῃ.  
 ἥτοι ὄγ' εὐχόμενος μετέφη πάντεσσι Ὀλοῖσιν  
 'κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέειναι,  
 ὄφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγει.  
 σημερον ἄνδρα φώσδε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια  
 ἐκφανεῖ, ὅς πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξει,  
 τῶν ἀνδρῶν γενεῆς οἴθ' αἵματος ἐξ ἐμεῦ εἰσίν.'  
 τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα Πότνια Ἥρη  
 'ψευστήσεις, οὐδ' αὖτε τέλος μύθῳ ἐπιθήσεις.  
 εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν μοι ὅμοσσον, Ὀλύμπιε, καρτερὸν ὄρκον,  
 ἦ μὲν τὸν πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξειν,  
 ὅς κεν ἐπ' ἡματι τῷδε πέσῃ μετὰ ποσσὶ γυναικὸς  
 τῶν ἀνδρῶν οὐ σῆς ἐξ αἵματός εἰσι γειέθλης.'  
 ὡς ἔφατο· Ζεὺς δ' οὔτι δολοφροσύνην ἐνόησεν,  
 ἀλλ' ὅμοσεν μέγαν ὄρκον, ἔπειτα δὲ πολλὸν ἰάσθη.  
 "Ἡρη δ' ἀίξασα λίπεν ῥίου Οὐλύμποιο,  
 καρπαλίμως δ' ἔκετ' Ἀργὸς Ἀχαιϊκὸν, ἐνθ' ἄρα ἦδη  
 ἰφθίμην ἄλοχον Σθενέλου Περσηϊάδαο.  
 ἦ δ' ἐκύει φίλον υἱὸν, ὃ δ' ἐβδομος ἐστήκει μείς·  
 ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε πρὸ φώσδε καὶ ἡλιτόμημον ἔνυτα,  
 Ἀλκμήνης δ' ἀπέπαυσε τόκον, σχέθε δ' Εἰλείθυιας.  
 αὐτὴ δ' ἀγγελέουσα Δία Κρονίῳ προσηύδα  
 'Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀργικέραυνε, ἔπος τί τοι ἐν φρεσὶ θίσῃ.  
 ἦδη ἀνὴρ γέγον' ἐσθλὸς, ὅς Ἀργεῖοισιν ἀνάξει,  
 Εὐρύσθευς, Σθενέλοιο πάϊς Περσηϊάδαο,  
 σὸν γένος· οὐ οἱ ἱεκεῖς ἀνασσέμεν Ἀργεῖοισιν.'  
 ὡς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχος ὄξυ κατὰ φρένα τύψε βαθεῖαν.  
 αὐτίκα δ' εἴλ' Ἀτὴν κεφαλῆς λιπαροπλοκάμιοι

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All-wasting, all-destroying ! Nice her feet ;  
 She walketh not on earth, but on the heads  
 Of mightiest mortals moveth, ruining men :  
 Nor only me, but others oft hath snared ;  
 Ev'n Zeus, supreme adored of Gods and men,  
 Ev'n Zeus she harm'd, when Herè of her wiles  
 (Wiles like to wiles of woman) guiled her lord ,  
 What time in castle-crown'd Thebæ lay  
 Alcmena nigh the birth of Hercules,  
 And Zeus thus vaunted forth the birth in heaven .

“ *Hear me, all Powers divine, or be thou God  
 ‘ Or Goddess, whilst I utter forth my will.  
 ‘ This day shall Eilythia, by the pang,  
 ‘ Of travail, bring to light a child of man,  
 ‘ Born of the generation of my blood,  
 ‘ And King to reign of every nation nigh.’*

“ Then Herè of her guile made answer thus .  
 ‘ *Tush ! Thou wilt change, nor ratify thy word  
 ‘ But swear me, O my Lord, some mighty oath,  
 ‘ Who falls this day new-born at woman’s feet,  
 ‘ Sprung of the generation of thy blood,  
 ‘ The King shall reign of every nation nigh.’*

“ She spoke, nor Zeus perceived her guile, and swore  
 A mighty oath, and, after, knew his harm.  
 For Herè hasting from the Olympian steep  
 Soon gain’d Achæan Argos ; there she knew  
 The wife of Sthenelus, son of Perseus’ race,  
 Lay pregnant, to her seventh month arrived.  
 Her son she brought to light, a seven-months’ child,  
 But stay’d Alcmena’s offspring, nor approach  
 Suffer’d of Eilythia to her couch ;  
 Then bare herself the message back to Zeus :

“ *Lord of the thunderbolt, our Father Zeus !  
 ‘ Harken, I bring thee tidings, what hath happ’d.  
 ‘ Already hath a noble child been born,  
 ‘ Eurystheus, son to Sthenelus, and sprung  
 ‘ Of Perseus, generation of thy blood,  
 ‘ The King to reign of every Argive race,  
 ‘ Thy blood, and surely worthy to be King !’*

“ He heard ; the pang struck deep into his soul ;  
 And forthwith of his wrath he seized on Sin,

χωόμενος φρεσὶν ἦσι, καὶ ὥμοσε καρτερὸν ὄρκον  
 μήποτ' ἐς Οὐλυμπόν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα  
 αὐτὶς ἐλεύσεσθαι Ἄτην, ἣ πάντας αἶται.  
 ὥς εἰπὼν ἐρρίψεν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος 130  
 χειρὶ περιστρέψας· τάχα δ' ἔκετο ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων.  
 τὴν αἰεὶ στενάχεσχ', ὅθ' ἐδὴ φίλον υἱὸν ὀρώτο  
 ἔργον ἀεικὲς ἔχοντα ὑπ' Εὐρυσθῆος ἀέθλων.  
 ὥς καὶ ἐγὼν, ὅτε δ' αὖτε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ  
 Ἀργείους ὀλέεσκεν ἐπὶ πρύμνησι νέεσσιν,  
 οὐ δυνάμην λελαθέσθ' Ἄτης, ἣ πρῶτον ἀάσθην.  
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀσάμην καὶ μευ φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς,  
 ἀν' ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα·  
 ἀλλ' ὄρσει πόλεμόνδε, καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.  
 δῶρα δ' ἐγὼν ὅδε πάντα παρασχεῖν, ὅσσα τοι ἐλθὼν 140  
 χθιζὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.  
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, ἐπίμεινον, ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἀρης·  
 δῶρα δέ τοι θεράποντες ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἐλόντες  
 οἴσουσ', ὅφρα ἴδῃαι ὅ τοι μενοεικέα δώσω."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Πύδας ὠκύς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 " Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 δῶρα μὲν, αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, παρασχέμεν, ὥς ἐπιεικὲς,  
 ἦτ' ἐχέμεν· πάρα σοί. νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα χιρρμης  
 αἴψα μάλ'· οὐ γὰρ χρὴ κλοτοπτεύειν ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας  
 οὐδὲ διατρίβειν· ἔτι γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἄρεκτον· 150  
 ὥς κέ τις αὐτ' Ἀχιλλῆα μετὰ πρῶτοισιν ἵδῃται  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας.  
 ὦδὲ τις ὑμείων μεμνημένος ἀνδρὶ μαχέσθω."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 " μὴ δ' οὕτως, ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν, θεοεϊκέλ' Ἀχιλλεὺ,  
 νήστιας ὄτρυνε προτὶ Ἴλιον νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 Τρωσὶ μαχησομένους, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ὀλίγον χρόνον ἔσται  
 φύλοπις, εὐτ' ἂν πρῶτον ὀμιλήσωσι φάλαγγες  
 ἀνδρῶν, ἐν δὲ θεὸς πνεύσῃ μένος ἀμφοτέροισιν.  
 ἀλλὰ πάσασθαι ἀνωχθὶ θοῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς 160  
 σίτου καὶ οἴνου· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἔστι καὶ ἀλκή."

Seized by her glossy locks, and strongly sware,  
Never again should harmful Sin ascend  
To high Olympus or the starry heaven  
And having sworn, he whirl'd her o'er his head,  
And hurl'd her headlong from the starry heaven.  
Thenceforth She moveth 'mid the works of man.  
But Zeus yet rued her ever, when he saw  
His son beneath Eurystheus' tasks foredone.  
As Zeus, so likewise I have found my sin ;  
And, oft remembering my primal fault,  
Then rued it most, when Hector shone of late  
Slaying us at our very galleys' sterns.  
But since the sin was mine, and these mine eyes  
Darken'd by Zeus, I fain would win thee back  
Atoning by a gift of countless cost.  
Rise then to war thyself, and rouse the host.  
Meantime I send thee, whatso yestereve  
Was proffer'd by Odysseus, to thy tent.  
Or, if thou list, and wilt refrain awhile,  
Wait here, and hither shall my followers bring  
From out my bark the gifts before thine eyes,  
Worthy of all acceptance and thy joy."

To whom the fleetfoot hero thus return'd :  
" Most glorious sovran chieftain of the host,  
Atrides Agamemnon ! As thou wilt,  
Either bring forth the gifts, as were most meet,  
Or still withhold them : this remains with thee.  
But now delight of battle be our thought !  
Nor let us thus beguile the hours of war,  
Nor linger here, our mighty task undone.  
Soon shall Achilles once again be seen  
Strewing with brazen lance the ranks of Troy ;  
Like him, let every Argive meet his foe !"

But many-wiled Odysseus made reply :  
" Achilles, image of the Gods on earth !  
Use not thy valour thus, to push our host  
Fasting on Ilion to the war with Troy.  
No short while shall the battle be, when once  
The armies mix, and Heaven breathes might on each.  
Rather first bid the Achaians take regale  
Of food and wine aboard their hollow barks ;

οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἐς ἡέλιον καταδύντα  
 ἄκμηνος σίτοιο δυνήσεται ἄντα μάχεσθαι·  
 εἴπερ γὰρ θυμῷ γε μενοινάα πολεμίζειν,  
 ἀλλὰ τε λάθρη γυῖα βαρύνεται, ἣδὲ κιχάνει  
 δίψα· τε καὶ λιμὸς, βλάβεται δέ τε γούνατ' ἴοντι.  
 ὃς δέ κ' ἀνὴρ οἴνοιο κορεσσάμενος καὶ ἐδωδῆς  
 ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πανημέριος πολεμίζῃ,  
 θαρσαλέον νύ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, οὐδὲ τι γυῖα  
 πρὶν κάμνει, πρὶν πάντας ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο. 170  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε λαὸν μὲν σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι  
 ὄπλεσθαι· τὰ δὲ δῶρα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων  
 οἰσέτω ἐς μέσσην ἀγορὴν, ἵνα πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωσι, σὺ δὲ φρεσὶ σῆσιν ἱανθῆς.  
 ὁμνυέτω δέ τοι ὄρκον, ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἀναστὰς,  
 μήποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἣδὲ μυγῆναι·  
 [ἣ θέμις ἐστίν, ἄναξ, ἥτ' ἀνδρῶν ἥτε γυναικῶν·]  
 καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἴλαος ἐστω.  
 αὐτὰρ ἔπειτά σε δαιτὶ ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἀρεσάσθω  
 πιεῖρη, ἵνα μή τι δίκης ἐπιδευὲς ἔχῃσθα. 180  
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ, σὺ δ' ἔπειτα δικαιότερος καὶ ἐπ' ἄλλῃ  
 ἔσσειαι· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι νεμεσσητὸν βασιλῆα  
 ἀνδρ' ἀπαρέσσεσθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ·”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 “χαίρω σεῦ, Λαερτιάδῃ, τὸν μῦθον ἀκούσας·  
 ἐν μοίρῃ γὰρ πάντα δίκαιο κατέλεξας.  
 ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν ἐθέλω ὁμόσαι, κέλεται δέ με θυμὸς,  
 οὐδ' ἐπιорκήσω πρὸς δαίμονος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 μιμνέτω αὖθι τέως, ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἀρηος·  
 μίμνετε δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ἀολλέες, ὅφρα κε δῶρα 190  
 ἐκ κλισίῃς ἔλθῃσι καὶ ὄρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν.  
 σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ τόδ' ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ἣδὲ κελεύω·  
 κρινάμενος κούρητας ἀριστῆας Παναχαιῶν  
 δῶρα ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἐναικέμεν, ὅσσ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ  
 χθιζὸν ὑπέστημεν δώσειν, ἀγέμεν τε γυναῖκας.  
 Ταλθύβιος δέ μοι ὦκα κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν  
 κάπρον ἐτοιμασάτω, ταμέειν Διὶ τ' Ἡελίῳ τε·”

For food and wine are strength to weary men ;  
And who from early morn to set of sun  
May brook the brunt of fight without a meal ?  
Howe'er his spirit may spur him to the war,  
His knees wax heavy, thirst and hunger come  
Stealthily, and his limbs beneath him fail.  
But whoso after full repast and wine  
Battles a long day's battle with his foes,  
His heart keeps high within him, nor his limbs  
Will weary, ere all others turn to rest.  
Therefore we bid the armies to their meal.  
Meantime let Agamemnon bring the gifts  
Here to the midmost market, to be view'd  
By all Achaia's host, and joy thy heart.  
And let him, rising 'fore all Argos, swear  
A sacred oath, that from thy captive's bed  
He ever hath abstain'd, nor lain with her,  
As man with woman lawfully may lie.  
Thou likewise, let thy heart be gentle in thee ;  
And let him feast thee nobly in his tent ;  
So shall the measure of thy claim be full.  
And thou, Atrides, learn from this time forth  
Justice, and know that princes, who offend  
Against who first offend them, have no blame."

Then Agamemnon spoke, the King of men :  
"Welcome to me, Odysseus, these thy words,  
Fully and freely spoken to the mark.  
Nor loth am I, but rather of myself  
Minded to make this oath, not so forsworn.  
Therefore, Achilles, howsoe'er thou burn'st  
For battle, yet delay, and likewise all  
The people gather'd, till the gifts may come  
Borne from my tent, and, pledges of our faith,  
Victims be slain. This charge I lay on thee,  
Odysseus, and now bid thee choose me out  
The noblest youths of all Achaia's host  
To fetch from off my bark what gifts soe'er  
We proffer'd to Achilles yestereve ;  
And bring the women with them. Bid withal  
Talthybius in the camp get forth a boar  
To fall, our offering to the Sun and Zeus."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “ Ἀτρεΐδῃ κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 ἄλλοτὲ περ καὶ μᾶλλον ὀφέλλεστε ταῦτα πένεσθαι, 200  
 ὅππότε τις μεταπαυσωλὴ πολέμοιο γέννηται  
 καὶ μέγος οὐτόσον ῥῆσιν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἐμοῖσιν.  
 νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν κέαται δεδαίγμενοι, οὓς ἐδάμασσευ  
 Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κύδος ἔδωκεν,  
 ὑμεῖς δ' ἐς βρωτῶν ὀτρύνετον. ἦ τ' ἂν ἔγωγε  
 νῦν μὲν ἀνώγοιμι πτολεμίζειν υἱᾶς Ἀχαιῶν  
 νήστιας ἀκμήνους, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι  
 τεύξεσθαι μέγα δόρπον, ἐπὴν τισαίμεθα λῶβῃν.  
 πρὶν δ' οὐπὼς ἂν ἔμοιγε φίλον κατὰ λαιμὸν ἰεῖη  
 οὐ πόσις οὐδὲ βρῶσις, ἑταίρου τεθνηῶτος, 210  
 ὅς μοι ἐνὶ κλισίῃ δεδαῖγμένος ὀξεί χαλκῷ  
 κεῖται, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τετραμμένος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι  
 μύρονται· τό μοι οὔτι μετὰ φρεσὶ ταῦτα μέμηλεν,  
 ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ αἵμα καὶ ἀργαλέος στόνος ἀνδρῶν.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 “ ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλεὺς υἱὲ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,  
 κρείσσων εἷς ἐμέθεν καὶ φέρτερος οὐκ ὀλίγον περ  
 ἔγχει, ἐγὼ δέ κε σεῖο νοήματί γε προβαλοίμην  
 πολλὸν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα.  
 τῷ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη μύθοισιν ἐμοῖσιν. 220  
 αἰψά τε φυλόπιδος πέλεται κόρος ἀνθρώποισιν,  
 ἦστε πλείστην μὲν καλὰμην χθονὶ χαλκὸς ἔχουσιν,  
 ἄμητος δ' ὀλίγιστος, ἐπὴν κλίνῃσι τάλαντα  
 Ζεὺς, ὅστ' ἀνθρώπων ταμῆς πολέμοιο τέτυκται.  
 γαστέρι δ' οὐπὼς ἔστι νέκυν πενθῆσαι Ἀχαιοὺς·  
 λήν γὰρ πολλοὶ καὶ ἐπήτριμοι ἥματα πίνυντα  
 πίπτουσιν· πότὲ κέν τις ἀναπνεύσειε πόνοιο;  
 ἀλλὰ χρή τὸν μὲν καταθάπτειν ὅς κε θίῃησιν,  
 νηλεὰ θυμὸν ἔχοντας, ἐπ' ἥματι δακρύσαντας·  
 ὅσσοι δ' ἂν πολέμοιο περὶ στυγεροῖο λίπωνται, 230  
 μεμνήσθαι πόσιος καὶ ἐδῆτύος, ὅφρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον  
 ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι μαχόμεθα νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ,

To whom in answer spake Achilles thus ;  
" Most glorious, sovran chieftain of the host,  
Atrides Agamemnon ! Otherwhiles,  
Hereafter, when shall be surcease of war  
And the hot spirit cooler in my breast,  
This task will then behove you with more grace.  
Still weltering in their blood and unavenged  
Lie they whom Hector, Child of Priam, slew  
When Zeus so will'd the glory to his arm.  
Bid ye then, an ye will, repast be made :  
Still call I to Achaia's sons to move  
Forthwith to battle forth, nor break their fast  
Ere we have ample vengeance for our shame,  
But, after, sup victorious ! Mine own self  
I vow, nor drink nor meat shall pass my throat  
Whilst he, my dearest slain, lies in my tent  
Still gash'd and seam'd, his face toward the door,  
My people wailing round. I have no thought  
To mine own belly while he lieth thus ;  
Death, slaughter, havoc, be my only cares !

But many-wiled Odysseus made reply ;  
" Achilles, Peleus' all-surpassing son !  
By no scant measure better with the spear,  
Stronger, art thou than I. Yet I no less,  
Thine elder, who have seen and know much more,  
Excel thee in the council. Therefore yield,  
And bend thy heart to hearken to my words.  
A weariness of battle needs must come,  
When soon the sword hath shower'd the thickest ears  
Down to the earth, and scantier stands the crop,  
What time the arbiter of mortal fray,  
Great Zeus, inclines to either side the scale.  
How *can* we mourn the dead by keeping fast ?  
Too many fall, too many, day by day,  
One after other ; grief would have no end.  
No : hurry to their graves whoever fall ;  
Keep our hearts hard ; or, maybe, weep one hour,  
And then straight turn us to our drink and food,  
Whoc'er hath come alive from out the fight,  
So haply with more strength to meet the foe

ἔσσάμενοι χροὶ χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα. μηδέ τις ἄλλην  
 λαῶν ὀτρυντὺν ποτιδέγμενος ἰσχαναάσθω·  
 ἦδε γὰρ ὀτρυντὺς κακὸν ἔσσεται, ὅς κε λίπῃται  
 νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων· ἀλλ' ἀθρόοι ὀρμηθέντες  
 Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὄξυν Ἀρηα."

Ἦ καὶ Νέστορος υἱας ὀπάσσατο κυδαλίμοιο,  
 Φυλειδὴν τε Μέγητα Θόαντά τε Μηριόνην τε  
 καὶ Κρειοντιάδην Λυκομήδεα καὶ Μελάνιππον. 240  
 βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρείδαο.  
 αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ἅμα μῦθος ἔην, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον·  
 ἔπτὰ μὲν ἐκ κλισίης τρίποδας φέρον, οὓς οἱ ὑπέστη,  
 αἰθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους·  
 ἐκ δ' ἄγον αἶψα γυναικας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας  
 ἔπτ', ἀτὰρ ὀγδοάτην Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρῃον.  
 χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας Ὀδυσσεὺς δέκα πάντα τάλαντα  
 ἦρχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι δῶρα φέρον κούρητες Ἀχαιῶν·  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν μέσση ἀγορῇ θέσαν, ἃν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 ἵστατο· Ταλθύβιος δὲ θεῶ ἑναλίγκιος αὐδὴν 250  
 κάπρον ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.  
 Ἀτρείδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χεῖρεςσι μάχαιραν,  
 ἣ οἱ παρ' ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἶεν ἄωρτο,  
 κάπρου ἀπὸ τρίχας ἀρξάμενος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχων  
 εὐχετο· τοὶ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτόφιν εἶατο σιγῇ  
 Ἀργεῖοι, κατὰ μοῖραν, ἀκούοντες βασιλῆος.  
 ἐξτάμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

"Ἰστω νῦν Ζεὺς πρῶτα, θεῶν ὑπατος καὶ ἄριστος,  
 Γῇ τε καὶ Ἡέλιος καὶ Ἑρινύες, αἵθ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν  
 ἀνθρώπους τίνυνται, ὅτις κ' ἐπιόρκον ὁμόσση, 260  
 μὴ μὲν ἐγὼ κούρη Βρισηίδι χεῖρ' ἐπενεῖκαι,  
 οὔτ' εὐνῆς πρόφασιν κεχρημένος οὔτε τευ ἄλλου·  
 ἀλλ' ἔμεν' ἀπροτίμαστος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν.  
 εἰ δέ τι τῶνδ' ἐπιόρκον, ἐμοὶ θεοὶ ἄλγεα δοῖεν  
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσα διδοῦσιν ὅτις σφ' ἀλίτῃται ὁμόσσας."



Clad in unyielding mail to endless fray '  
Let none then linger longer, as in wait  
Of second summons , what he now hath heard  
Shall well suffice to harm who lags behind.  
But forth with might collected, to maintain  
Our battle with the charioteers of Troy !”

He ceased, and call'd to follow him the sons  
Of Nestor, and, with them, Meriones,  
Thoas, and Melanippus, and the sons  
Of Phyleus and of Cleon, Meges named  
And Lycomedes, to the royal tent.  
Quick as the spoken word, the task was done :  
The seven tripods, and the horses twelve,  
And twenty glowing caldrons, brought they forth ;  
Seven women cunning of all needle-craft  
They likewise led ; and after these, the eighth,  
The fair Briseis ; last, Odysseus weigh'd  
Ten talents out of gold, and led the band  
Of youths, who, following thence, bare on the gifts  
And set them in the midmost market-place.

Then Agamemnon rose. Beside the King  
Talthybius (herald voicèd as a God)  
Stood holding fast a boar. The King drew forth  
The knife that by the scabbard of his sword  
Hung ever, and from off the victim shore  
The first-fruit hairs ; then, lifting hands to Zeus,  
He pray'd ; the while the people stood around  
Silent, in rank, all listening to their King,  
Who rais'd his eyes to heaven, and spake, and said :  
“ Thou first, O sovran Zeus, of Gods supreme ;  
And Thou, O Earth ; and Sun, I add thy name ;  
And Furies, ye who deep beneath the earth  
Wreak the fell vengeance of an oath forsworn,  
Bear witness, that my hand hath ne'er been laid  
Upon this maiden, or for thought of love,  
Or any due of service ; safe she dwelt  
Untouch'd within my tents. If this be false,  
May every woe be heap'd upon my head,  
Whate'er the Gods decree to man forsworn !”

Ἦ καὶ ἀπὸ στόμαχον κάπρου τάμε νηλεί χαλκῷ.  
τὸν μὲν Ταλθύβιος πολλῆς ἀλὸς ἐς μέγα λαΐτμα  
ῥίψ' ἐπιδιυήσας, βόσιν ἰχθύσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
ἀνστὰς Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ μεγάλας ἄτας ἄνδρεςσι διδοῖσθα. 270  
οὐκ ἂν δήποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἐμοῖσιν  
Ἀτρεΐδης ὥρινε διαμπερὲς, οὐδέ κε κούρην  
ἦγεν ἐμεῦ ἀέκοντος ἀμήχανος· ἀλλὰ ποθὶ Ζεὺς  
ἦθελ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν θάνατον πολέεσσι γενέσθαι.  
νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δειπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἀρηα.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, λῦσεν δ' ἀγορὴν αἰψηρήν.  
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσκίδναντο ἐὼς ἐπὶ νῆα ἔκαστος,  
δῶρα δὲ Μυρμιδόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοιντο,  
βῶν δ' ἐπὶ νῆα φέροντες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο·  
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι θέσαν, κάθισαν δὲ γυναικάς, 280  
ἵππους δ' εἰς ἀγέλην ἔλασαν θεράποντες ἀγαυοί.

Βρισηὶς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτ', ἐκέλη χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ,  
ὡς ἴδε Πάτροκλον δεδαῖγμένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ χυμένη λῆγ' ἐκώκυε, χερσὶ δ' ἄμυσσεν  
στήθεά τ' ἠδ' ἀπαλὴν δειρὴν ἰδε καλὰ πρόσωπα.  
εἶπε δ' ἄρα κλαίουσα γυνὴ εἰκυῖα θεῇσιν·

“Πάτροκλέ μοι δειλῇ πλείστον κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,  
ζῶν μὲν σε ἔλειπον ἐγὼ κλισίῃθην ἰούσα,  
νῦν δέ σε τεθνηῶτα κιχάνομαι, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,  
ἄψ' ἀνιοῦς· ὥς μοι δέχεται κακὸν ἐκ κακοῦ αἰεὶ. 290  
ἄνδρα μὲν, ᾧ ἔδοσάν με πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,  
εἶδον πρὸ πτόλιος δεδαῖγμένον ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
τρέϊς τε κασιγνήτους, τοὺς μοι μῖα γέινατο μήτηρ,  
κηδείους, οἳ πάντες ὀλέθριον ἡμάρ ἐπέσπον.  
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδέ μ' ἔασκες, ὅτ' ἄνδρ' ἐμὸν ὤκνεις Ἀχιλλεὺς  
ἔκτεινεν, πέρσεν δὲ πόλιν θείοιο Μύνητος,  
κλαίειν, ἀλλὰ μ' ἔφασκες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο

Speaking, he drew the unremorseful knife  
Through the boar's throat ; Talthybius raised the boar  
And swung and hurl'd it to be food for fish  
Into the wide gulf of the hoary sea.  
Then rose Achilles and bespoke the host :

“ Vast of a truth the ills thou lay'st on man,  
O Father Zeus ! How else would Atreus' Son  
Have stirred my heart thus to its deepest depths,  
And madly ta'en this maid in my despite ?  
Nay ; 'twas the work of Zeus, who will'd, perchance,  
Such death unto the many who have fallen.  
Now go ye ; break your fast , and thence to war.”

He spoke, and loosed the assembly. With all speed  
They scatter'd every man aboard his bark ;  
The while the gallant band of Myrmidons  
Turn'd to the gifts, and tow'rd their chieftain's ships  
Bare them ; and part they placed within the tents,  
But bade the maids be seated, whilst the steeds  
Were driven to pasture forth by gentle squires.

So in her beauty to the tent return'd  
Briseis ; but, beholding there in death  
Patroclus lying, with a bitter cry  
Down on his corse she shower'd herself, and tare  
Her tender bosom and neck and lovely cheeks ;  
And thus at last spake, Goddess-like, in tears :

“ Patroclus ! Ah, unhappy that I am—  
My most belov'd ! When I took me hence,  
Living I left thee, dead I find thee now,  
Thee dead, O captain of the host, and woe  
To me ; sorrow on sorrow following fast !  
My husband, him to whom my father old  
And noble mother gave me to be wife,  
First I beheld before his city slain ;  
And with him three, mine own dear brothers, born  
Of the same mother, met their deaths that day.  
Yet, though the fleetfoot hero so had slain  
My husband, then despoiling Mynes' town,  
Thou wouldst not suffer me to weep, but saidst  
How thou wouldst make me wedded wife, the wife  
Ev'n of divine Achilles, bearing me

κουριδίην ἄλοχον θήσειν, ἄξειν τ' ἐνὶ νηυσὶν  
 ἐς Φθίην, δαίσειν δὲ γάμον μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν.  
 τῷ σ' ἄμοτον κλαίω τεθνηότα μείλιχον αἰεῖ.”

300

“Ὡς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες,  
 Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν, σφῶν δ' αὐτῶν κήδε' ἑκάστη.  
 αὐτὸν δ' ἀμφὶ γέροντες Ἀχαιῶν ἠγερέθοντο  
 λισσόμενοι δειπνήσαι· ὁ δ' ἠρνεῖτο στεναχίζων·

“Λίσσομαι, εἴ τις ἔμοιγε φίλων ἐπιπείθεθ' ἑταίρων,  
 μή με πρὶν σίτοιο κελεύετε μηδὲ ποτήτος  
 ἄσασθαι φίλον ἦτορ, ἐπεὶ μ' ἄχος αἰνὸν ἰκάνει.  
 δύντα δ' ἐς ἡέλιον μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι ἔμπης.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἄλλους μὲν ἀπεσκέδασεν βασιλῆας,  
 δοῖω δ' Ἀτρεΐδα μενέτην καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,  
 Νέστωρ Ἰδομενεύς τε γέρων θ' ἵππηλίτα Φοῖνιξ,  
 τέρποντες πυκινῶς ἀκαχήμενον· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ  
 τέρπετο, πρὶν πολέμου στόμα δύμεναι αἱματόεντος.  
 μνησάμενος δ' ἀδινῶς ἀνενείκατο φώνησέν τε·

310

“Ἡ ῥά νύ μοί ποτε καὶ σὺ, δυσάμμορε, φίλταθ' ἑταί-  
 ρων,  
 αὐτὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃ λαρὸν παρὰ δεῖπνον ἔθηκας  
 αἶψα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὁπότε σπερχοίατ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἀρηα.  
 νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν κεῖσαι δεδαίγμενος, αὐτὰρ ἔμὸν κῆρ  
 ἄκμηνον πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ἔνδον ἐόντων,  
 σῇ ποθῇ. σὺ μὲν γάρ τι κακώτερον ἄλλο πάθοιμι,  
 οὐδ' εἴ κεν τοῦ πατρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο πυθοίμην,  
 ὅς πού νῦν Φθίῃφι τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβει  
 χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' υἱός· ὁ δ' ἄλλοδαπῷ ἐνὶ δῆμῳ  
 εἵνεκα ῥιγεδανῆς Ἑλένης Τρωσὶν πολεμίζω·  
 ἢ τὸν ὃς Σκύρῳ μοι ἔνι τρέφεται φίλος υἱός.

320

Home on his ships to Phthia, and wouldst feast  
The Myrmidonians at our marriage there.  
Wherefore for thee my tears shall ceaseless flow,  
For thou wast ever gentle unto me."

She ceased, with whom those maidens wept, yet mourn'd  
Each her own sorrows in that hero's name.

Meantime the Elders of the Achaian host  
Came gathering round Achilles, and besought  
That he should take repast ; but he with sighs  
Denied them :

" I entreat you, if that yet  
My loyal comrades list my voice in aught,  
Seeing this bitter grief hath fallen upon me,  
Speak to me not of solacing my soul  
With meat and drink ; for fasting I abide,  
And fasting will endure till set of sun."

He spoke, and scatter'd from him all the chiefs,  
Save the two Sons of Atreus' royal line,  
Noble Odysseus and Idomeneus,  
Nestor, and agèd Phoenix : these essay'd  
Wherewith to comfort his deep-smitten heart ;  
But comfort found he none, or e'er he plunged  
Into the opening mouth of ravening war ;  
And memories thronged upon him, and he cried :

" Ill-fated one, of all my friends most loved !  
Ah, thine it was of late within this tent  
Deftly and with the zest of love to spread  
Viands to tempt me, whensoever the host  
Bestirr'd them to bear baleful war on Troy.  
And now, all stark and gash'd with wounds, thou liest ,  
And therefore, though full stores be in my tent,  
I fast and hunger still, forlorn of thee.  
Nor heavier were my sorrow, though I heard  
My father's death ; who now perchance at home  
Sits weeping for the lack of son like me ;—  
And yet for hated Helen's sake in 'Troy  
'Mid a strange people I must battle on ;—  
Not heavier, though it were mine own child's death,  
The godlike infant Neoptolemus,  
Who in the isle of Scyros, if so he

[εἴ που ἔτι ζῶει γε Νεοπτόλεμος θεοειδής.]  
 πρὶν μὲν γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐώλπει  
 οἷον ἐμὲ φθίσσεσθαι ἀπ' Ἀργεὸς ἵπποβότοιο  
 αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σὲ δέ τε Φθίηνδε νέεσθαι,  
 ὥς ἄν-μοι τὸν παῖδα θοῇ ἐνὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ  
 Σκυρόθεν ἐξαγάγοις καὶ οἱ δείξειας ἕκαστα,  
 κτήσιν ἐμὴν δμῶάς τε καὶ ὑψερεφές μέγα δῶμα.  
 ἤδη γὰρ Πηληϊά γ' οἶομαι ἢ κατὰ πάμπαν  
 τεθνάμεν, ἢ που τυτθὸν ἔτι ζῶοντ' ἀκάχησθαι  
 γήραϊ τε στυγερῷ, καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενον αἰεὶ  
 λυγρὴν ὠγυγλήν, ὅτ' ἀποφθιμένοιο πύθηται.”

330

ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γέροντες,  
 μνησάμενοι τὰ ἕκαστος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔλειπον.  
 μυρομένους δ' ἄρα τούσγε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,  
 αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

310

“Τέκνον ἐμὸν, δὴ πάμπαν ἀποίχσαι ἀνδρὸς ἧος.  
 ἦ νύ τοι οὐκέτι πάγχυ μετὰ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ' Ἀχιλλεύς;  
 κείνος ὅγε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων  
 ἦσται ὀδυρόμενος ἔταρον φίλον· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι  
 οἴχονται μετὰ δειπνου, ὁ δ' ἄκμηνος καὶ ἄπαστος.  
 ἀλλ' ἴθι οἱ νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν  
 στάξον ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, ἵνα μὴ μιν λιμὸς ἵκηται.”

ὣς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·  
 ἦ δ' ἄρπῃ εἰκυῖα ταυρυπτέρυγι λιγυφώνῳ,  
 οὐρανοῦ ἐκ κατέπαλτο δι' αἰθέρος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
 αὐτίκα θωρήσσοντο κατὰ στρατόν· ἦ δ' Ἀχιλλεῖ  
 νέκταρ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν  
 στάξ', ἵνα μὴ μιν λιμὸς ἀτερπῆς γούναθ' ἵκοιτο,  
 αὐτὴ δὲ πρὸς πατρός ἐρισθενέος πυκινὸν δῶ  
 ᾤχετο. τυὶ δ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν ἐχέοντο θοάων.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε ταρφειαὶ νιφάδες Διὸς ἐκποτέονται,  
 ψυχραὶ, ὑπὸ ῥίπῃς αἰθρηγενέος βορέας,  
 ὥς τότε ταρφειαὶ κόρυθες λαμπρὸν γανώσσαι

350

He still survives, is growing up my son—  
Not for such evil could my grief be more.  
For ever had it been my darling hope  
That thus to perish far from Argos here  
Was my doom only ; but that thou might'st then  
Return to Phthia, and convey my child  
Secure aboard thy swift black galley home,  
And show him all his heritage, my wealth,  
My handmaids, and my palace high-enroof'd.  
For Peleus hath, I fear, already died,  
Or hardly lives at all, in mournful age  
Harass'd, and with sad thought, that every morn  
Must bring the doleful message of my death."

He ceased, in tears, and with him wept the chiefs,  
Remembering all deserted in their homes.

Whom, thus lamenting, Kronos' Son beheld,  
And pitied, and address'd Athene thus :

" My child, thou failest quite thy best-beloved :  
Or is Achilles now thy care no more ?  
Behold he sits before the straight-beak'd ships,  
Lamenting his loved comrade ; and, whilst all  
Now take repast, alone he fasts, unfed.  
Haste therefore, and lest hunger come to him,  
Into his breast instil the cordial sweet  
Of nectar with divine ambrosia blent."

He spoke, and kindled in Athene's breast  
The love, eist flaming high, to higher flame.  
Down through the firmament from heaven she sprang,  
Like to some shrill-voiced falcon on full wing ;  
And, whilst the host were arming through the camp,  
She pour'd the cordial in Achilles' breast  
Of nectar with divine ambrosia blent,  
So that no hunger should make slack his limbs ;  
Then to her mighty Father's firm abode  
She hasted back ; whilst forth the whole host stream'd.

Thick as from Zeus fly flakes of snow, borne cold  
By sky-born Boreas in an onward blast,  
So thick from out the fleet came pouring forth

νηῶν ἐκφορέοντο, καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι  
 θώρηκές τε κραταιγύαλοι καὶ μείλινα δοῦρα.  
 αἴγλη δ' οὐρανὸν ἴκε, γέλασσε δὲ πᾶσα περὶ χθῶν  
 χαλκοῦ ὑπὸ στεροπῆς· ὑπὸ δὲ κτύπος ὄρνυτο ποσσὶν  
 ἀνδρῶν· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι κορύσσετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 [τοῦ καὶ ὀδόντων μὲν καναχὴ πέλε· τῷ δέ οἱ ὄσσε  
 λαμπέσθην ὡσεὶ τε πυρὸς σέλας, ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ  
 δυν' ἄχος ἄτλητον· ὁ δ' ἄρα Τρῶσιν μενεαίνων  
 δύσετο δῶρα θεοῦ, τὰ οἱ Ἕφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.]

360

Κνημίδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμησιν ἔθηκεν  
 καλὰς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·  
 δεῦτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν.  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον  
 χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε  
 εἵλετο, τοῦ δ' ἀπάνευθε σέλας γένετ' ἥντε μήνης.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ναύτησι φανήῃ  
 καιομένοιο πυρός· τὸ δὲ καίεται ὑψόθ' ὄρεσφιν  
 σταθμῷ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ· τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄελλαι  
 πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρουσιν·  
 ὥς ἂπ' Ἀχιλλῆος σάκεος σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανε  
 καλοῦ δαιδαλέου, περὶ δὲ τρυφάλειαν αἰέρας  
 κρατὶ θέτο βριαρῆν· ἥ δ' αστὴρ ὥς ἀπέλαμπεν  
 ἵππουρις τρυφάλεια, περισσεύοντο δ' ἔθειραι  
 χρύσσαι, ἃς Ἕφαιστος ἔει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.  
 περὶρήθη δ' εἰς αὐτοῦ ἐν ἔντεσι δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 εἰ οἱ ἐφαρμόσσειε καὶ ἐντρέχοι ἀγλαὰ γυνῖα·  
 τῷ δ' εὔτε πτερὰ γίγνεται, αἶριε δὲ ποιμένα λαῶν.  
 ἐκ δ' ἄρα σύριγγος πατρώϊον ἐσπάσας ἔγχος,  
 βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν  
 πάλ्लειν, ἀλλὰ μιν οἶος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεύς  
 Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χείρων  
 Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.  
 ἵππους δ' Ἀυτομέδων τε καὶ Ἀλκιμος ἀμφιέποντες

370

380

390



Boss'd bucklers, stout-ribb'd corslets, ashen spears,  
And radiant helms ; the flash shot up to heaven ;  
And earth below laugh'd happy with the gleam  
And echoed to the stamp of armèd men.  
Midmost the dread Achilles girt his arms,  
With gnashing teeth, and eyes like flaming fire,  
And heart by terrible anguish overcome.  
There in his fury he engirt himself  
All in the God-wrought arms, Hephæstus' gift.

And first about his legs the beauteous greaves  
He bound, with silver anklets clasp'd below ;  
And braced the circling corslet round his chest ,  
By baldric o'er his shoulder then he slung  
The brazen brand and silver-studded hilt ;  
The huge and massy shield he next uptook,  
Wherefrom, as from the orb'd moon stream rays,  
So stream'd the light ; or as to seaman flames,  
High near a sheepfold kindled on the hills,  
Show from the ocean, whilst storms drive them forth  
Loth o'er the fish-fill'd billows far from home ;  
Thus bright from off Achilles' wondrous shield  
The flame shot upward ; last, the ponderous helm  
He lifted, and set firm around his brows :  
Starlike that plum'd morion shone, and gay  
The golden feathers danced about the crest,  
Thick-planted in the cone by hands divine.

Then of those arms the hero made assay,  
If, thus bedight, he yet might nimbly move,  
And, lo, they were as wings, and buoy'd their lord !

Then from the case he drew his father's spear,  
Huge, beamy ; this no other man might know  
To brandish, but Achilles knew alone.  
An ash it was, on Pelion's peak high-rear'd,  
Lopp'd thence by Cheiron for his father's hands,  
And shaped, a death to heroes.

To his car  
Alcimus and Automedon, meantime,

ζεύγνυνον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καλὰ λέπαδν' ἔσαν, ἐν δὲ χαλινούς  
 γαμφηλῆς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τείναι ὀπίσσω  
 κολλητὸν ποτὶ δίφρον. ὁ δὲ μάλιστα φαεινὴν  
 χειρὶ λαβὼν ἀραρυῖαν ἐφ' ἵπποιον ἀνόρουσεν,  
 Αὐτομέδων· ὅπιθεν δὲ κορυσσάμενος βῆ Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 τεύχεσι παμφάλων ὥστ' ἡλέκτωρ Ὑπερίων.  
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο·

“Ξάνθε τε καὶ Βαλίε, τηλεκλυτὰ τέκνα Ποδάργης, 400  
 ἄλλως δὴ φράζεσθε σωσέμεν ἡνιοχῆα  
 ἄψ' Δαναῶν ἐς ὅμιλον, ἐπεὶ χ' ἐώμεν πολέμοιο,  
 μηδ' ὥς Πάτροκλον λίπετ' αὐτοῦ τεθνηῶτα.”

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφι προσέφη πόδας αἰόλος ἵππος  
 Ξάνθος, ἄφαρ δ' ἤμυσε καρήατι· πᾶσα δὲ χαίτη  
 ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν οὐδας ἵκανεν·  
 αὐδήεντα δ' ἔθηκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·

“Καὶ λῆν σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σαώσομεν, ὄβριμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ·  
 ἀλλὰ τοι ἐγγύθεν ἦμαρ ὀλέθριον· οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς  
 αἴτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή. 410  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμετέρῃ βραδυτῆτί τε νωχελίῃ τε  
 Ἑρῶες ἀπ' ὧμοιιν Πατρόκλου τεύχε' ἔλοντο·  
 ἀλλὰ θεῶν ὄριστος, ὃν ἡὔκομος τέκε Λητώ,  
 ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἑκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκεν.  
 νῶϊ δὲ καὶ κεν ἅμα πνοιῇ Ζεφύροιο θέοιμεν,  
 ἦνπερ ἐλαφροτάτην φάσ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ  
 μόρσιμόν ἐστι θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι Ἴφι δαμῆναι.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσαντος Ἑρινύες ἔσχεθον αὐδῆν.  
 τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκύς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Ξάνθε, τί μοι θάνατον μαντεύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή. 420  
 εὖ νύ τοι οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς, ὅ μοι μ῀ρος ἐνθάδ' ὀλέσθαι,  
 νόσφι φίλου πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης  
 οὐ λήξω πρὶν Τρῶας ἄδην ἐλᾶσαι πολέμοιο.”

Ἴη ῥα καὶ ἐν πρώτοις ἰάχων ἔχε μῶνυχας ἵππους.

Were yoking fast his horses ; traces rich  
Confined them ; bits they thrust betwixt their teeth ;  
And to the well-built car they drew the reins.  
Automedon then took a glittering goad  
Apt to his hand, and sprang above the steeds ;  
Whereafter soon Achilles came himself,  
Bright as Hyperion in the blaze of arms ;  
And to his father's horses thunder'd this :

“ Foals of Podargè ! Her renownèd brood,  
Balus and Xanthus ! Take ye better heed  
Now to bear back your master after war,  
Nor leave me, as ye left Patroclus, slain ! ”

To whom replied the lightning-pacèd steed  
Xanthus, and on the sudden droop'd his head  
Low to the dust, and the mane swept the earth  
Falling from out the collar by the pole  
(And Herè gave the marvel of his speech) :

“ Yet once again we bear thee scathless home,  
Our mighty lord Achilles ; but the hour  
Of thy destruction draweth near , nor we  
The cause thereof, but Fate and Heaven most high.  
Nor to our sloth or speed inert impute  
That Troy hath spoil'd Patroclus of thine arms ;  
For He, whom fair-hair'd Leto bare to Zeus,  
Best of Immortals slew him in the van,  
Giving to Hector this renown withal.  
Swift as the blast of Zephyr, which they feign  
Swiftest of things created, we might fly ;  
Yet may not save thee, who art doom'd to fall  
Slain by a mortal and a God combined.”

Nor more ; the wrathful Furies stay'd the voice.  
Moved to his heart, Achilles gave reply :

“ Thou too amongst the prophets of my death !  
But wherefore this, O Xanthus ? For myself  
Know well my doom, that here I needs must die,  
Nor see my father dear or mother more ;  
Not therefore will I slack me, nor surcease,  
Ere Troy hath own'd a surfeit of the war ! ”

Then to the vanmost, shouting, forth he drave.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Υ.



## Θεομαχία.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν θωρήσσοντο  
ἀμφὶ σέ, Πηλέος υἱέ, μάχης ἀκόρητον Ἀχαιοὶ,  
Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίλιον.

Ζεὺς δὲ Θέμιστα κέλευσε θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε καλέσσαι  
κρατὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο πολυπτύχου· ἥ δ' ἄρα πάντη  
φοιτήσασα κέλευσε Διὸς πρὸς δῶμα νέεσθαι.  
οὔτε τις οὔν ποταμῶν ἀπέην, νόσφ' Ὀκεανοῖο,  
οὔτ' ἄρα νυμφάων, αἵτ' ἄλσεα καλὰ νέμονται  
καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ πίσσα ποιήεντα.  
ἐλθόντες δ' ἐς δῶμα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο  
ξεστῆς αἰθούσῃσιν ἐφίζανον, ἃς Διὶ πατρὶ  
Ἱφαιστος ποίησεν ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεςσιν.  
ὥς οἱ μὲν Διὸς ἔνδον ἀγγέρατ'· οὐδ' ἐνοσίχθων  
νηκούστησε θεᾶς, ἀλλ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε μετ' αὐτοὺς,  
ἶξε δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς δ' ἐξείρετο βουλήν.

10

“Τίπτ' αὐτ', ἀργικέραυνε, θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε κάλεσσας;  
ἦ τι περὶ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν μερμηρίζεις;  
τῶν γὰρ νῦν ἄγχιστα μάχη πόλεμός τε δέδηεν.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφε νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
“ἔγνως, ἐννοσίγαιε, ἐμὴν ἐν στήθεσι βουλήν,  
ὧν ἔνεκα ξυνάγειρα· μέλουσί μοι ὀλλύμενοί περ.  
ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω πτυχὶ Οὐλύμποιο  
ἦμενος, ἔνθ' ὀρώων φρένα τέρψομαι· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι  
ἔρχεσθ', ὅφρ' ἂν ἵκησθε μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς,  
ἀμφοτέροισι δ' ἀρήγεθ', ὅπη νόος ἐστὶν ἐκάστου.

20

εἰ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς οἶος ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μαχεῖται,  
οὐδὲ μίνυνθ' ἔξουσιν ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.  
καὶ δέ τέ μιν καὶ πρόσθεν ὑποτρομέεσκον ὀρώντες·  
νῦν δ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ θυμὸν ἑταίρου χώεται αἰνῶς,  
δεῖδω μὴ καὶ τεῖχος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἔξαλαπάξῃ.”

30

Ὡς ἔφατο Κρονίδης, πόλεμον δ' αλίσστον ἔγειρεν.  
βᾶν δ' ἔμμεναι πόλεμόνδε θεοὶ, δίχα θυμὸν ἔχοντες·  
Ἥρη μὲν μετ' ἀγῶνα νεῶν καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη  
ἡδὲ Ποσειδάων γαίηοχος ἡδ' ἐριούνης  
Ἑρμείας, ὃς ἐπὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι κέκασται·  
Ἥφαιστος δ' ἅμα τοῖσι κίε σθένει βλεμεαίνων,  
χωλεύων, ὑπὸ δὲ κυῆμαι ῥώνοντο ἄραιαι.  
ἐς δὲ Τρῶας Ἄρης κορυθαίολος, αὐτὰρ ἅμ' αὐτῷ  
Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης ἡδ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα  
Λητώ τε Ξάνθος τε φιλομμειδῆς τ' Ἀφροδίτη.

40

Εἶως μὲν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε θεοὶ θνητῶν ἔσαν ἀνδρῶν,  
τόφρα δ' Ἀχαιοὶ μὲν μέγα κύδανον, οὔνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
ἔξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς·  
Τρῶας δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,  
δειδιότας, ὅθ' ὀρώντο ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα  
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενον, βροτολοιγῷ ἴσον Ἀρηί.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μεθ' ὄμιλον Ὀλύμπιοι ἤλυθον ἀνδρῶν,  
ᾧρτο δ' Ἔρις κρατερὴ λαοσσόος, αἷε δ' Ἀθήνη,  
στάσ' ὅτε μὲν παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τεῖχος ἐκτὸς,  
ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἀκτάων ἐριδούπων μακρὸν ὤντει.  
αἷε δ' Ἄρης ἐτέρωθεν, ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἴσος,  
ὀξὺ κατ' ἀκροτάτης πόλιος Τρώεσσι κελεύων,  
ἄλλοτε πὰρ Σιμόεντι θέων ἐπὶ Καλλικολώνῃ.

50

Ὡς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους μάκαρες θεοὶ ὀτρύνοντες  
σύμβalon, ἐν δ' αὐτοῖς ἔριδα ῥήγνυντο βαρεῖαν.  
δεινὸν δὲ βρόντησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε  
ὕψοθεν· αὐτὰρ ἔνερθε Ποσειδάων ἐτίναξεν

For, if Achilles fought with Troy alone,  
Then were no let at all to Peleus' Son,  
Before whose mere aspect they quake for fear ;  
Yea, in this fury for his comrade's sake  
I dread lest, baffling Fate, he take the town."

He spake, and roused a quenchless strife thereby ;  
For straightway, sunder'd in their hearts, the Gods  
Went forth to join the battle. To the ships  
Athenè went and Herè ; and with them  
Poseidon, He whose waves enclasp the earth ;  
And He of mind well-stored with wise device,  
The Helper, Hermes ; fierce Hephæstus next,  
Halting, yet firm upon his shrunken limbs.  
These to Achaia ; but to Troy, bright-helm'd  
Ares, and Phœbus of the locks unshorn,  
And Artemis, the Goddess of the bow,  
Leto, and Aphrodite queen of smiles,  
And Xanthus.

But, so long as still the Gods  
Remain'd aloof nor mingled yet with men,  
The glory of Achaia unwithstood  
Rose ; for Achilles, after long surcease  
From toilsome battle, now had shown anew ;  
And at the mere aspect of Peleus' Son,  
Peer to fierce Ares, blazing all in arms,  
The Trojans shrank, with knees that knock'd for dread.  
But when the Olympians join'd the mortal fray,  
Enkindler of the nations, Strife rose high  
Midst either, and Athenè breathed the flame  
Sevenfold, now standing by the deep-dug trench  
Beyond the bulwark, now upon the shore  
That echoed with her cry. Nor less, adverse,  
Ares breathed fire, like some fierce whirlwind black,  
One moment on their topmost citadel  
Cheering to Troy, anon by Simois' streams  
Swift to Kallicolonæ hasting down.

So, quickening either host in dire array,  
The blissful Gods encounter'd, into strife  
Breaking tempestuous ; fearfully o'er their heads

γαίαν ἀπειρεσίην ὀρέων τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα.  
 πάντες δ' ἐσσεύοντο πόδες πολυπίδακος Ἴδης  
 καὶ κορυφαί, Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν. 60  
 ἔδδειςεν δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀιδωνεύς,  
 δέλσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἄλτο καὶ ἴαχε, μὴ οἱ ὑπερθεν  
 γαίαν ἀναρρήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,  
 οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη  
 σμερδαλέ' εὐρώεντα, τάτε στρυγέουσι θεοὶ περ-  
 τόςσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων.  
 ἦτοι μὲν γὰρ ἔναντα Ποσειδάωνος ἄνακτος  
 ἵστατ' Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος, ἔχων ἰὰ πτερόεντα,  
 ἄντα δ' Ἐνυαλίῳ θεᾷ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
 Ἥρῃ δ' ἀντέστη χρυσηλάκατος κελαδαινῇ 70  
 Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα, κασιγνήτη ἑκάτοιο·  
 Λητοίῃ δ' ἀντέστη σῶκος ἐριούνιος Ἑρμῆς,  
 ἄντα δ' ἄρ' Ἠφαίστοιο μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,  
 ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν θεοὶ ἄντα θεῶν ἴσαν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ἔκτορος ἄντα μάλιστα λιλαίετο δύναι ὅμιλον  
 Πριαμίδεω· τοῦ γάρ ῥα μάλιστά ἐ θυμὸς ἀνώγει  
 αἵματος ἄσαι Ἄρηα ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.  
 Αἰνείαν δ' ἰθὺς λαοσσόος ὥρσεν Ἀπόλλων  
 ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος, ἐνῆκε δέ οἱ μένος ἦν· 80  
 νιέει δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονι εἷσατο φωνήν·  
 τῷ μιν εἰσιάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

“ Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαί,  
 ἅς Τρώων βασιλεῦσιν ὑπέσχεο οἶνοποτάζων,  
 Πηλείδεω Ἀχιλλῆος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζειν ;”

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·  
 “ Πριαμίδη, τί με ταῦτα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα κελεύεις  
 ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι ;  
 οὐ μὲν γὰρ νῦν πρῶτα ποδώκεος ἄντ' Ἀχιλλῆος  
 στήσομαι, ἀλλ' ἤδη με καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φόβησεν 90  
 ἐξ Ἴδης, ὅτε βουσὶν ἐπήλυθεν ἡμετέρῃσιν,

Their Father peal'd his thunders ; 'neath their feet  
Poseidon shook the boundless earth and all  
The steep crests of the mountains ; from her roots  
Up to her summits fountain'd Ida quaked,  
And the whole city quiver'd, and the fleet.  
Deep in his nether realm Ædoneus heard  
And fear'd, and leap'd from off his throne, and cried  
For fear aloud, lest vast Poseidon burst  
The earth apart, and bare to God and man  
The vasty dismal spaces of his rule  
Hateful to ev'n Immortals : such the sound  
Rose of the Deities at last in arms ,  
Where face to face to Poseidaion stood  
Phœbus Apollo, wingèd darts in hand ;  
And Enyalios to the blue-eyed Maid ;  
And Herè to gold-quiver'd Artemis,  
Dread huntress, sister-born to Hecatus ;  
To Leto, Hermes, he who loves to save ,  
And to Hephæstus the great eddying Stream,  
Xanthus by Gods, Scamander named by men

So God met God ; but in the mortal crowd  
Achilles most aspired to pierce the band  
Round Priameian Hector : with his blood  
Chiefest he long'd to slake the thirsty throat  
Of stubborn Ares. This Apollo saw  
And straight bestirr'd Æneas on the field  
Opposed, and breathed a spirit brave upon him ;  
Guised as Lycaon, Priam's noble son,  
The child of Zeus approach'd Æneas thus :  
" Æneas, counsellor of good to Troy !  
Where now the threats which thou wouldst utter oft,  
Boasting before the chieftains o'er thy wine,  
Alone to meet Achilles hand to hand ? "

To whom in answer then Æneas thus :  
" Prince, Priam's Son ! Wouldst thou compel me forth,  
Loth though I be, to combat Peleus' Son ?  
'Twere not my first encounter of his spear.  
Already hath he driven me for my life  
Down Ida, when he came upon our herds



πέρσε δὲ Λυρνησσὸν καὶ Πήδασον· αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς  
 εὐρύσασθ', ὅς μοι ἐπώρσε μένος λαιψήγρ' αὖτε γούνα.  
 ἦ κ' ἐδάμην ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος καὶ Ἀθήνης,  
 ἢ οἱ πρόσθεν ἰοῦσα τίθει φάος ἡδ' ἐκέλευεν  
 ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Λέλεγας καὶ Τρώας ἐναίρειν.  
 τῷ οὐκ ἔστ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἐναντίον ἄνδρα μάχεσθαι·  
 αἰεὶ γὰρ πάρα εἰς γε θεῶν, ὅς λαιγὸν ἀμύνει.  
 καὶ δ' ἄλλως τοῦγ' ἰθὺ βέλος πέτετ', οὐδ' ἀπολήγει  
 πρὶν χρὸς ἀνδρομέοιο διελθεῖν. εἰ δὲ θεὸς περ  
 ἴσον τείνειεν πολέμου τέλος, οὐ με μάλα ῥέα  
 νικήσει, οὐδ' εἰ παγχάλκεος εὐχεται εἶναι.”

100

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς, Ἀπόλλων·  
 “ἦρως, ἀλλ' ἄγε καὶ σὺ θεοῖς αἰετιγενέτησιν  
 εὐχεο· καὶ δὲ σέ φασι Διὸς κούρης Ἀφροδίτης  
 ἐκγεγάμεν, κείνος δὲ χερείονος ἐκ θεοῦ ἐστίν.  
 ἦ μὲν γὰρ Διὸς ἐσθ', ἦ δ' ἐξ ἀλίοιο γέροντος.  
 ἀλλ' ἰθὺς φέρε χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα, μηδὲ σε πάμπαν  
 λευγαλέοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἄρεινῃ.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν.  
 βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.  
 οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Ἀγχιόσας πάϊς λευκώλενον Ἥρην  
 ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ἰὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν·  
 ἦ δ' ἄμυδις στήσασα θεοὺς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

110

“Φράζεσθον δὴ σφῶϊ, Ποσειδάον καὶ Ἀθήνην,  
 ἐν φρεσὶν ὑμετέρησιν, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα.  
 Αἰνείας ὅδ' ἔβη κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ  
 ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος, ἀνῆκε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·  
 ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ἀποτρωπώμεν ὁπίσσω  
 αὐτόθεν· ἦ τις ἔπειτα καὶ ἡμεῖων Ἀχιλῆϊ  
 παρσταίῃ, δολίῃ δὲ κῆρυξ μέγα, μηδὲ τι θυμῷ  
 δευέσθω, ἵνα εἰδῇ ὅ μιν φιλέουσιν ἄριστοι  
 ἀθανάτων, οἳ δ' αὖτ' ἀνεμῶλιον οἶ τὸ πάρος περ  
 Τρῶσιν ἀμύνουσιν πόλεμον καὶ δηϊοτήτα.  
 πάντες δ' Οὐλύμποιο κατήλθομεν ἀντιόωντες

120

And took Lyrnessus and high Pedasus.  
Zeus breathed me strength and speed, and saved me then ;  
Else he had slain me by Athene's help.  
For nigh him aye Athene moves, and makes  
Light all around him, with unerring spear  
To smite the men of Lelegè and Troy.  
Man therefore to Achilles needs must yield,  
By whom a God stands ever, shielding hurt ;  
Whose dart withal, without such aid, flies straight  
Nor halteth, till it taste his foe's best blood.  
But, would some God draw even 'twixt us two  
The chance of battle's issue, then, albeit  
He boast him iron all from head to foot,  
Yet easily he would not overcome."

To whom Apollo, child of Zeus, king-born :  
" Hero, trust likewise thou, and pray high Heaven.  
Thou, whom they name of Aphrodite son,  
The child of Zeus ; but he of feebler birth,  
Whose mother was of Nereus, thine of Zeus.  
Bear therefore straight thy pointed spear, nor yield  
One tittle, not for all his threats or taunts."

So on that captain of the host he breathed  
Undaunted spirit, and arm'd in flashing brass  
He through the foremost champions push'd his way.

Nor then by white-arm Herè pass'd unmark'd  
Æneas, tow'rd Achilles making way ;  
Around her calling all the Gods, she spake :  
" Athenè and Poseidon ! Judge ye now  
And ponder, in what wise these things shall end.  
Æneas, all in mail of flashing brass,  
Inspired by Phœbus, moves on Peleus' Son.  
Or shall we lure Apollo thence, or take  
Our stand beside Achilles, granting strength,  
Such spirit unfainting, that he may discern  
What love the highest Immortals bear towards him,  
And know of none effect who all this while  
Defend the Trojans through the deadly war ?  
Yea, for what other cause made we descent  
All from Olympus hither, but to save

τῆσδε μάχης, ἵνα μή τι μετὰ Τρῳέεσσι πάθῃσιν  
 σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε τὰ πείσεται ἄσσα οἱ Αἴσα  
 • γεινομένην ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκε μήτηρ.  
 εἰ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς οὐ ταῦτα θεῶν ἐκ πεύσεται ὁμφῆς,  
 δείσεται ἔπειθ', ὅτε κέν τις ἐναντίβιον θεὸς ἔλθῃ  
 ἐν πολέμῳ· χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς.”

130

Τὴν δ' ἡμέλιβετ' ἔπειδα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·  
 “ Ἥρη, μὴ χαλέπαινε παρὲκ νόον· οὐδὲ τί σε χρή·  
 οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγ' ἐθέλοιμι θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελάσσαι  
 [ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰμεν]·  
 ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μὲν ἔπειτα καθεζώμεσθα κιόντες  
 ἐκ πάτου ἐς σκοπιήν, πόλεμος δ' ἄνδρεσσι μελήσει.  
 εἰ δέ κ' Ἄρης ἄρχωσι μάχης ἢ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 ἢ Ἀχιλῆ' ἴσχωσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσι μάχεσθαι,  
 • αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἄμμι παρ' αὐτόφιν νεῖκος ὀρεῖται  
 φυλόπιδος· μάλα δ' ὧκα διακρινθέντας ὁίω  
 ἅψ' ἔμεν Οὐλυμπόνδε, θεῶν μεθ' ὁμήγυριν ἄλλων,  
 ἡμετέρης ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἀναγκαίῃφι δαμεντας.”

140

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο κυανοχαίτης  
 τεῖχος ἐς ἀμφίχυτον Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,  
 ὑψηλὸν, τό ρά οἱ Τρῶες καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη  
 ποίεον, ὅφρα τὸ κῆτος ὑπεκπροφυγῶν ἀλέαιτο,  
 ὅππότε μιν σεύαιτο ἀπ' ἡϊόνος πεδίουνδε.  
 ἐνθα Ποσειδάων κατ' ἄρ' ἔζετο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι,  
 ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἄρρηκτον νεφέλην ὥμοισιν ἔσαντο·  
 οἱ δ' ἐτέρωσε καθίζον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι Καλλικολώνης  
 ἀμφὶ σὲ, ἥϊε Φοῖβε, καὶ Ἄρηα πτολίπορθον.  
 ὥς οἱ μὲν ῥ' ἐκάτερθε καθεῖατο μητιόωντες  
 βουλὰς· ἀρχέμεναι δὲ δυσηλεγέος πολέμοιο  
 ὥκνεον ἀμφοτέρω, Ζεὺς δ' ἥμενος ὕψι κέλευεν.

150

Τῶν δ' ἅπαν ἐπλήσθη πεδίου, καὶ λάμπετο χαλκῷ,  
 ἀνδρῶν ἢ δ' ἵππων· κάρκαιρε δὲ γαῖα πόδεσσιν  
 ὀρτυμένων ἄμυδις. δύο δ' ἀνέρες ἔξοχ' ἄριστοι  
 ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,

Him from now suffering aught by Trojan hand ?  
Enough, enough hereafter he must bear,  
All that upon his thread fell Fate hath spun  
From the first hour his mother gave him birth.  
But if no voice divine explain him this,  
He needs must fear before a God in arms ;  
For Gods appal, appearing arm'd to men."

To her the Shaker of the Earth return'd :  
" Be not thou movèd, Herè, overmuch  
With this unseemly passion ; nor let us,  
The strongest far, provoke the Powers of Heaven  
To monstrous battle. Rather let us move  
From off the trodden ways to yon high mound,  
Leaving this toilsome moil to mortal men.  
But if Apollo then, or Ares, dare  
Begin the battle, or attempt restrain  
Achilles, or forbid him from the fray,  
Justly against them may we raise our arms ;  
Nor long, I ween, the struggle, ere they flee  
Back to Olympus and the asserabled Gods,  
Brought to such strait and vanquish'd by our arms."

So spake the dark-tress'd Power, and led the way  
Tow'rd the high mound, yclept of Hercules,  
Heap'd of old time by Pallas and all Troy  
To screen him from that monster of the main  
Up the seashore ascending day by day.  
There with those other Gods Poseidon took  
His seat, and in impenetrable cloud  
They veil'd them ; but, adverse, the Gods of Troy  
Took seat upon Kallicolonæ's brow,  
Round thee, O Phœbus, glorious in thy youth,  
And tower-destroying Ares. Either side  
So sate them down, and brooded diverse will,  
Yet still refraining from the baleful strife  
Whereto Zeus bade them from his throne on high.

Now was the whole field throng'd, and gleam'd with brass  
From men and steeds ; earth sounded with the tramp  
Of mingling hosts. Two foremost, noblest there,  
This of Anchises, that of Peleus, son,

Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιδάδης καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

160

Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀπειλήσας ἐβεβήκει,  
νευστάζων κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδα δοῦριν  
πρόσθεν ἔχε στέρνοιο, τίνασσε δὲ χάλκεον ἔγχος.  
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐναυτίον ὦρτο, λέων ὥς  
σίντης, οὔτε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀποκτάμεναι μεμάασιν  
ἀγρόμενοι, πᾶς δῆμος· ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀτίζων  
ἔρχεται, ἀλλ' ὅτε κέν τις ἀρηιθίων αἰζηὸν  
δουρὶ βάλλῃ, ἐάλη τε χανῶν, περὶ τ' ἀφρὸς ὀδόντας  
γίγνεται, ἐν δὲ τέ οἱ κραδίῃ στένει ἄλκιμον ἦτορ,  
οὐρῇ δὲ πλευράς τε καὶ ἰσχία ἀμφοτέρωθεν  
μαστίεται, ἐξ δ' αὐτὸν ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι,  
γλαυκιόων δ' ἱθὺς φέρεται μένει, ἦν τινα πέφνη  
ἀνδρῶν, ἣ αὐτὸς φθίεται πρῶτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ·  
ὥς Ἀχιλῇ ὥτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ  
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείας.  
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν, ἔπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

170

“ Αἰνεία, τί σὺ τόσσον ὁμίλου πολλὸν ἐπελθὼν  
ἔστης; ἦ σέγε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει  
ἐλπόμενον Τρῶεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισιν  
τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ εἴ κεν ἐμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,  
οὐ τοι τοῦνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει·  
εἰσὶν γάρ οἱ παῖδες, ὃ δ' ἔμπεδος οὐδ' ἀεσίφρων.  
ἦ νύ τί Τρῶες τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,  
καλὸν φυταλινῆς καὶ ἀρούρης, ὄφρα νέμῃαι,  
αἶ κεν ἐμὲ κτείνῃς; χαλεπῶς δέ σ' ἔολπα τὸ ῥέξειν.  
ἦδη μὲν σέγε φημὶ καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φοβῆσαι.  
ἦ οὐ μέμνη ὅτε πέρ σε βοῶν ἄπο, μοῦνον ἐόντα,  
σεῦα κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ταχέεσσι πόδεσσιν  
καρπαλίμως; τότε δ' οὔτι μετατροπαλίζω φεύγων.  
ἔνθεν δ' ἐς Λυρνησσὸν ὑπέκφυγες· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὴν  
πέρσα, μέθορμηθεις σὺν Ἀθήνῃ καὶ Διὶ πατρὶ,  
ληιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας, ἐλεύθερον ἡμαρ ἀπούρας,  
ἦγον· ἀτὰρ σὲ Ζεὺς ἐρρύσατο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.

180

190

Moved each to meet the other, fain for blood.  
And first Æneas came, with threatening cry,  
Nodding his ponderous helm, with giant shield  
Before his breast, and brandishing brazen spear.  
Adverse in arms against him Peleus' Son  
Show'd like some hurtful lion, hardly press'd  
By a whole village hunting to the death ;  
Careless, disdainful first, he walks his way ;  
But, let some javelin wound him, close he draws,  
Half-curved, with open jaw and foaming fang,  
And groans indignant from his heart a groan,  
And lashes either side his flanks and loins,  
Spurring himself to battle, fiery-eyed,  
Then onward springs infuriate, till he slays  
His hunters, or hath fall'n beneath their darts ;  
Such show'd Achilles, by his wrathful heart  
Furious against Æneas onward borne.

And each had near'd the other on the field,  
When thus the fleetfoot hero first began :

“ Why tak'st thou stand, Æneas, so advanced ?  
Prompteth thy heart this battle with the hope  
Thou so mayst reign at Troy in Priam's stead ?  
Nay, though thou slew'st me, Priam would not yield  
To thee his sceptre ; who hath sons himself,  
Is strong of will—no silly dotard he.  
Or that, if thou subdue me, Troy may give  
Some passing-rich demesne, of wide renown,  
Vineyard, and fattest glebe, to dwell therein ?  
Hard of fulfilment, thou must know the terms,  
Thou, whom I erst have frighted with this spear.  
Bear'st not in mind the day, when headlong down  
I drave thee from thy herds, escaping sole  
From Ida, nor adventuring look behind ?  
Thou gatt'st thee to Lyrnessus ; yet e'en thence,  
Holpen by Pallas and by Father Zeus,  
I drave thee ; when I storm'd and took its towers  
And bare away its damsels, spoil and prey,  
Darkening their day of freedom. Thee alone  
Zeus and the other Powers of Heaven then saved,

ἄλλ' οὐ νῦν σε ῥύεσθαι ὀίομαι, ὥς ἐνὶ θυμῷ  
βάλλεαι· ἀλλὰ σ' ἔγωγ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω  
εἰς πληθύν ἵεναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἴστασ' ἐμείο,  
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δὲ νήπιος ἔγνω.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμείβετο φώνησέν τε·  
 “ Πηλεΐδῃ, μὴ δὴ μ' ἐπέεσσ' ἵκε γέ νηπύτιον ὥς 200  
 ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἡμὲν κερτομίας ἢ δ' αἴσυλα μυθήσασθαι.  
 ἴδμεν τ' ἀλλήλων γενεὴν, ἴδμεν δὲ τοκῆας,  
 πρόκλυτ' ἀκούοντες ἔπεα θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·  
 ὄψει δ' οὐτ' ἄρ' πω σὺ ἐμοὺς ἴδες οὐτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σοὺς·  
 φασὶ σέ μὲν Πηλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔκγονον εἶναι,  
 μητρὸς δ' ἐκ Θέτιδος καλλιπλοκάμου ἁλοσύνδης·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαιο  
 εὖχομαι ἐκγεγάμην, μήτηρ δέ μοι ἔστ' Ἀφροδίτη· 210  
 τῶν δὴ νῦν ἕτεροί γε φίλον παῖδα κλαύουσιν αἰ  
 σήμερον· οὐ γάρ φημ' ἐπέεσσ' ἵκε γέ νηπυτίοισιν  
 ὦδε διακριθέντες μάχης ἕξ ἀπονέεσθαι.  
 εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς  
 ἡμετέρην γενεὴν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασιν·  
 Δάρδανον αὖ πρῶτον τέκετο νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς,  
 κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὐπώ Ἰλῖος ἱρὴ  
 ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,  
 ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ὄκειον πολυπίδακος Ἰδης.  
 Δάρδανος αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν Ἐριχθόνιον βασιλῆα,  
 ὃς δὴ ἀφνειότατος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων· 220  
 τοῦ τρισχίλια ἵπποι ἔλος κατά βουκολέοντο  
 θήλειαι, πώλοισιν ἀγαλλόμεναι ἀταλῆσιν.—  
 τάων καὶ Βορέης ἡράσσατο βοσκομενῶν,  
 ἵππῳ δ' εἰσάμενος παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτη·  
 αἰ δ' ὑποκυσάμεναι ἔτεκον δυοκαίδεκα πώλους.  
 αἰ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῶεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν,  
 ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θεῶν οὐδὲ κατέκλων·  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῶεν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,  
 ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.—  
 Τρῳά δ' Ἐριχθόνιος τέκετο Τρώεσσιν ἄνακτα· 230  
 Τρῳὸς δ' αὖ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,  
 Ἴλός τ' Ἀσσάρακός τε καὶ ἀντίθεος Γανυμήδης,

But shall not save thee now, albeit, I ween,  
Thou so revolv'st it in thine own fond heart.  
Rather I bid thee to thy ranks retire ;  
Stand not persistent till the stroke hath fall'n ;  
'Tis a fool's part, repentance all too late."

Whom answering brave, Æneas thus return'd :  
" Pelides, I as thou can jeer and gibe  
Orgall with idle threats ; wherefore with words  
Think not to daunt me like a weakling babe.  
Though neither hath beheld the other's home,  
Yet well we know each other's birth, for wide  
The fame thereof is bruited in men's mouths.  
And thee they rumour blameless Peleus' son,  
Born of the fair-hair'd Thetis, Nymph divine ;  
I boast me to be brave Anchises' son  
But golden Aphrodite gave me birth :  
Of whom shall one or other wail this day  
Her dear son dead , I ween, we shall not part  
With baby-words from battle. Nathless, hear,  
If thou wouldst have this knowledge and wilt pause,  
My generation known of many men.  
First of great Zeus was gotten Dardanus,  
Who built Dardania ; holy Ilium then  
Had not been founded on the plain nor wrought  
Into a city for clear-speaking men,  
But in the valleys all still made their homes  
Under the crests of Ida. Dardanus  
Gat princely Erichonius ; wealthiest he  
Of mortal kind ; upon whose meadows grazed  
Three thousand mares, and bred their tender foals.  
Of these enamour'd, Boreas came, and lay  
Guised as a black-hued stallion in their haunts,  
By whom conceiving, twelve fair colts they foal'd.  
These, when they sported o'er the fruitful earth,  
Would skim the bearded grain nor break it down ;  
Or on the broad back of the sea would race,  
Nor from the sparkling billow dash the foam.  
Of Erichonius, Tros, the king of Troy ;  
Of Tros, three sons were gotten, Ganymede,  
Assaracus, and Ilus—Ganymede



δς δὴ κάλλιστος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·  
 τὸν καὶ ἀνηρεΐφαντο θεοὶ Διὶ οἶνοχοεῦειν  
 κάλλεος ἔνεκα οἶο, ἔν' ἀθανάτοισι μετείη.  
 Ἴλος δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Λαομέδοντα,  
 Λαομέδων δ' ἄρα Τιθωνὸν τέκετο Πριάμῳ τε  
 Λάμπῳ τε Κλυτίῳ θ' Ἰκετάονά τ', ὅζον Ἄρηος  
 Ἀσσάρακος δὲ Κάπυν, ὃ δ' ἄρ' Ἀγχίσην τέκε παῖδα·  
 αὐτὰρ ἔμ' Ἀγχίσης, Πρίαμος δ' ἔτεχ' Ἑκτορα δῖον. 240  
 ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὐχομαι εἶναι.  
 Ζεὺς δ' ἄρετὴν ἀνδρεσσιν ὀφέλλει τε μινύθει τε,  
 ὅππως κεν ἐθέλησιν· ὃ γὰρ κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὥς,  
 ἔσταότ' ἐν μέσση ὑσμίνῃ δηιοτήτος.  
 ἔστι γὰρ ἀμφοτέροισιν ὀνείδεα μυθήσασθαι  
 πολλὰ μάλ'. οὐδ' ἂν νηὺς ἐκατόζυγος ἄχθος ἄροιτο.  
 στρεπτὴ δὲ γλῶσσ' ἐστὶ βροτῶν, πολέες δ' ἐνι μύθοι  
 παντοῖοι, ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νομὸς ~~ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα~~.  
 ὁπποῖόν κ' εἴπησθα ἔπος, τοῖδ' κ' ἐπακούσαιο. 250  
 ἀλλὰ τίη ἔριδας καὶ νεῖκεα νῶϊν ἀνάγκη  
 νεικεῖν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐναντίον, ὥστε γυναικάς,  
 αἵτε χολωσάμεναι ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο  
 νεικεύσ' ἀλλήλῃσι μέσση ἐς ἄγυιαν ἰοῦσαι,  
 πόλλ' ἔτεά τε καὶ οὐκί· χόλος δέ τε καὶ τὰ κελεύει.  
 ἀλκῆς δ' οὐ μ' ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις μεμαῶτα  
 πρὶν χαλκῷ μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον· ἀλλ' ἄγε, θᾶσσον  
 γευσόμεθ' ἀλλήλων χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχεῖνσιν."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν δεινῷ σάκει ἤλασεν ὄβριμον ἔγχος,  
 σμερδαλέφ· μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ σάκος μύκε δουρὸς ἀκωκῆ. 260  
 Πηλεΐδης δὲ σάκος μὲν ἀπὸ ἔο χειρὶ παχείῃ  
 ἔσχετο ταρβήσας· φάτο γὰρ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος  
 ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι μεγαλήτορος Λινείαιο,  
 νήπιος, οὐδ' ἐνόησε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν  
 ὥς οὐ ῥῆιδί· ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα  
 ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι οὐδ' ὑποείκειν.  
 οὐδὲ τότε Λινεῖαιο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος  
 ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·  
 ἀλλὰ δύω μὲν ἔλασσε διὰ πτύχας, αἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔτι τρεῖς  
 ἦσαν, ἐπεὶ πέντε πτύχας ἤλασε κυλλοποδίων, 270

The comeliest of mankind, and rapt by Gods  
For that his beauty's sake to dwell in heaven  
And bear the cup to Zeus. But Ilus gat  
One son, the blameless chief Laomedon ;  
Then of Laomedon were five begot,  
Tithonus, Priam, Lampus, Clytius,  
And Hicetaon, flower o' the field of war.  
Assaracus gat Capys : he one son,  
Anchises ; and from him I boast myself,  
But Hector boasts from Priam. This the tale  
Of my true lineage, this my father's race.  
Yet, since most mighty Zeus, ev'n as He wills,  
Or makes or mars the valour in a man,  
Linger we here no longer, as 'twere boys  
Prating, and standing idle in the fray.  
Still might each taunt the other, nor, full-fraught,  
A hundred-oared galley stow the words ;  
For words are many, and the tongue is lithe ;  
Words change, and roam at random to and fro ;  
Yea, that thou speak'st, returneth to thine ear.  
Wherefore what need to us of jeer and gibe,  
Each to revile the other, women-like,  
Who, anger'd with a spirit-wasting strife,  
Revile each other in the public way  
Things true or false, whate'er their anger bids ?  
Thou wilt not fright me from my strength by words  
. I have made my venture—Haste then, haste,  
Be our spears quicker to the taste of blood !"

He spake, and on the dread and terrible shield  
Dash'd his huge spear. Loud rang the massy shield  
Round the spear-point, and Pelcus' Son for fear  
Held it away out from him in strong hand,  
Deeming that brave Æneas' shadowing lance  
Must pierce sheer through it : fond ! who then the while  
Bare not in mind what task to mortal man  
To break or quell the glorious gifts of Gods.  
The hero's lance, though mighty, might not burst  
That targe, but by the gold the gift of Heav'n  
Was held ; two plates it pierced, but three remain'd ;  
For five Hephæstus wrought thereon ; of brass

τὰς δύο χαλκείας, δύο δ' ἔνδοθι κασσιτέριοι,  
τὴν δὲ μίαν χρυσέην· τῇ ῥ' ἔσχετο μείλινον ἔγχος.

Δεύτερος αὐτ' Ἀχιλεὺς προλεῖ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
καὶ βάλεν Αἰνεΐαιο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἔισην,  
ἄντυγ' ὑπο πρῶτην, ἥ λεπτότατος θέε χαλκὸς,  
λεπτοτάτη δ' ἐπέην ῥιπὸς βοός· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ  
Πηλῆας ἤϊξεν μελίη, λάκε δ' ἀσπίς ὑπ' αὐτῆς.  
Αἰνεΐας δ' ἐάλη καὶ ἀπὸ ἔθεν ἀσπίδ' ἀνέσχευ  
δείσας· ἐγχείη δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ  
ἔστη ἱεμένη, διὰ δ' ἀμφοτέρους ἔλε κύκλους 280  
ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ὁ δ' ἀλευάμενος δόρυ μακρόν  
ἔστη, καὶ δ' ἄχος οἱ χύτο μυρίον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
ταρβήσας ὃ οἱ ἄγχι πάγῃ βέλος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
ἐμμεμαῶς ἐπόρουσεν, ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὄξυν,  
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ  
Αἰνεΐας, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,  
οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.  
ἔνθα κεν Αἰνεΐας μὲν ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ  
ἣ κόρυθ', ἥ δὲ σάκος, τό οἱ ἤρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,  
τὸν δὲ κε Πηλεΐδης σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα, 290  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὄξυν νόησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.  
αὐτίκα δ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μοι ἄχος μεγαλήτορος Αἰνεΐαιο,  
ὃς τάχα Πηλείωνι δαμῆϊς Ἄιδόσδε κάτεισιν,  
πειθόμενος μύθοισιν Ἀπόλλωνος ἐκάτοιο,  
νῆπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ χραισμήσει λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον.  
ἀλλὰ τίη νῦν οὔτος ἀναΐτιος ἄλγεα πάσχει,  
μὰ ψ' ἔνεκ' ἀλλοτρίων ἀχέων, κεχαρισμένα δ' αἰεὶ  
δῶρα θεοῖσι δίδωσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσιν·  
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ὑπὲρ θανάτου ἀγάγωμεν, 300  
μή πως καὶ Κρονίδης κεχολώσεται, αἶ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς  
τόνδε κατακτείνῃ· μόριμον δέ οἱ ἔστ' ἀλέασθαι,  
ὄφρα μὴ ἄσπερμος γενεὴ καὶ ἄφαντος ὄληται  
Δαρδάνου, ὃν Κρονίδης περὶ πάντων φίλατο παῖδι

Two ; and of tin two, inmost ; but of gold  
The midmost, and in this the shaft was stay'd.  
Achilles then in turn his javelin cast,  
The ash by Cheiron hewn on Pelion's peak.  
Which, falling on Æneas' fullorb'd shield,  
Under the rim, where brass and hide alike  
Are thinnest laid, sped joyous on and rent  
The buckler's edge upon its point ; for now  
Low down had crouch'd the other, and for fear  
Above him held the shield ; behind whose back  
Passing, through both plates of the targe sheer driven,  
The spear fell, idly quivering in the earth.  
He shunn'd the fatal lance, yet stood as one  
Bewilder'd, and across his eyes came shower'd  
Trouble of myriad form ; so near the dart.  
Furious, with falchion drawn and terrible cry,  
Achilles bounded tow'rd him ; yet he seized  
A stone, a thing enormous, such as two,  
Of men that now are born upon the earth,  
Could bear not—he alone uplifting shook.  
'This had he hurl'd perchance on Peleus' Son  
And struck his helm or shield, a guard secure  
Baffling the blow, but by the other's sword  
Had lost his life, had not their plight been mark'd  
By Poseidaion, who, beholding, grieved,  
And thus address'd him to the Immortals near :  
    " I grieve me, Gods, for brave Æneas' sake ;  
Who needs must die, by Peleus' Son subdued,  
Through that his faith in arrowy Phoebus' word—  
Fond ! for not Phoebus shall avail to save.  
But judge ye ; shall this man so suffer death,  
Whose fault is none, for others' evil deeds,  
Who to the Gods, the inheritors of heaven,  
Ever hath offer'd dues acceptable ?  
Rather we pluck him from this evil doom,  
Lest Zeus withal be anger'd for his death.  
For well with Fate accords that he escape ;  
Lest the great race of ancient Dardanus  
Be without seed and perish from the earth—  
Dardanus, most beloved of all the sons

οὐ ἔθεν ἐξεγένοντο γυναικῶν τε θνητῶν.  
 ἦδη γὰρ Πριάμον γενεῇν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων·  
 νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει  
 καὶ παίδων παῖδες, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·  
 “ἐννοσίγαι', αὐτὸς σὺ μετὰ φρεσὶ σῆσι νόησον  
 Αἰνείαν, ἣ κέν μιν ἐρύσσεαι, ἣ κεν ἑάσεις  
 [Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμήμεναι, ἐσθλὸν εἰόντα].  
 ἦτοι μὲν γὰρ νῶϊ πολέας ὠμόσσαμεν ὄρκους  
 πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
 μήποτ' Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἡμαρ,  
 μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται  
 δαιομένη, δαίωσι δ' Ἀργῆιοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.”

310

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγ' ἄκουσε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,  
 βῆ ῥ' ἵμεν ἄν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχεΐων,  
 ἴξε δ' ὅθ' Αἰνείας ἠδ' ὁ κλυτὸς ἦεν Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 αὐτίκα τῷ μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέεν ἄχλυν,  
 Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ· ὁ δὲ μελίην εὐχαλκον  
 ἄσπίδος ἐξέρυσεν μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείας·  
 καὶ τὴν μὲν προπάραιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλλῆος ἔθηκεν,  
 Αἰνείαν δ' ἔσσευεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' αἰέρας.  
 πολλὰς δὲ στίχας ἠρώων, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἵππων  
 Αἰνείας ὑπερᾶλτο θεοῦ ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὀρουσας,  
 ἴξε δ' ἐπ' ἐσχατιὴν πολυύϊκος πολέμοιο,  
 ἔνθα τε Καύκωνες πόλεμον μέτα θωρήσονται.  
 τῷ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

320

330 \*

“Αἰνεία, τίς σ' ὧδε θεῶν ἀτέοντα κελεύει  
 ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι,  
 ὅς σεῦ ἅμα κρείσσων καὶ φίλτερος ἀθανάτοισιν;  
 ἀλλ' ἀναχωρήσαι, ὅτε κεν συμβλήσεται αὐτῷ,  
 μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ μοῖραν δόμον Ἀΐδος εἰσαφίκηαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' Ἀχιλλεύς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπη,  
 θαρσύνσας δὴ ἔπειτα μετὰ πρῶτοισι μάχεσθαι·  
 οὐ μὲν γάρ τίς σ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ἐξεναρξίξει.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν λίπεν αὐτόθ', ἐπεὶ διεπέφραδε πάντα.  
 αἶψα δ' ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλλῆος ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν σκέδασ' ἄχλυν  
 θεσπεσίην· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μέγ' ἔξιδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
 ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

340

“ὦ πόποι ἡμέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλοῖσιν ὀρώμαι.

Of mortal women to Kroneion born.  
Long against Priam's race His wiath hath been ;  
Wherefore Æneas soon shall reign in Troy,  
He, and his children's children, to all time."

He spoke ; but royal Herè answer'd thus :  
" Poseidon, judge thyself, and, as thou list,  
Or save or leave Æneas to the spear  
Of Peleus' Son, for brave he is and true ;  
Nor I assent, nor Pallas, who have sworn,  
Before the Gods assembled, ne'er to fend  
An evil hour from off the towers of Troy,  
Not though they fall in conflagration strewn,  
Enkindled by Achaia's conquering sons."

Whose word Poseidon heard, and hasted straight,  
Thridding the battle and the throng of spears,  
And gain'd where those two foes stood face to face.  
There first he shower'd a mist across the eyes  
Of Peleus' Son, whose brass-tipp'd ashen spear  
He pluck'd from out renown'd Æneas' shield  
And laid before his feet ; but from the earth  
Snatch'd up Æneas, bearing him on high :  
O'er many a rank of heroes, many a rank  
Of armèd horses, imp'd by hand divine,  
Æneas leap'd, alighting on the verge  
Of battle, where the Caucons arming stood.  
Then came Poseidon nigh, and spake and said :

" Æneas, say, what God could bid thee stand  
Infatuate in arms 'gainst Peleus' Son,  
Stronger than thou, and favour'd more by Heav'n ?  
Withdraw thee ever, when thou encounterest him ;  
Else soon to Hades, though in Fate's despite,  
Before thine hour thou goest. But, when Death  
And Fate have ta'en Achilles to themselves,  
Then with good heart the vanmost mayst thou range,  
O'er whom no other man hath power to slay."

He spoke, foretold his fate, and left him there,  
And went, and moved the mist divinely shed  
Across Achilles' eyes ; who look'd, and saw,  
And, much perplex'd, cried to his own brave heart :

" Ye Gods ! A marvel these mine eyes behold.

ἔγχος μὲν τόδε κείται ἐπὶ χθονὸς, οὐδὲ τι φῶτα  
 λεύσσω τῷ ἐφέηκα κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων.  
 ἦ ῥα καὶ Αἰνείας φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν  
 ἦεν· ἀτάρ μιν ἔφην μὰν' αὐτὼς εὐχετάσθαι.  
 ἐρρήτω· οὐ οἱ θυμὸς ἐμεῦ ἔτι πειρηθῆναι  
 ἔσσεται, ὃς καὶ νῦν φύγεν ἄσμενος ἐκ θανάτοιο. 350  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ Δαναοῖσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κελεύσας  
 τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίος ἑλθών·”

Ἡ καὶ ἐπὶ στίχας ἄλτο, κέλευε δὲ φῶτὶ ἐκάστω·  
 “μηκέτι νῦν Τρώων ἐκὰς ἕστατε, δίοι Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀνὴρ ἄντ' ἀνδρὸς ἵτω, μεμάτω δὲ μάχεσθαι.  
 ἀργαλέον δέ μοι ἐστι, καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἐόντι,  
 τοσσούσδ' ἀνθρώπους ἐφέπειν καὶ πᾶσι μάχεσθαι·  
 οὐδέ κ' Ἀρης, ὅσπερ θεὸς ἄμβροτος, οὐδέ κ' Ἀθήνη  
 τοσσῆσδ' ὑσμίνης ἐφέποι στόμα καὶ πονέοιτο·  
 ἀλλ' ὅσπον μὲν ἐγὼ δύναμαι χερσίν τε ποσίν τε 360  
 καὶ σθένει, οὐ μέ τί φημι μεθυσέμεν, οὐδ' ἡβαιὸν,  
 ἀλλὰ μάλα στιχὸς εἰμι διαμπερεῖς, οὐδέ τιν' οἷω  
 Τρώων χαιρήσειν, ὅστις σχεδὸν ἔγχεος ἔλθῃ.”

“Ὡς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων· Τρώεσσι δὲ φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ  
 κέκλεθ' ὁμοκλήσας, φάτο δ' ἵμμεναι ἄντ' Ἀχιλλῆος·

“Τρώες ὑπέρθυμοι, μὴ δείδιτε Πηλεΐωνα.  
 καὶ κεν ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μαχοίμην·  
 ἔγχεϊ δ' ἀργαλέον, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰσιν.  
 οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς πάντεσσι τέλος μύθοις ἐπιθήσει,  
 ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν τελέει, τὸ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγὺν κολούει. 370  
 τῷ δ' ἐγὼ ἀντίος εἰμι, καὶ εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικεν,  
 εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικε, μένος δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ.”

“Ὡς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἱ δ' ἀντίοι ἔγχε' ἄειραν  
 Τρώες· τῶν δ' ἄμυδις μίχθη μένος, ὦρτο δ' αὐτή.  
 καὶ τότε ἄρ' Ἐκτορα εἶπε παραστάς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

“Ἐκτορ, μηκέτι πάμπαν Ἀχιλλῆϊ προμάχιζε,  
 ἀλλὰ κατὰ πληθύν τε καὶ ἐκ φλοίσβοιο δέδεξο,

Here lies my spear on earth before my feet ;  
And him, at whom I cast it fain to slay,  
Him nowhere I descry. Albeit I knew  
Æneas by Immortals well-beloved,  
This day I deem'd his prayers should be in vain.  
Yet let him whither he will ! No more his heart  
Will prompt him to withstand me, who hath scaped  
His death so nearly now ; and let me forth,  
First to give order to mine own brave men,  
Then to assail and try the strength of Troy."

He spoke, and backward sprang, and cheer'd his host :  
" Noble Achæans ! Stand no longer now  
At distance from your foes, but hand to hand  
And fain to close, meet every man his man.  
Hard were it, spite my strength, for me alone,  
One against all, so many to assail ;  
Nor Ares nor Athenè, Powers albeit  
Immortal, could traverse the whole wide face  
Of this array for battle. Yet, so far  
As in me lies, in foot and hand, and strength,  
I slack no whit, but on them charge, and deem  
Who meets my spear shall have no cause to joy."

He spoke, and quicken'd all ; but, bright in arms,  
Hector against him cheer'd the Trojans on :

" Brave Trojans ! Have no fright of Peleus' Son :  
I likewise, were the battle waged with words,  
Would fearless face Immortals ; spear to spear  
Were peril indeed, for they are mightier far.  
Loud vaunts Achilles ; but his words with deeds  
He crowns not ; one perchance, or here or there,  
He perfects, but drops others, shorn of act.  
And I go meet him, though his arm were fire,  
Like fire his arm, his strength like glowing steel !"

Quickening their hearts he spoke. 'The Trojans rear'd  
Their spears aloft, advancing ; and their might  
Thronging they mingled, and their cry rose loud.  
Phœbus by Hector then took stand, and spake :

" Alone against Achilles move not forth ;  
But from the midmost melley, in the crowd,  
Await his charge ; lest haply with his spear



μή πώς σ' ἤε βάλη, ἤε σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψη·"

ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἐκτωρ δ' αὖτις ἐδύσετο οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν  
ταρβήσας, ὅτ' ἄκουσε θεοῦ ὅπα φωνήσαντος. 380  
ἐν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι θόρε, φρεσὶν εἰμένος ἀλκὴν,  
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, πρῶτον δ' ἔλεν Ἴφιτίωνα,  
ἔσθλὸν Ὀτρυντείδην, πολέων ἡγήτορα λαῶν,  
δὴ νύμφη τέκε νηὶς Ὀτρυντῇ πτολιπόρθῳ  
Τμῶλῳ ὕπο νιφόμεντι, ὧς πῖονι δῆμῳ·  
τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα βάλ' ἐγγχεί διος Ἀχιλλεύς  
μέσσην κακὰ κεφαλὴν· ἥ δ' ἀνδιχα πᾶσα κεῖσθη.  
δούπησεν δὲ πεσῶν, ὃ δ' ἐπεύξατο διος Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Κεῖσαι, Ὀτρυντείδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν·  
ἐνθάδε τοι θάνατος, γεγενῆ δέ τοι ἔστ' ἐπὶ λῖμνῃ 390  
Γυγαίῃ, ὅθι τοι τέμενος πατρώϊόν ἐστιν,  
“Ἄλλῳ ἔπ' ἰχθυόεντι καὶ Ἐρμῷ δινηέεντι.”

ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.  
τὸν μὲν Ἀχαιῶν ἵπποι ἐπισσώτροις दाτέοντο  
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· ὃ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ Δημολέοντα,  
ἔσθλὸν ἀλεξητῆρα μάχης, Ἀντήνορος υἱόν,  
νύξε κατὰ κρόταφον, κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήου.  
οὐδ' ἄρα χαλκείῃ κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς  
αἰχμὴ ἱεμένη ρήξ' ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ  
ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα. 400  
Ἴπποδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα καθ' ἵππων ἀλίσαντα,  
πρόσθεν ἔθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὐτάσε δουρί.  
αὐτὰρ ὃ θυμὸν ἄϊσθε καὶ ἥρυγεν, ὥς ὅτε ταῦρος  
ἥρυγεν ἑλκόμενος Ἑλικώνιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα  
κούρων ἑλκόντων· γάνυται δέ τε τοῖς ἐνοσίχθων·  
ὥς ἄρα τόνγ' ἐρυγόντα λίπ' ὀστέα θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ·  
αὐτὰρ ὃ βῆ σὺν δουρὶ μετ' ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον  
Πριαμίδην. τὸν δ' οὔτι πατὴρ εἶασκε μάχεσθαι,  
οὐνεκά οἱ μετὰ παισὶ νεώτατος ἔσκε γόνιοι,  
καὶ οἱ φίλτατος ἔσκε, πόδεσσι δὲ πάντας ἐνίκα· 410  
δὴ τότε νηπιέησι, ποδῶν ἀρετὴν ἀναφαίνων,  
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, εἴως φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.

He smite thee, or with sword-stroke hew thee down."

Reverencing thereat the warning of the Gods,  
Hector withdrew him back into the throng.

But forth with terrible cry Achilles sprang,  
Engirt with strength of heart against his foe ,  
And first Otrynteus' son Iphition  
He smote, a chieftain brave, to warrior-sire  
Born of the Naiad 'neath the snowy peaks  
Of Tmolus in rich Hydè ; in mid charge  
Him first the spear of dread Achilles struck  
Full on the head ; the skull was cleft in two ;  
Loud rang his armour ; and Achilles cried :

" Marvel of human kind, Otrynteus' Son !  
Thy death is here : thy birth was far away  
On Gyge's lake, where is thy father's realm,  
Near Hyllus' streams, and Hermus' eddying pools ! "

He spake his boast ; night veil'd the other's eyes ;  
Whose limbs beneath the chariot-wheels were torn.

Against Antenor's son Demoleon  
He turn'd him next, and pierced the warrior's brow  
Right through the brass-cheek'd helmet ; nor the casque  
Held, but the point pass'd joyous on, and brake  
The skull, and spatter'd wide the brain within,  
Quenching his might. And, next, Hippodamas,  
Who from his car, before him flying, had sprung  
I' the back he pierced ; who gasp'd his last, with pain  
Bellowing, like bellowing bull by young men haled  
Into His shrine who reigns in Helicon,  
Whereat great Poseidaion smiles, well-pleased ;  
So he with bellowing cry gave up the ghost.

Then after Polydorus, Priam's son,  
He follow'd ; whom his father from the war  
Vainly forbade, the son of his old age,  
His youngest and his dearest, and unmatched  
In Troy for speed of foot ; who for display  
Of that pre-eminence vainglorious came  
And ranged awhile the vanmost of their van  
Till now his life was lost ; for in the back,

τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 νῶτα παραίσσοντος, ὅθι ζωστήρης ὀχῆες  
 χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλῶος ἦντετο θώρηξ·  
 ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ,  
 γυνῆξ' ὃ' ἔριπ' οἰμώξας, νεφέλη δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψεν  
 κυανέη, προτὶ οἷ δ' ἔλαβ' ἔντερα χερσὶ λιασθείς.

Ἔκτωρ δ' ὥς ἐνόησε κασίγνητον Πολύδωρον  
 ἔντερα χερσὶν ἔχοντα, λιαζόμενον προτὶ γαίῃ, 420  
 κάρ' ῥά οἱ ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλὺς· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη  
 δηρὸν ἐκὰς στρωφᾶσθ', ἀλλ' ἀντίος ἦλθ' Ἀχιλλῆι  
 ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων, φλογὶ εἵκελος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ὡς εἶδ', ὥς ἀνέπαλτο, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΐδα·

“ Ἐγγὺς ἀνὴρ ὃς ἐμὸν γε μάλιστ' ἐσεμάσσατο θυμὸν,  
 ὃς μοι ἐταῖρον ἔπεφνε τετιμένον· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτι δὴν  
 ἰλλήλους πτώσσοιμεν ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας.”

Ἦ καὶ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσεφώνεεν Ἐκτορα δῖον·  
 “ ἄσσον ἴθ', ὥς κεν θᾶσσον ὀλέθρου πείραθ' ἵκηαι.”

Τὸν δ' οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ· 430  
 “ Πηλεΐδῃ, μὴ δὴ μ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὥς  
 ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς  
 ἡμὲν κερτομίας ἥδ' αἷσυλα μυθήσασθαι.  
 οἶδα δ' ὅτι σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὸς, ἐγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολὺ χεῖρων.  
 ἀλλ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται,  
 αἳ κέ σε χειρότερός περ ἐὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἔλωμαι  
 δουρὶ βαλὼν, ἐπειτὰ καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ὀξὺ πάροισεν.”

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δόρυ, καὶ τόγ' Ἀθήνη  
 πνοιῇ Ἀχιλλῆος πάλιν ἔτραπε κυδαλίμοιο,  
 ἦκα μάλα ψύξασα· τὸ δ' ἄψ' ἵκεθ' Ἐκτορα δῖον, 440  
 αὐτοῦ δὲ προπάραιθε ποδῶν πέσεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ἐμμεμαῶς ἐπόρουσε, κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,  
 σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· τὸν δ' ἐξήρπαξεν Ἀπόλλων  
 ῥεῖα μάλ' ὥστε θεὸς, ἐκάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἥερι πολλῇ.  
 τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε ποδάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς  
 ἔγχει χαλκείῳ, τρὶς δ' ἥερα τύψε βαθείῃαν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἴσος,  
 δεινὰ δ' ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

Ev'n as he pass'd him, Peleus' fleetfoot Son  
Struck him, there where the girdle's golden clasps  
Meet, and the corslet falls in double fold.  
Right through beyond the navel held the point ;  
With a groan he dropp'd upon his knees ; a cloud  
Enwrapp'd him dark ; and, as he headlong fell,  
His fingers closed in death upon his bowels.

Beholding whom, his brother dash'd to earth  
Tearing his bowels for anguish of his death,  
A mist dimm'd Hector's eyes ; nor could he brook  
Longer to hold him back, but face to face,  
Like fire incensed, and shaking sharp-tipp'd spear,  
Against Achilles moved ; who saw and leap'd  
For joy, and vaunted loud, and utter'd this :

“The man is near, who most hath touch'd my heart,  
And slew my honour'd comrade ; nor these lines  
Of battle long shall part us as in fear.”

Then with a low'ring brow to Hector thus :  
“Come nearer ; draw thee quicker to thy death.”

Whom helmèd Hector answer'd undismay'd :  
‘Pelides, I as thou can jeer and gibe  
And gall with taunting threats ; wherefore with words  
Hope not to fright me like a weakling babe.  
I know thee strong, and me the feebler far.  
Yet lies the issue on the lap of Gods ;  
Albeit the feebler, I may take thy life,  
If my spear strike thee—sharp enow of yore.”

He spoke, and whirl'd on high and hurl'd the spear,  
Which azure-eyed Athenè, by a breath  
Breath'd gently, turn'd from Peleus' Son aside ;  
Falling, the lance recoil'd to Hector's feet ;  
On whom infuriate, and with terrible cry,  
Achilles bounded onward, fain to slay ;  
But with all ease Apollo snatch'd him up,  
By power divine, and wrapp'd him in thick mist :  
Thrice sprang the fleetfoot hero on his foe,  
Thrice dash'd his brazen spear in mist profound ;  
The fourth time, godlike, vainly still he came,  
With dreadful cry, and gave these wingèd words :

“ Ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον· ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι  
 ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὖτέ σ' ἐρύσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπολλων, 450  
 ὃ μέλλεις εὖχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δούπον ἀκόντων.  
 ἦ θήν σ' ἐξαυύω γε, καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας,  
 εἴ πού τις καὶ ἔμουγε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθός ἐστιν.  
 νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὅν κε κιχέω ”  
 .

Ὡς εἰπων Δρύοπ' οὔτα κατ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἄκοντι·  
 ἦριπε δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν. ὁ δὲ τὸν μὲν ἔασεν,  
 Δημοῦχον δὲ Φιλητορίδην, ἧν τε μέγαν τε,  
 καὶ γόνυ δουρὶ βαλὼν ἠρύκακε· τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα  
 οὐτάζων ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ ἐξαίνυτο θυμόν.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Λαόγονον καὶ Δάρδανον, νῆε Βίαντος, 460  
 ἄμφω ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐξ ἵππων ὥσε χαμᾶζε,  
 τὸν μὲν δουρὶ βαλὼν, τὸν δὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψαις.  
 Τρῶα δ' Ἀλαστορίδην· ὁ μὲν ἀντίος ἦλυθε γούνων,  
 εἴ πῶς εὖ πεφίδοιτο, λαβὼν, καὶ ζῶν ἀφείη  
 μηδὲ κατακτείνειεν ὀμηλικήν ἐλεήσας,  
 νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ ἦδη, ὃ οὐ πείσεσθαι ἔμελλεν·  
 οὐ γάρ τι γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν οὐδ' ἀγανόφρων,  
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαώς. ὁ μὲν ἠπτετο χεῖρεσι γούνων  
 ἰέμενος λίσσεσθ', ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ οὔτα καθ' ἦπαρ·  
 ἐκ δὲ οἱ ἦπαρ ὄλισθεν, ἀτὰρ μέλαν αἷμα κατ' αὐτοῦ 470  
 κόλπον ἐνέπλησεν· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν  
 θυμοῦ δευόμενον. ὁ δὲ Μούλιον οὔτα παραστάς  
 δουρὶ κατ' οὖς· εἴθαρ δὲ δι' οὔατος ἦλθ' ἐτέροιο  
 αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ. ὁ δ' Ἀγήνορος υἱὸν Ἐχεκλον  
 μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλὴν ξίφει ἦλασε κωπήεντι,  
 πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνυθε ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὅσσε  
 ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.  
 Δευκαλίωνα δ' ἔπειθ', ἵνα τε ξυνέχουσι τένοντες  
 ἀγκῶνος, τῇ τόνγε φίλης διὰ χειρὸς ἔπειρεν  
 αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ· ὁ δὲ μιν μένε χεῖρα βαρυνθεὶς, 480

“Thou cur, who now again hast fled thy death !  
Ill press'd thee hard ; but Phœbus yet once more  
Hath saved thee, unto whom thou needs must make  
Prayers endless, ere thou ventur'st to the war.  
Yet, let some God do battle on my side,  
Next when we meet, I ween I end thee quite ;  
Till then I turn me on whome'er I may !”

He spoke, and with a javelin through the throat  
Pierced Dryops, who before his feet fell prone ;  
Whom so he left, but stay'd Philetor's son  
Demuchus from his flight, a man-at-arms  
Mighty and huge, wounding him on the knee  
With spear, and hewing then with falchion down.  
Laogonus and Dardanus, the sons  
Of Bias, next he assail'd, and low to earth  
Hurl'd both from off their chariot ; one he smote  
With spear ; the other with huge sword he clove.  
Then Tros, Alastor's son, who clasp'd his knees  
Beseeching—(if Achilles might be moved  
By pity for an age most like his own  
To spare him captive, nor to take his life)—  
Ah, fond ! who knew not he should pray in vain :  
Of no mild mood nor softening heart, but wild  
For vengeance, *he*, whose knees he embraced with hope  
Of mercy. Ere he spoke, the sword had pass'd  
Deep in his liver, and the liver brake,  
And black blood flooding up his bosom gush'd ;  
And darkness wrapp'd him, and he gave the ghost.

Approaching Mulius next, he drave his lance  
Into his ear, so that the point pass'd on  
Right through the other ear. Agenor's son,  
Echeclus next with hilted brand he smote  
Full on the head, and all the sword reek'd hot  
With blood, whilst o'er the darken'd eyes came fast  
The purple gloom of death and violent Fate.

Deucalion next, where the elbow's tendons join,  
Through the dear arms with brazen point he pierc'd :  
The hand wax'd heavy ; motionless he stood  
Waiting the death before him ; through his neck

πρόσθ' ὀρόων θάνατον· ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ αὐχένα θείνας  
 τῇλ' αὐτῇ πῆληκι κάρη βάλε· μυελὸς αὐτε  
 σφονδυλίων ἔκπαλθ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ κείμενος τανυσθεῖς.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετ' ἀμύμονα Πείρῳ υἱὸν,  
 Ῥίγῳδον, ὃς ἐκ Θρήκης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει·  
 τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι, πάγη δ' ἐν πνεύμονι χαλκὸς,  
 ἥριπτε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων. ὁ δ' Ἀρηίθοον θεράποντα,  
 ἄψ' ἵππους στρέψαντα, μετὰφρενον ὀξείῃ δουρὶ  
 νύξ', ἀπὸ δ' ἄρματος ὥσε· κυκλήθησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι.

Ὡς δ' ἀναμαιμάει βαθέ' ἄγκεα θεσπιδαῖς πῦρ 490  
 οὐρεὸς ἀζαλέοιο, βαθεῖα δὲ καίεται ὕλη,  
 πάντῃ τε κλονέων ἄνεμος φλόγα εἰλυφάζει,  
 ὥς ὅγε πάντῃ θύνει σὺν ἔγχεϊ, δαίμονι ἴσος,  
 κτεινομένους ἐφέπων· ῥέει δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε τις ζεύξῃ βόας ἄρσενας εὐρυμετώπους  
 τριβέμεναι κρὶ λευκὸν ἐκτιμένην ἐν ἀλωῇ,  
 ῥίμφα τε λέπτ' ἐγένοντο βοῶν ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἐριμύκων,  
 ὥς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου μώνυχες ἵπποι  
 στείβον ὁμοῦ νέκυνάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄξων  
 νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον, 500  
 ἃς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἵππεϊών ὀπλέων ραθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον  
 αἵ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων· ὁ δὲ ἔειτο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι  
 Πηλεΐδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους.

The blade shore, striking far the helmèd head,  
Helmet and all. Forth spouted from the spine  
The marrow ; and he lay on earth outstretch'd.

Thence on the Thracian, Peireus' blameless son,  
Rhigmus, he turn'd, and smote him on the belt.  
I' the middle stuck the spear, and from his car  
He fell : whose driver, brave Areithous,  
Turn'd quick the steeds to flight, but likewise dropp'd,  
Pierced in the back and dash'd from off his seat  
By the shaip spear ; the steeds were left distraught.

As, when a wondrous conflagration wastes  
The deep dells of a mountain parch'd and dry,  
The forest falls consumed ; a forceful wind  
This way and that drives dense, and fans the flame ;  
So, spear in hand, with godlike strength he ranged  
This way and that, pursuing to the death ;  
And the earth ran with blood. And, as in yoke  
Broad-fronted oxen tread white barley out  
On smooth-built threshing-floor, and underfoot  
Lightly the chaff flies off ; so 'neath the hoofs  
Of his swift heavenly horses spears and shields  
Were trodden, and the bodies of the dead ;  
With blood the axle and with blood the rails  
Were spatter'd, plash'd from 'neath the whirling spokes  
Or off his coursers' heels ; with gory hands,  
Ardent for fame, invincible, he roved !



# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Φ΄.

— 4 —

## Μάχη παροπαμίος.

ΑΛΛ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἴξον ἐν ῥέειος ποταμοῖο,  
 Ξάνθου δινήμετος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς,  
 ἔνθα διατμήξας τοὺς μὲν πεδίονδε δίωκεν  
 πρὸς πόλιν, ἥπερ Ἀχαιοὶ ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο  
 ἡματι τῷ προτέρῳ, ὅτε μαίνεται φαίδιμος Ἴκτωρ·  
 τῇ ῥ' οἴγῃ προχέοντο πεφυζότες, ἡέρα δ' Ἡρῇ  
 πλίτνα πρόσθε βαθείαν ἐρυκέμεν· ἡμίσεες δὲ  
 εἰς ποταμὸν εἰλεῦντο βαθύρροον ἀργυροδίην,  
 ἐν δ' ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχῃ δ' αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,  
 ὄχθαι δ' ἀμφὶ περὶ μεγάλ' ἴαχον· οἳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ  
 ἔννεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, ἐλίσσόμενοι περὶ δίνας.  
 ὥς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς πυρὸς ἀκρίδες ἡερέθονται  
 φευγέμεναι ποταμόνδε· τὸ δὲ φλέγει ἀκάματον πῦρ  
 ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης, ταῖ δὲ πτώσσουσι καθ' ὕδωρ  
 ὥς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος Ξάνθου βαθυδινήμετος  
 πλήτο ῥόος κελάδων ἐπιμῖξ ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

10

Αὐτὰρ ὁ Διογενὴς δόρυ μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ ἐπ' ὄχθῃ  
 κεκλιμένον μυρίκησιν, ὃ δ' ἔσθορε δαίμονι ἴσος,  
 φάσγανον οἶον ἔχων, κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μῆδετο ἔργα,  
 τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὤρυντ' αἰεκὴς  
 ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἵματι ὕδωρ.  
 ὥς δ' ὑπὸ δελφίνος μεγακῆτος ἰχθύες ἄλλοι  
 φεύγοντες πιμπλάσι μυχοὺς λιμένος εὐόρμου,  
 δειδιότες· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει ὃν κε λάβησιν·  
 ὥς Τρῶες ποταμοῖο κατὰ δεινοῖο ῥέεθρα  
 πτώσσουν ὑπὸ κρημνούς· ὃ δ' ἐπεὶ κάμε χεῖρας ἐναιρῶν,

20

## ILIAD XXI.

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BUT, when they gain'd the ford of that full stream,  
Xanthus, own offspring of immortal Gods,  
He sunder'd them in twain, and part he drave  
Back tow'rd their town, across the selfsame field  
O'er which the yester-eve the Achaians fled  
In panic by the might of Hector's spear.  
But now along it pour'd the Trojan rout,  
Across whom Herè drew bewildering mist  
To stay them. But their other part were roll'd  
Down to the deep and silvery eddying stream.  
They plunged therein, and from the echoing banks  
The crash of splash'd and broken waters rose ;  
Whilst they tumultuous to and fro were toss'd  
Swimming amongst the eddies. As a swarm  
Of locusts, by the scorch of fire constrain'd  
To refuge in a river, know the flame  
Burning unwearied, where it sudden rose  
Behind them, and beneath the waters plunge ;  
Thus by Achilles' arm was that deep stream  
Of eddying Xanthus choked with men and steeds.

Then in a tamarisk-bush he left his spear,  
And, sword alone in hand, leap'd likewise in,  
Godlike, and furious unto deeds of death,  
And smote them right and left. Their groans arose  
Unceasing, and the stream ran red with blood.  
Ev'n as a shoal of fish before a shark  
Huddle in fear, and crowd some harbourage  
In to its inmost corners, for his mouth  
Gapes to engulf whatever he may reach ;  
So crouch'd the Trojans, cowering 'neath the bluffs  
Of that dread River, mingled with his stream.

ζωὸν ἐκ ποταμοῖο δυνώδεκα λέξατο κούρους,  
 ποιὴν Πατρόκλοιο Μειοιτιάδαο θανόντος.  
 τοὺς ἐξήγε θύραζε τεθηπότας ἤντε νεβροὺς,  
 δῆσε δ' ὀπίσσω χεῖρας ἐντμήτοισιν ἱμάσιν,  
 τοὺς αὐτοὶ φορέεσκον ἐπὶ στρεπτοῖσι χιτῶσιν,  
 δῶκε δ' ἐταίροισιν κατὰγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ ἄψ' ἐπόρουσε δαιζέμεναι μενεαίνων.

30

Ἔνθ' υἱεὶ Πριάμοιο συνήντετο Δαρδανίδαο  
 ἐκ ποταμοῦ φεύγοντι, Λυκάονι, τὸν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς  
 ἦγε λαβὼν ἐκ πατρὸς ἀλωῆς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα,  
 ἐννύχιος προμολών· ὁ δ' ἐρινεὸν ὀξεί χαλκῷ  
 τάμνε νέους ὀρπηκας, ἔν' ἄρματος ἄντυγες εἶεν·  
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνώιστον κακὸν ἤλυθε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 καὶ τότε μὲν μιν Λῆμνον ἐκτιμένην ἐπέρασσεν  
 νηυσὶν ἄγων, ἀτὰρ υἱὸς Ἰήσονος ὦνον ἔδωκεν·  
 κείθεν δὲ ξεινὸς μιν ἐλύσατο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν,  
 Ἴμβριος Ἡετίων, πέμψεν δ' ἐς δῖαν Ἀρισβην·  
 ἔνθεν ὑπεκπροφυγὼν πατρώϊον ἵκετο δῶμα.  
 ἔνδεκα δ' ἡμέματα θυμὸν ἐτέρπετο οἴσι φίλοισιν  
 ἐλθὼν ἐκ Λῆμνοιο· δυωδεκάτῃ δὲ μιν αὖτις  
 χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος θεὸς ἐμβαλεν, ὅς μιν ἐμελλεν  
 πέμψειν εἰς Ἀἶδαο καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα νέεσθαι.  
 τὸν δ' ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 γυμνὸν, ἄτερ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος, οὐδ' ἔχεν ἔγχος,  
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν ῥ' ἀπὸ πάντα χαμαὶ βύλε· τείρε γὰρ ἰδρὼς  
 φεύγοντ' ἐκ ποταμοῦ, κάματος δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐδάμνα·  
 ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς δὴν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

40

50

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρώμαι·  
 ἦ μάλα δὴ Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, οὗσπερ ἔπεφνον,  
 αὖτις ἀναστήσονται ὑπὸ ζόφου ἡερόεντος,  
 οἷον δὴ καὶ ὅδ' ἦλθε φυγὼν ὑπο νηλεὲς ἡμαρ,

But when his arm was weary of their deaths,  
Twelve youths he chose, and took from out the waves,  
The offering destin'd to Patroclus' tomb.  
Like fawns half dead for fear, he drew them out  
And bound behind them with the clean-cut thongs.  
Of their own rope-twined corslets either hand,  
And gave them, to the galleys to be ta'en ;  
But sprang himself, still fain for slaughter, back.

A son of Dardan Priam first he reach'd,  
Lycaon, mounting from the stream ; whom erst  
Upon his father's threshing-floor he caught  
Most unaware ; for sudden in the night  
He came, and found him pruning with sharp axe  
The young shoots off a fig-tree stem, to be  
The felloes to his chariot : on him there—  
Sorrow undream'd of—dread Achilles fell,  
And, as to serve my song, aboard his bark  
Bare him to populous Lemnos o'er the sea ;  
Where Euneus, son of Jason, paid his price ;  
But rich Eetion soon, his father's friend,  
Redeem'd and sent him to Arisbe safe ;  
Thence he escaped and gain'd his father's house.  
With his dear friends eleven happy days  
After return from Lemnos had he pass'd ;  
But on the twelfth Heav'n cast him yet once more  
Before Achilles, to be sent this while,  
How loth soever, down to Hades' realm.

For when the fleetfoot hero first perceived  
And knew him, naked of his helm and shield  
And spearless (for his arms were cast away ;  
The toil had tired him climbing from the stream,  
His limbs beneath were failing for fatigue),  
Much troubled, to his own brave heart he said :  
“ Ye Gods ! a marvel these mine eyes behold.  
I well may think that every Trojan brave,  
Slain by my hand, from out the misty West  
May rise in resurrection to the war ;  
As this man hath, who once escaped the hour

Λήμνον ἐς ἡγαθέην πεπερημένος· οὐδέ μιν ἔσχευ  
 πόντος ἄλως πολιῆς, ὃ πολέας ἀέκοντας ἐρύκει.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῆς ἡμετέριοι  
 γεύσεται, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἡδὲ δαείω  
 ἢ ἄρ' ὁμῶς καὶ κείθεν ἐλεύσεται, ἢ μιν ἐρύξει  
 γῇ φυσίζοος, ἥτε κατὰ κρατερόν περ ἐρύκει."

60

ὥς ὥρμαινε μένων· ὃ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε τεθηπῶς,  
 γούνων ἄψασθαι μεμαῶς, περὶ δ' ἥθελε θυμῷ  
 ἐκφυγέειν θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν.  
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν δόρυ μακρὸν ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 οὐτάμεναι μεμαῶς, ὃ δ' ὑπέδραμε καὶ λάβε γούνων  
 κύψας· ἐγχείη δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ  
 ἔστη, ἰεμένη χροὺς ἄμειναι ἀνδρομέοιο.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ τῇ ἐτέρῃ μὲν ἑλὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων,  
 τῇ δ' ἐτέρῃ ἔχει ἔγχος ἀκαχμένον οὐδὲ μεθίει·  
 [καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·]

70

“Γουνουμαί σ', Ἀχιλεῦ· σὺ δέ μ' αἶδεο καὶ μ' ἐλέησον·  
 ἀντί τοι εἰμ' ἰκέταο, διοτρεφὲς, αἰδοίοιο  
 πὰρ γὰρ σοὶ πρώτῃ πασίμην Δημήτερος ἱκτὴν,  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτε μ' εἴλεν ἐϋκτιμενὴ ἐν ἀλώῃ,  
 καὶ μ' ἐπέρασσας ἄνευθεν ἄγων πατρός τε φίλων τε  
 Λήμνον ἐς ἡγαθέην, ἐκατόμβοιον δέ τοι ἦλφον.  
 νῦν δὲ λύμην τρὶς τύσσα πορών· ἥως δέ μοί ἐστιν  
 ἦδε δυωδεκάτη, ὅτ' ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα  
 πολλὰ παθών· νῦν αὖ με τεῆς ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν  
 μοῖρ' ὀλοή· μέλλω που ἀπεχθέσθαι Διὶ πατρὶ,  
 ὅς με σοι αὖτις ἔδωκε· μινυθῆδιον δέ με μήτηρ  
 γείνατο Λαοθύη, θυγάτηρ Ἀλταιο γέροντος,  
 Ἀλτew, ὃς Λελέγεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισιν ἀνίσσει,  
 Πήδασον αἰπήεσαν ἔχων ἐπὶ Σατυνύοντι.  
 τοῦ δ' ἔχε θυγατέρα Πριάμος, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἄλλας·  
 τῇσδε δύο γενόμεσθα, σὺ δ' ἄμφω δειροτομήσεις.

80

Of ruthless death, and to the beauteous isle  
Lemnos was borne and sold : the hoary sea  
Which holds so many back against their wills,  
Hath not sufficed to hold him. Let him taste  
My spear this time, that I may see and know  
Whether *thence* likewise he can make his way,  
Or if life-gendering earth can hold him down,  
Earth who holds down the bravest in their graves."

Such thoughts he ponder'd, whilst the other drew  
Nigher, half dead for fear, and sought to clasp  
Achilles' knees, for all his heart was set,  
If peradventure he might 'scape black Fate.  
Noble Achilles had upraised his lance  
Ready to strike, when he beneath it ran  
And stoop'd, and caught his knees ; behind his back  
Quivering, and longing for the taste of blood,  
The sharp-tipp'd spear stood, stuck in earth ; and he  
Gripp'd it with one hand, nor would let it go ;  
But with the other by the knees besought  
Achilles, and entreating spake and said :

" I clasp thy knees, Achilles ; oh, revere  
Thy suppliant, and show mercy ! Yea, I stand  
Ev'n as a suppliant whom thou must revere—  
Who at thy table brake thy bread, when first,  
Taking me from the smooth-built threshing-floor  
Thou bar'st me to rich Lemnos o'er the seas,  
Far from my father and from all I loved.  
A hundred head of oxen then I brought ;  
But now a ransom thrice as great were mine.  
This is the twelfth morn only, since I came  
To Ilion, after heaviest sufferings saved :  
Again fell Fate hath thrown me in thy hands.  
I needs must be a hate to Father Zeus  
For that He thus hath given me to thy spear.  
To short, short life Laothœ bare her son,  
My mother, aged Altes' royal child  
(Altes, who rules the brave Lelegian tribes  
On rocky Pedasus, by Satnoeis' stream,  
His daughter Priam had, and many more) ;  
Two sons she bare, and both will fall by thee ;

ἦτοι τὸν πρῶτοισι μετὰ πρυλέεσσι δάμασσας, 90  
 ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον, ἐπεὶ βάλες ὀξείῃ δουρί·  
 νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐνθάδ' ἐμοὶ κακὸν ἔσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ὀίω  
 σὰς χεῖρας φεύξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·  
 μή με κτεῖν', ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὁμογαστριος Ἑκτορός εἰμι,  
 ὅς τοι ἐταῖρον ἔπεφνεν ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε."

Ὡς ἄρα μιν Πριάμοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱὸς  
 λισσόμενος ἐπέεσσιν, ἀμείλικτον δ' ὅπ' ἄκουσεν·

“Νῆπιε, μή μοι ἄποινα πιφαύσκειο μηδ' ἀγόρευε·  
 πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πάτροκλον ἐπισπεῖν αἴσιμον ἡμαρ, 100  
 τόφρα τί μοι πεφιδέσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φίλτερον ἦεν  
 Τρώων, καὶ πολλοὺς ζωοὺς ἔλον ἦδ' ἐπέρασσα·  
 νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅστις θάνατον φύγη, ὅν κε θεός γε  
 Ἰλίου προπάροιθεν ἐμῆς ἐν χερσὶ βάλησιν,  
 καὶ πάντων Τρώων, πέρι δ' αὖ Πριάμοιό γε παίδων.  
 ἀλλὰ, φίλος, θάνε καὶ σύ· τῇ ὀλοφύρεαι οὕτως;  
 κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.  
 οὐχ ὀράας υἱὸς καὶ ἐγὼ καλός τε μέγας τε;  
 πατὴρ δ' εἴμ' ἀγαθοῖο, θεὰ δέ με γείνατο μήτηρ·  
 ἀλλ' ἔπι τοι καὶ ἐμοὶ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή— 110  
 ἔσσεται ἢ ἥως ἢ δείλῃ ἢ μέσον ἡμαρ—  
 ὅππότε τις καὶ ἐμεῖο Ἄρει ἐκ θυμὸν ἔλῃται,  
 ἢ ὅγε δουρὶ βαλὼν, ἢ ἀπὸ νευρήφιιν οἴστω."

Ὡς φάτο, τοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ λῦτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ·  
 ἔγχος μὲν ῥ' ἀφέηκεν, ὁ δ' ἔζητο χεῖρε πετάσσας  
 ἀμφοτέρας. Ἀχιλεὺς δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ  
 τύψε κατὰ κληῖδα παρ' αὐχένα, πᾶν δέ οἱ εἴσω  
 δὺ ξίφος ἀμφηκες· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ  
 κεῖτο ταθεῖς, ἐκ δ' αἶμα μέλαν ῥέε, δευε γὰρ γαῖαν.  
 τὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ποταμόνδε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἦκε φέρεσθαι, 120  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·

“Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν κείσο μετ' ἰχθύσιν, οἳ σ' ὠτειλῇν  
 αἰμ' ἀπολιχμήσονται ἀκηδέες· οὐδέ σε μήτηρ  
 ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ἀλλὰ Σκάμανδρος  
 οἴσει δινῆεις εἴσω ἁλὸς εὐρέα κόλπον.  
 θρώσκων τις κατὰ κύμα μέλαιναν φρεῖχ' ὑπαίξει  
 ἰχθύς, ὅς κε φάγησι Λυκίουνος ἀργέτα δημόν."

Already, ranging in the foremost ranks,  
One hast thou struck, the godlike Polydore ,  
And now on me the selfsame evil falls.  
Fate brought me hither ; scarce may I escape !  
Yet spare me, and remember this one thing ;  
Not of that womb am I, whence Hector sprang,  
And Hector was the slayer of thy beloved."

So pray'd King Priam's Son, and knelt  
Beseeching, but no honey'd answer took :

"Cease, fool, nor prate to me of ransom more !  
Ere on himself Patroclus brought his fate,  
It liked me well to spare the lives of Troy,  
And many a captive o'er the narrow seas  
I took, and sold to slavery . now not one,  
Thrown by the Gods before proud Ilion's walls  
Into these hands, shall live to tell the tale—  
Least of all men, be that man Priam's son !  
Die then, my friend ; why mak'st thou vain ado ?  
Died not Patroclus, nobler far than thou ?  
Nay, seest thou me, how glorious and how great,  
Born of a Goddess, by a King begot ?  
Yet e'en on me shall Death and a violent Fate  
Fall, on some morn, or noon, or dewy eve,  
Then when my enemy takes my life at last,  
By spear-cast, or by arrow from the string."

He spoke : the other's limbs sank, and his heart ;  
He dropp'd the spear, and sate with outstretch'd hands.  
Achilles drew his sword and through the neck  
Hard by the collar smote him ; and the blade  
Pass'd on within, and prone on earth he lay  
Senseless ; the blood gush'd black and dyed the strand.  
Whom then Achilles, seizing by the foot,  
Hurl'd to be borne upon the stream away,  
And vaunting o'er him spake these winged words :

"Thither, to bed with fishes, who shall lick  
The blood from off thy wound, without a tear !  
But ne'er thy mother on thy couch shall lay  
Or mourn thee, but Scamander whirls thee out  
Into the broad-spread bosom of the sea.  
Yea, fattening on Lycaon's dainty flesh,



φθείρεσθ', εἴσοκεν ἄστυ κιχέιομεν Ἴλιου ἱρήs,  
 ὑμεῖς μὲν φεύγοντες, ἐγὼ δ' ὅπιθεν κεραίζων.  
 οὐδ' ὑμῖν ποταμός περ ἐϋρῆρος ἀργυροδίηs  
 ἀρκέσει, ᾧ δὴ δητὰ πολέας ἱερεύετε ταύρους,  
 ζωοῦs· δ' ἐν δίνησι καθίετε μώνυχας ἵππους.  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥs ὀλέεσθε κακὸν μόρον, εἰσόκε πάντες  
 τίσετε Πατρόκλοιο φόνον καὶ λαιγὸν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 οὓs ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνετε νόσφιν ἐμεῖο."

130

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη, ποταμὸς δὲ χολώσατο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,  
 ὄρμηεν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως παύσειε πόνοιο  
 δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λαιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.  
 τόφρα δὲ Πηλέος υἱὸς, ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐπᾶλτο κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,  
 υἱέϊ Πηλεγόνοs· τὸν δ' Ἀξιὸς εὐρυρέεθρος  
 γαίνατο καὶ Περίβοια, Ἀκεσσαμενοῖο θυγατρῶν  
 πρεσβυτάτη· τῇ γάρ ῥα μίγη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης.  
 τῷ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐπόρουσεν, ὁ δ' ἀντίος ἐκ ποταμοῖο  
 ἔστη ἔχων δύο δοῦρε· μένος δέ οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θῆκεν  
 Ξάνθος, ἐπεὶ κεχόλωτο δαικταμένων αἰζιῶν,  
 τοὺs Ἀχιλεὺς ἐδάϊζε κατὰ ῥόον οὐδ' ἐλέαιρεν.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύs·

140

“Τίs, πόθεν εἰs ἀνδρῶν, ὃ μεν ἔτλης ἀντίος ἐλθεῖν ;  
 δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιώσιν.”

150

Τὸν δ' αὖ Πηλεγόνοs προσεφώνεε φαίδιμος υἱός·  
 “Πηλεΐδη μεγάθυμε, τίη γενεὴν ἑρεεῖνεις ;  
 εἴμ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλου, τηλόθ' ἐούσης,  
 Παίονας ἀνδρας ἄγων δολιχεγχεάs· ἥδε δέ μοι νῦν  
 ἥως ἐνδεκάτη, ὅτ' ἐs Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γενεὴ ἔξ' Ἀξιοῦ εὐρυρέοντος,  
 [Ἀξιοῦ, ὃs κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἵησιν,]  
 ὃs τέκε Πηλεγόνα κλυτὸν ἔγχει· τὸν δ' ἐμέ φασι  
 γαίνασθαι· νῦν αὖτε μαχώμεθα, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ.”

160

The fish shall skim for joy the crispèd waves.  
So may ye perish, till we reach your walls,  
Ye fleeing, and I slaughtering in pursuit :  
Nor shall this smooth and silvery-eddyng Stream  
Save you, albeit ye oft have offerings made  
Of bulls and living horses to his pools.  
Still, still, howe'er it please him, die ye on,  
Die evil deaths, till every man hath rued  
Patroclus, and that slaughter of the host  
Amongst the galleys in my absence long ! ”

He spoke ; the River wax'd in wrath, and 'gan  
Ponder how best to stay from these fell deeds  
Achilles, and defend the men of Troy.

Pelides then took shadowing spear in hand  
And on Asteropæus sprang to slay :  
Asteropæus, son of Pelegon ;  
But broadflowing Axius begat Pelegon  
Of Peribœa ; eldest daughter she  
Of Aecessamenus, and with her lay  
The deep-stream'd River-God. On their son's son  
Achilles sprang ; but he from out the stream  
Arose to meet him, spear in either hand ;  
For Xanthus, angel'd for the brave men's sake  
Kill'd without ruth by Peleus' mighty Son  
In his mid waters, breathed upon him strength.  
And each had near'd the other on the field  
When thus the fleetfoot hero first began :

“ Who and whence art thou, who hast dared to stand ?  
Children of the unhappy of this world  
Those whom their Fates have brought across my spear.”

To whom the noble Son of Pelegon :  
“ Wherefore doth Peleus' Son inquire my birth ?  
From the far rich Pæonian land I come  
With the Pæonian spearmen ; this day dawns  
The eleventh since I came to Ilion's towers.  
Of Axius, broad-flowing stream, I boast my birth,  
Of the most bounteous river of the world :  
He gat brave Pelegon, and Pelegon  
I name my father—Let us now to arms ! ”

"Ὡς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας, ὃ δ' ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 Πηλιάδα μελίνην· ὃ δ' ἀμαρτῇ δούρασιν ἀμφὶς  
 ἦρως Ἀστεροπαῖος, ἐπεὶ περιδέξιος ἦεν·  
 καὶ ῥ' ἐτέρῳ μὲν δουρὶ σάκος βάλεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ  
 ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·  
 τῷ δ' ἐτέρῳ μιν πῆχυν ἐπιγράβδην βάλε χειρὸς  
 δεξιτερῆς, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές· ἡ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ  
 γαίῃ ἐνεστήρικτο, λιλαιομένη χροὸς ἄσαι.  
 δεύτερος αὐτ' Ἀχιλεὺς μελίνην ἰθυπτίωνα  
 Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐφῆκε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων.  
 καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὃ δ' ὑψηλὴν βάλεν ὄχθην,  
 μεσσοπαγὲς δ' ἄρ' ἔθηκε κατ' ὄχθης μείλινον ἔγχος.  
 Πηλείδης δ' ἄορ ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ  
 ἄλτ' ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶς· ὃ δ' ἄρα μελίνην Ἀχιλλῆος  
 οὐ δύνατ' ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσαι χειρὶ παχείῃ.  
 τρὶς μὲν μιν πελέμιξεν ἐρύσσεσθαι μενεαίνων,  
 τρὶς δὲ μεθῆκε βίης· τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἤθελε θυμῷ  
 ἄξαι ἐπιγνάμψας δόρυ μείλινον Αἰακίδαο,  
 ἀλλὰ πρὶν Ἀχιλεὺς σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.  
 γαστέρα γάρ μιν τύψε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν, ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι  
 χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὅσσε κάλυψεν  
 ἀσθμαίνοντ'· Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὀρούσας  
 τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΐδα·

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"Κεῖσ' οὕτως· χαλεπὸν τοι ἐρισθενέος Κρονίωνος  
 παισὶν ἐριζέμεναι, ποταμοῖο περ ἐκγεγαῶτι.  
 φῆσθα σὺ μὲν ποταμοῦ γένος ἔμμεναι εὐρυρέοντος,  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γενεὴν μεγάλου Διὸς εὐχομαι εἶναι.  
 τίκτε μ' ἀνὴρ πολλοῖσιν ἀνιάσσω Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,  
 Πηλεὺς Αἰακίδης· ὃ δ' ἄρ' Αἰακὸς ἐκ Διὸς ἦεν.  
 τῷ κρείσσω μὲν Ζεὺς ποταμῶν ἀλιμυρήντων,  
 κρείσσω αὖτε Διὸς γενεῇ ποταμοῖο τέτυκται.  
 καὶ γὰρ σοὶ ποταμός γε πάρα μέγας, εἰ δύναται τι  
 χραϊσμεῖν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι Διὶ Κρονίῳ μίχεσθαι,  
 τῷ οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀχελώϊος ἰσοφαρίζει,  
 οὐδὲ βαθυρρεῖται μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο,  
 ἐξ οὐπερ πάντες ποταμοὶ καὶ πᾶσα θάλασσα  
 καὶ πᾶσαι κρῆναι καὶ φρεῖάτα μακρὰ νύουσιν·

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Threatening he spoke ; Achilles raised on high  
The Pelion-ash ; but first the other cast  
Both spears (for either hand was as his right)  
Together : with the one he struck the shield,  
Yet pierced not through—the gold the gift of Heaven  
Withstood it : with the other razed he off  
The skin o' the elbow o' the better arm  
And drew black-dropping blood ; the lance beyond  
Quiver'd in earth, as longing for its prey.  
In turn Achilles sent an eager lance ;  
But err'd, and struck the bank behind, wherein  
Up to its centre plunged the ashen staff.  
Then the sharp falchion from his hip he drew,  
And sprang upon his foe ; who vainly then  
Sought to pluck out Achilles' ashen lance  
From the steep bluff. He could not ; thrice he strain'd  
His strength to draw it, shook it thrice, and thrice  
Yielded perforce ; the fourth time only strove  
To bend and snap the shaft ; but, ere he could,  
Achilles with his sword had reft his life,  
Smiting him by the navel through the belt ;  
And all the bowels came gushing out to earth ;  
He gasp'd his last, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Whilst the other leapt upon his chest, and stripp'd  
His armour, and above him vaunting cried :

“ So rest thee ! Task it were for River's Son  
To stand in arms against a child of Zeus.  
'Thou from a broad-flowing Stream didst vaunt thyself ;  
But I my generation draw from Zeus.  
Peleus my father, son of Æacus,  
King of the Myrmidons, but Æacus  
Was son of Zeus ; and as is Zeus, great Zeus,  
Unto the Rivers rolling to the sea,  
So are His offspring to a River's Sons.  
Yea, could he aught avail thee, at thy side  
A mighty River flows ; but who may rise  
Rebel against Kroneion ? Not the stream  
Of lordly Acheloius ; not the might  
Of earth-embracing Ocean, from whose source  
Seas, rivers, fountains, and deep wells, are pour'd ;

ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς δαίδουκε Διὸς μέγαλοιο κεραυνὸν  
δεινὴν τε βροντὴν, ὅτ' ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν σμαραγήσῃ."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος, 200  
τὸν δ' κατ' αὐτόθι λείπεν, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,  
κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοισι, δάινει δέ μιν μέλαν ὕδωρ.  
τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες ἀμφεπένοντο,  
δημόν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐπινεφρίδιον κείρουτες·  
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετὰ Παίονας ἵπποκορουστὰς,  
οἳ ῥ' ἔτι παρ ποταμὸν πεφοβήατο δινηέντα,  
ὥς εἶδον τὸν ἄριστον ἐν κρατερῇ ὕσμινῃ  
χέρσ' ὑπο Πηλείδαο καὶ ἄορι ἱφι δαμέντα.  
ἔνθ' ἔλε Θερσίλοχόν τε Μύδωνά τε Ἀστυπυλόν τε  
Μυησόν τε Θρασίον τε καὶ Αἴνιον ἠδ' Ὀφελέστην· 210  
καὶ νύ κ' ἔτι πλέονας κτάνε Παίονας ὥκυσ' Ἀχιλλεύς,  
εἰ μὴ χωσάμενος προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,  
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, βαθέης δ' ἐκ φθέγγατο δίνης·

“ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, περὶ μὲν κρατέεις, περὶ δ' αἷσυλα ῥέζεις  
ἀνδρῶν· αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἀμύνουσιν θεοὶ αὐτοί.  
εἴ τοι Τρῶας ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς πάντας ὀλέσσαι,  
ἔξ ἐμέθεν γ' ἐλάσας πεδίον κάτα μέρμερα ῥέζει·  
πλήθει γὰρ δὴ μοι νεκύων ἐρατεινὰ ῥέεθρα,  
οὐδέ τί πη δύναμαι προχέειν ῥόον εἰς ἄλλα δῖαν  
στεινόμενος νεκύεσσι, σὺ δὲ κτείνεις αἰδιήλως. 220  
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ ἕασον· ἄγῃ μ' ἔχει, ὄρχαμε λαῶν.”

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὥκυσ' Ἀχιλλεύς·  
“ἔσται ταῦτα, Σκάμανδρε διοτρεφές, ὥς σὺ κελεύεις.  
Τρῶας δ' οὐ πρὶν λήξω ὑπερφιάλους ἐναρίζων,  
πρὶν ἔλσαι κατὰ ἄστνυ καὶ Ἑκτορι πειρηθῆναι  
ἀντιβίην, ἢ κέν με δαμάσσεται, ἢ κεν ἐγὼ τόν.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν Τρῶεσσιν ἐπέσσυτο, δαίμονι ἴσος.  
καὶ τότε Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης·

“ὦ πόποι, ἄργυρότοξε, Διὸς τέκος, οὐ σύγε βουλὰς  
εἰρύσαιο Κρονίωνος, ὃ τοι μάλα πόλλ' ἐπέτελλεν 230

Not He durst stand before the bolt of Zeus  
Or the dread thunder rattling from the skies."

He spoke, and pluck'd his lance from out the bank,  
And left him lying there, bereft of life,  
Upon the sands ; black o'er him wash'd the waves,  
And round him snake and fish flock'd busy soon  
Gnawing and nibbling at his dainty flesh.  
Upon whose plumed Pæonian troop then turn'd  
Pelides ; these stood huddled on the bank,  
For that they saw their best-in-arms subdued  
Under Achilles' hand and conquering sword.  
Ænius, and Mydon, and Theisilochus,  
Thrasius, and Mnesus, and Astipylus,  
And Ophelestes, one by one, he slew.

Yea, and yet more had perish'd by his arm,  
Had not the River risen in his wrath,  
With mortal voice, from gulf profound, and said :

" Monstrous, beyond the might of man, these deeds,  
Achilles, and the Gods sustain thee still.  
Yet, though it be the will of Zeus supreme  
That to a man thou slay this host of Troy,  
First drive them from my channel ; on the plain  
Fulfil thy bloody work. For, lo, my streams,  
My gentle streams, are choked with corpses up,  
Nor, straiten'd by these dead, find I a path  
To pour my waters to the sacred sea ;  
And still thou spread'st around thee utter death.  
Stay then thy hand ; suffer their flight awhile ;  
Aghast I stand, dread hero, at thy work."

Whom answering, Peleus' fleetfoot Son replied :  
" As thou mayst bid, Scamander, Child of Zeus,  
Hereafter be it so ; but now no let  
I suffer to the slaughter of haught Troy,  
Ere I have driven them in, and made assay  
Of Hector, hand to hand, to win or die."

He spoke, and, peer to Gods, charged onward still.

'Then to Apollo thus the whirling Stream :  
" Lord of the silver bow, and Child of Zeus !  
Thou keep'st not well the counsels of thy Sire ;  
For strong on thee He laid the charge, to stand

Τρωσὶ παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ  
δείελος ὄψῃ δύνων, σκιάσῃ δ' ἐρίβωλον ἄρουραν."

Ἡ καὶ Ἀχιλλεὺς μὲν δουρικλυτὸς ἐνθορε μέσσω  
κρημνοῦ ἀπαΐξας· ὁ δ' ἐπέσσυτο οὔδματι θύων,  
πάντα δ' ὄρινε ῥέεθρα κυκώμενος, ὥσε δὲ νεκροὺς  
πολλοὺς, οἳ ῥα κατ' αὐτὸν ἄλῃς ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλλεύς·  
τοὺς ἔκβαλλε θύραζε, μεμυκὸς ἤντε ταῦρος,  
χέρσουδεν· ζωοὺς δὲ σάα κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα,  
κρύπτων ἐν δίνησι βαθείησιν μεγάλησιν.  
δεινὸν δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα κυκώμενον ἵστατο κύμα, 240  
ᾧθει δ' ἐν σάκει πίπτων ῥόος· οὐδὲ πόδεςσιν  
εἶχε στηρίξασθαι. ὁ δὲ πτελέην ἔλε χερσὶν  
εὐφύεα μεγάλην· ἥ δ' ἐκ ῥιζῶν ἐριποῦσα,  
κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα  
ὄζοισιν πυκινούσι, γεφύρωσεν δέ μιν αὐτὸν  
εἴσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐκ δίνης ἀνορούσας  
ἤϊξεν πεδίοιο ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέτεσθαι,  
δείσας. οὐδέ τ' ἔληγε μέγας θεὸς, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν  
ἀκροκελαινιόων, ἵνα μιν παύσειε πόνοιο  
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λαιγὸν ἀλαλκοι. 250  
Πηλείδης δ' ἀπόρουσεν ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωῇ,  
αἰετοῦ οὔματ' ἔχων μέλανος, τοῦ θηρητῆρος,  
ὅσθ' ἅμα κάρτιστός τε καὶ ὤκιστος πετεηνῶν·  
τῷ εἰκὼς ἤϊξεν, ἐπὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς  
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζεν· ὑπαιθα δὲ τοιοῖο λιασθεὶς  
φεῦγ', ὁ δ' ὅπισθε ῥέων ἔπετο μεγάλῳ ὀρυμαγδῷ.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ὀχετηγὸς ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου  
ἄμ φυτὰ καὶ κήπους ὕδατι ῥόον ἡγεμονεύῃ,  
χερσὶ μάκελλαν ἔχων, ἀμάρης ἐξ ἔχματα βάλλων·  
τοῦ μὲν τε προρέοντος ὑπὸ ψηφίδες ἅπασαι 260  
ὀχλεῦνται· τὸ δέ τ' ὦκα κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει

Beside the Trojans, and sustain them still,  
Till eve come shadowing all the fruitful earth."

Scaice had he ended, when Achilles plunged  
Off the sheer bank into his very midst.  
On whom the River rose, and, foaming, surged  
High swollen, and with murmurs deep upheaved  
Against him all his floods ; and thrust aside  
The corpses that were thick within his waves,  
The many whom Achilles there had slain ;  
These toss'd he off him, bellowing like some bull,  
High on the dry ; but all the living rout  
He saved, for, deep behind the eddying pile  
Of waters, from his sword he hid them screen'd.  
So thundering o'er Achilles stood upcun'd  
The flood—anon in cataract on his shield  
Dash'd down ; nor could his feet upstay his step,  
But, hand by hand, he caught an elm, fair-grown,  
Large-bough'd ; and all the trunk uprooted fell  
Cleaving the bank beneath it ; broad it lay  
Thwart o'er the limpid stream with foliage spread  
And falling bridged the channel : whence he sprang  
From out the waters, and with nimble foot  
Fled panic-stricken o'er the plain. Nor so  
Would cease the mighty River, but, in wrath,  
High, blackening tow'rd the summit, o'er him surged,  
For that he now would stay the hero's hand  
From battle, and from Troy forefend the death.  
From whom Pelides sprang, and every spring  
Bare him a spear's-cast onward, for his swoop  
Was as a black-plumed eagle's on his prey,  
Swiftest and strongest of the fowls of air :  
So sped he, and the armour on his breast  
Clang'd terrible ; with neck inclined he fled,  
But still the River after, roaring, came.  
As when some gardener from black-bubbling fount  
Through lawn and orchard, spade in hand, conducts  
His channel, casting out what dams the flow ;  
The pebbles then are ruffled by the brook  
Before him, but behind the waters purl,  
Pour'd swiftly down the gentle slope, and still



χώρῳ ἐνὶ προαλεῖ, φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·  
 ὥς αἰεὶ Ἀχιλλῆα κιχήσατο κύμα ῥόοιο,  
 καὶ λαιψηρὸν ἐόντα· θεοὶ δέ τι φέρτεροι ἀνδρῶν.  
 ὁσσάκι δ' ὀρμήσειε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 στήναι ἐναντίβιον, καὶ γινώμεναι εἴ μιν ἅπαντες  
 ἀθάνατοι φοβέουσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρύν ἔχουσιν,  
 τοσσάκι μιν μέγα κύμα διυπετέος ποταμοῖο  
 πλάζ' ὥμους καθύπερθεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόσε ποσσὶν ἐπήδα  
 θυμῷ ἀνιάζων· ποταμὸς δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐδάμνα 270  
 λάβρος, ὕπαιθα ῥέων, κονίην δ' ὑπέρεπτε ποδοῖν.  
 Πηλεΐδης δ' ὦμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὥς οὔτις με θεῶν ἔλεεινὸν ὑπέστη  
 ἐκ ποταμοῖο σαῶσαι· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τι πάθοιμι.  
 ἄλλος δ' οὔτις μοι τόσον αἷτιος Οὐρανιῶνων,  
 ἀλλὰ φίλη μήτηρ, ἥ με ψεύδεσσιν ἔθελγεν·  
 ἢ μ' ἔφατο Τρώων ὑπὸ τείχει θωρηκτάων  
 λαιψηροῖς ὀλέσθαι Ἀπόλλωνος βελέεσσιν.  
 ὥς μ' ὄφελ' Ἐκτωρ κτεῖναι, δς ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφ' ἄριστος·  
 τῷ κ' ἀγαθὸς μὲν ἔπεφν', ἀγαθὸν δέ κεν ἐξενάριξεν. 280  
 νῦν δέ με λευγαλέφθ θανάτῳ εἴμαρτο ἁλῶναι  
 ἐρχθέντ' ἐν μεγάλῳ ποταμῷ, ὥς παῖδα συφορβὸν,  
 οὐ ρά τ' ἐναυλος ἀποέρση χειμῶνι περῶντα.”

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δὲ μάλ' ὦκα Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη  
 στήτην ἐγγὺς ἰόντε, δέμας δ' ἀνδρεσσιν ἐίκτην,  
 χειρὶ δὲ χεῖρα λαβόντες ἐπιστώσαντ' ἐπέεσσιν.  
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·

“Πηλεΐδη, μήτ' ἄρ τι λίην τρέε μήτε τι τάρβει·  
 τοῖω γάρ τοι νῶϊ θεῶν ἐπιταρβρόθω εἰμὲν,  
 Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·  
 ὥς οὐ τοι ποταμῷ γε δαμήμεναι αἵσιμόν ἐστιν·  
 ἀλλ' ὅδε μὲν τάχα λωφήσει, σὺ δὲ εἴσεαι αὐτόν· 290

Outrun his hand who guides them ; so the waves  
Outran Achilles' heel : of mortal men  
He swiftest ; but what man is peer to Gods ?  
And, if at times he faced it, brought to bay—  
Erect, and resolute to know if all  
The Immortal Powers of Heav'n had now one will  
To quell him—then the God-sprung River's floods  
Beat stronger, and his shoulders struck awry.  
Again, with chafing heart, he turn'd and fled,  
Vainly ; for now the currents of the stream  
Slacken'd his knees and swept away the sands  
Under his tottering tread. Whereat, with eyes  
Uplifted tow'rd broad Heav'n, he groan'd forth this :

“ O Zeus ! on thee I call, great Sire, for, lo,  
No God is near to pluck me (woe is me)  
Safe from this death—oh, save me, and let come  
Hereafter what come may ! Nor blame of this  
To other of Immortals, but to her  
My mother, who with lying words beguiled  
Her son, foretelling death hereafter doom'd,  
To fall beneath the walls of armèd Troy,  
Slain only by divine Apollo's shaft.  
Liever than this had Hector struck me dead –  
The noblest and the bravest of his race ;  
Then had a brave man slain as brave a foe.  
But now behold me mesh'd within the net  
Of vilest death, to perish overborne  
By this strong stream, like any swineherd's boy,  
Drown'd by a winter-torrent at a ford ! ”

He pray'd, and to his prayer forthwith appear'd  
Poseidon and Athene, guised like men,  
And gave their hands sustaining to his hands,  
Strengthening his heart, Poseidon speaking thus :

“ Fear not, thou Son of Peleus, overmuch,  
Nor be thou troubled, whatsoe'er befall.  
For, lo, we twain are near thee, of the Gods  
Thy guardians by the sanction of high Zeus—  
Myself who speak, and Pallas. Not thy fate  
To sink below a River overcome ;  
Thyself shalt see him how this lofty front.

αὐτὰρ σοὶ πυκινῶς ὑποθησόμεθ', αἶ κε πίθῃαι·  
 μὴ πρὶν παύειν χεῖρας ὁμοίου πολέμοιο,  
 πρὶν κατὰ Ἴλιόφι κλυτὰ τείχεα λαὸν ἐέλσαι·  
 Τρωικὸν, ὅς κε φύγησι. σὺ δ' Ἐκτορι θυμὸν ἀπούρας,  
 ἄψ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἵμεν· δίδομεν δέ τοι εὖχος ἀρέσθαι."

Τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰπόντε μετ' ἀθανάτους ἀπεβήτην,  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ—μέγα γάρ ῥα θεῶν ὥτρυνεν ἐφετμή—  
 ἐς πεδῖον· τὸ δὲ πᾶν πληθ' ὕδατος ἐκχυμένοιο, 300  
 πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ δαικταμένων αἰζηῶν  
 πλῶον καὶ νέκυες. τοῦ δ' ὑψόσε γούνατ' ἐπήδα  
 πρὸς ῥόον ἀίσσοντος ἀν' ἰθὺν, οὐδέ μιν ἔσχεν  
 εὐρυρέων ποταμός· μέγα γὰρ σθένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη.  
 οὐδὲ Σκάμανδρος ἔληγε τὸ ὄν μένος, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον  
 χώετο Πηλεΐωνι, κόρυσσε δὲ κῦμα ῥόοιο  
 ὑψόσ' ἀειρόμενος, Σιμόεντι δὲ κέκλετ' ἀύσας·

“Φίλε κασίγνητε, σθένος ἀνέρος ἀμφοτέροι περ  
 σχῶμεν, ἐπεὶ τάχα ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος  
 ἐκπέρσει, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ μόθον οὐ μενέουσιν. 310  
 ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπύπληθι ῥέεθρα  
 ὕδατος ἐκ πηγέων, πάντας δ' ὀρόθυνον ἐναύλους  
 ἴστη δὲ μέγα κῦμα, πολλὴν δ' ὀρυμαγδὸν ἔρινε  
 φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, ἵνα παύσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα,  
 ὅς δὴ νυν κρατέει, μέμονεν δ' ὄγε ἴσα θεοῖσιν.  
 φημὶ γὰρ οὔτε βίην χραισμησέμεν οὔτε τι εἶδος,  
 οὔτε τὰ τεύχεα καλὰ, τά που μᾶλα νειόθι λίμνης  
 κείσεθ' ὑπ' ἱλῦος κεκαλυμμένα· κὰδ δέ μιν αὐτὸν  
 εἰλύσω ψαμάθοισιν, ἅλῃς χέραδος περιχεύας,  
 μυρίον, οὐδέ οἱ ὅστέ' ἐπιστήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ 320  
 ἀλλέξαι· τόσσην οἱ ἄσιν καθύπερθε καλύψω.  
 αὐτοῦ οἱ καὶ σῆμα τετεύχεται, οὐδέ τί μιν χρεῶ  
 ἔσται τυμβοχοῆσ', ὅτε μιν θάπτωσιν Ἀχαιοί.”

Obey us, and we hereby gage our faith ,  
Thou shalt not from the changeful fray refrain  
Ere within Ilion's farfamed walls thou chase  
Yon fugitive Trojan host, nor thence return  
Ere thou hast reft the life of Hector : this  
The glory that we grant thee to attain."

They spoke, and pass'd away amongst the Gods.  
But he, enkindled by the word divine,  
Sprang onward o'er the plain ; and all the plain  
Was flooded with such torrent, that thereon  
Floated the shining armour of slain men  
Mix'd with the dead. Nathless his lifted limbs  
Bare him now straight against the stream, nor all  
The strong tide of the River stay'd him more ;  
So vast the vigour by Athene breathed.

But not Scanander therefore 'gan abate  
His fury ; but, the more enrag'd, his waves  
Towering against Pelides to a crest  
Heaved high, and loudly thus on Simois call'd :

"Join me, my brother ; though our foe be man,  
Join me to stay him. Else he soon despoils  
The palaces of Priam, nor can Troy  
Withstand his onset in this dread assail.  
Haste therefore to the rescue ! From thy founts  
O'erflood thy stream with waters, and invoke  
Thy torrents : huge aloft thy billows rear,  
And stir tempestuous hurtle of thy stones,  
With me to stay this wild mad man of blood,  
Who ranges now triumphant, and with wrath  
Peer to a God infuriate. Then, I ween,  
Not all his might nor beauty, nor yon arms  
Resplendent shall avail him ; low in slime  
Engulf'd beneath our waters those bright arms  
Shall lie ; himself in sands I swathe far-sunk ;  
And silt and rock ten thousand fathom deep  
Showering, I fold him in such stony shroud,  
Ne'er shall his people gather up his bones ;  
But there the pillar of my rocks shall rise,  
That, when the Achaians give him funeral due,  
They shall not need the toil to pile his cairn."

Ἡ καὶ ἐπῶρτ' Ἀχιλῆϊ κυκώμενος, ὑψόσσε θύων,  
μορμύρων ἀφρῶ τε καὶ αἵματι καὶ νεκύεσσιν.  
πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κῦμα Διππετέος ποταμοῖο  
ἵστατ' ἀειρόμενον, κατὰ δ' ἤρεε Πηλείωνα.  
Ἦρῃ δὲ μέγ' ἄνσε περιδδείσασ' Ἀχιλῆϊ,  
μή μιν ἀποέρσειε μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης.  
αὐτίκα δ' Ἦφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἷον·

330

“Ὅρσεο, κυλλοπόδιον, ἐμὸν τέκος· ἄντα σέθεν γὰρ  
Ξάνθου δινήεντα μάχῃ ἥϊσκομεν εἶναι·  
ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, πιφαύσκεο δὲ φλόγα πολλήν.  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Ζεφύροιο καὶ Ἀργεστιάο Νότιοιο  
εἴσομαι ἐξ ἁλόθεν χαλεπὴν ὄρσουσα θύελλαν,  
ἣ κεν ἀπὸ Τρώων κεφαλὰς καὶ τεύχεα κῆαι,  
φλέγμα κακὸν φορέουσα. σὺ δὲ Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας  
δένδρεα καί', ἐν δ' αὐτὸν ἵει πυρί· μηδέ σε πάμπαν  
μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ·  
μηδὲ πρὶν ἀπόπαιε τὸν μένος, ἀλλ' ὅπότε ἂν δὴ  
φθέγξομ' ἐγὼν ἰάχουσα, τότε σχεῖν ἀκάματον πῦρ.”

340

Ὡς ἔφαθ', Ἦφαιστος δὲ τιτύσκετο θεσπιδαῖς πῦρ.  
πρῶτα μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ πῦρ δαίετο, καίῃ δὲ νεκροὺς  
πολλοὺς, οἳ ῥα κατ' αὐτόθ' ἄλλῃς ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλλεύς.  
πᾶν δ' ἐξηράνθη πεδίον, σχέτο δ' ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ὀπωρινὸς Βορέης νεοαρδέ' ἀλῶν  
αἰψ' ἀγξηράνῃ· χαίρει δὲ μιν ὅστις ἐθεῖρῃ·  
ὥς ἐξηράνθη πεδίον πᾶν, καὶ δ' ἄρα νεκροὺς  
κῆεν· ὁ δ' ἐς ποταμὸν τρέψε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.  
καίοντο πτελέαι τε καὶ ἱτέαι ἡδὲ μυρῖκαι,  
καίετο δὲ λωτός τ' ἡδὲ θρύον ἡδὲ κύπειρον,  
τὰ περὶ καλὰ ῥέεθρα ἄλλῃς ποταμοῖο πεφύκει.  
τείροντ' ἐγγέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες οἱ κατὰ δίνας,  
οἱ κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα κυβίστων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα  
πνυοῖσι τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἦφαιστοιο.  
καίετο δ' ἰς ποταμοῖο ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

350

“Ἦφαιστ', οὐτις σοίγε θεῶν δύνατ' ἀντιφερίζειν,  
οὐδ' ἂν ἐγὼ σοίγ' ὥδε πῦρ φλεγέθοντι μαχοίμην.

He ended, and against Achilles sprang  
 With murmurs hoarse, and furious crest upheaved,  
 Commingled with the slain and foam and blood.  
 High-lifted in one purple billow rose  
 The God-sprung River, and had borne him down ;  
 But Herè, fearing for his life, lest now  
 The whirling flood should sweep him sheer away,  
 Loud on her son Hephæstus call'd and said :

“ Arise, my child, the Haltfoot ! Worthy foe,  
 The whirling Xanthus, we design to thee.  
 Put forth thy flames to battle ; and myself  
 Will call from off the sea a sudden breeze  
 Of Zephyr and the summery south-west Wind,  
 To waft the deadly blast on arms and men  
 And utterly consume their host with fire.  
 But thou destroy the trees beside his banks,  
 And wrap him all in flames , nor be thou swerved  
 Neither for soft words nor for threats aside,  
 Nor, ere thou hear me lift my voice aloud,  
 Cease burning ; then withhold thy sateless fires.”

She spoke ; and to her hest Hephæstus aim'd  
 His flames divine. They first along the plain  
 Ran, licking up the corpses floating there,  
 The many whom Achilles there had slain.  
 The plain was dried, and the bright waters stay'd.  
 Like to some vineyard wet with autumn rains,  
 Dried by one breath of Boreas, to his joy  
 Who tends it , thus that plain was dried, and all  
 The dead thereon consumed. Anon the God  
 Turn'd on the River the wide-glittering blaze :  
 Then all that grew beside the limpid tide,  
 Elm, poplar, tamarisk, lotus, rush, and reed,  
 All fell in conflagration ; and whate'er  
 Was wont within his eddies to and fro  
 To gambol, snake and fish, in lucid stream,  
 Were tortured by that breathing of the God ;  
 And ev'n the River, scalded, cried and said .

“ Hephæstus, none against thee stands thy peer,  
 Thus blazing in thine elemental fires.  
 With thee I war no longer. Cease ! oh, cease !

λῆγ' ἔριδος, Τρῶας δὲ καὶ αὐτίκα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
ἄσπετος ἐξελάσειε· τί μοι ἔριδος καὶ ἄρωγής ;”

360

Φῆ πυρὶ καιόμενος, ἀνὰ δ' ἔφλυε καλὰ ῥέεθρα.  
ὥς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον, ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,  
κνίσσῃν μελδόμενος ὑπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,  
πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται,  
ὥς τοῦ καλὰ ῥέεθρα πυρὶ φλέγετο, ζέε δ' ὕδωρ·  
οὐδ' ἔθελε προρέειν, ἀλλ' ἴσχετο· τείρε δ' ἱνυτμή  
Ἥφαιστοιο βίῃφι πολύφρονος. αὐτὰρ ὕγ' Ἥρην  
πολλὰ λισσόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Ἥρη, τίπτε σὸς υἱὸς ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔχραε κήδεϊν  
ἐξ ἄλλων ; οὐ μὲν τοι ἐγὼ τύσον αἰτίους εἰμι  
ὅσσον οἱ ἄλλοι πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἄρωγοί.  
ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼν ἀποπαύσομαι, εἰ σὺ κελεύεις,  
πανέσθω δὲ καὶ οὗτος. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ καὶ τόδ' ὁμοῦμαι,  
μήποτ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσῃν κακὸν ἡμαρ,  
μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίῃ μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται  
δαιομένη, daίωσι δ' Ἀρήιοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν.”

370

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγ' ἄκουσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
αὐτίκ' ἄρ' Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·

“ Ἥφαιστε, σχέο, τέκνον ἀγακλές· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικει  
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτῶν ἔνεκα στυφελίζειν.”

380

ὣς ἔφαθ' Ἥφαιστος δὲ κατέσβεσε θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ,  
ἄψορρόν δ' ἄρα κύμα κατέσσυτο καλὰ ῥέεθρα.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Ξάνθοιο δάμη μένος, οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα  
παυσάσθην· Ἥρη γὰρ ἐρύκακε χωομένη περ.  
ἐν δ' ἄλλοισι θεοῖσιν ἔρις πέσε βεβριθυῖα  
ἀργαλή, δίχα δέ σφιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἤητο·  
σὺν δ' ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχῃ δ' εὐρεῖα χθών,  
ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανός. αἶε δὲ Ζεὺς  
ἡμενος Οὐλύμπῳ· ἐγέλασσε δὲ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ  
γηθοσύνη, ὅθ' ὄρῳτο θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνιόντας.  
ἐνθ' οἷγ' οὐκέτι δηρὸν ἀφέστασαν· ἤρχε γὰρ Ἀρης  
ῥινοτόρος, καὶ πρῶτος Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπόρουσεν

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And let him, if thou list, this very day  
Drive the whole nation from their homes exiled ;  
For what to me the battle or their cause ? ”

He spoke, with waves that leap'd and hiss'd in flame ;  
As caldron, under stress of violent fire  
And fuel of dry logs beneath it heap'd,  
In seething of the flesh of fatten'd boar  
Boils up with waters leaping round its rim ;  
So then, those limpid streams with fire incensed,  
The waters boil'd, nor roll'd a further tide,  
But stood and steam'd in anguish by the might  
Of that wise-witted Power whereat the Stream  
With wingèd words of prayer on Herè call'd .

“ Wherefore, O Herè, bidd'st thy son assail  
Me only to such torment ? Not to me  
So large the blame, as to the other Powers  
Who war for Troy But, if thou so desire,  
I war no longer. Let him likewise cease ;  
And I will swear never again to move  
For Ilion, not though all her roofs should blaze,  
Enkindled by Achaia's conquering sons.”

He spoke ; the Goddess of the milkwhite arm  
Heard, and address'd her son Hephæstus then .

“ Now stay thee, glorious Child ! It likes me not  
To pain Immortal so for mortal's sake.”

Nor more. Hephæstus quench'd his heavenly flames :  
'The waves return'd within their equal bed ;  
And, Xanthus so subdued, the two had peace,  
Appeased by Herè, though herself in wrath.

But on the other Gods Strife fell, most sore,  
Most baleful ; as their hearts to either side  
Were sway'd within them. With loud clash they met :  
The broad earth echoed under, and above  
Heav'n rang as with a trumpet's sound ; but Zeus  
Listening serene on th' high Olympian throne  
Sate, and for joy laugh'd to his own great self,  
Beholding God charge God in shock of arms.  
Nor long they stood asunder ; Ares led,  
Hide-piercing Ares, brazen spear in hand ,



χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, καὶ ὀνειδέιον φάτο μῦθον·

“Τίπτ’ αὐτ’, ὦ κυνάμνια, θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελαύνεις  
 θάρσος ἄητον ἔχουσα, μέγας δέ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;  
 ἢ οὐ μέμνη ὅτε Τυδεΐδην Διομήδε’ ἀνῆκας  
 οὐτάμεναι, αὐτὴ δὲ πανόψιου ἔγχος ἑλοῦσα  
 ἰθὺς ἔμευ ὤσας, διὰ δὲ χροά καλὸν ἔδαψας;  
 τῷ σ’ αὖ νῦν ὀίω ἀποτισέμεν ὅσσα μ’ ἔοργας.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν οὕτωςε κατ’ αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν 400  
 σμερδαλέην, ἣν οὐδὲ Διὸς δάμνησι κεραυνός·  
 τῇ μιν Ἄρης οὕτωςε μαιφόνος ἔγχει μακρῷ.  
 ἢ δ’ ἀναχασσαμένη λίθον εἴλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ  
 κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ, μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε,  
 τόν ρ’ ἄνδρες πρότεροι θέσαν ἔμμεναι οὔρον ἀρούρης·  
 τῷ βάλε θοῦρον Ἄρηα κατ’ αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.  
 ἑπτὰ δ’ ἐπέσχε πέλεθρα πεσῶν, ἐκόνισε δὲ χαίτας,  
 τεύχεά τ’ ἀμφαράβησε· γέλασσε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
 καὶ οἱ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Νηπύτῃ, οὐδέ νύ πώ περ ἐπεφράσω ὅσσον ἱρεῖων 410  
 εὖχομ’ ἐγὼν ἔμεναι, ὅτι μοι μένος ἰσοφαρίζεις.  
 οὔτω κεν τῆς μητρὸς ἐρινύας ἕξαποτίνεις,  
 ἢ τοι χωρόμενη κακὰ μῆδεται, οὔνεκ’ Ἀχαιοὺς  
 κάλλιπες, αὐτὰρ Τρῶσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀμύνεις.”

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπεν ὅσσε φαεινῷ.  
 τὸν δ’ ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη  
 πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχοντα· μόγις δ’ ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν.  
 τὴν δ’ ὥς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
 αὐτίκ’ Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ὦ πόποι, αἰγίοχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη, 420  
 καὶ δ’ αὖθ’ ἡ κυνάμνια ἄγει βροτολογιγὸν Ἄρηα

He on Athene sprang, upbraiding thus :

“Shameless ! Of thine immeasurable strength  
O’erweening, by thy haughty soul elate !  
Compell’st thou thus again the Gods to war ?  
Bear’st thou in mind the day when thou inspiredst  
Tydides Diomed to wound me sore,  
And thine one self, before the eyes of all  
Didst guide and thrust upon me so his spear  
That thou didst bite right through my fair pure skin ?  
For this and all thy deeds I venge me now !”

He spoke, but on the wondrous Ægis smote,  
The Ægis, scathless ev’n to bolts of Zeus ;  
On this the God of War but dash’d his spear.  
Then She, a little space withdiawn, uptook  
In her broad palm a stone, that chanced to lie  
Near on the plain, black, jaggèd, and immense,  
Set there to bound a field in olden days ;  
Full on the neck with this she struck the God  
And loosed the limbs beneath him ; prone he fell,  
His length seven roods outstretch’d ; about him clash’d  
His armour ; and his locks lay smirch’d in dust.  
And clear Athenè’s laugh triumphant rang  
Above him, and her wingèd words she spake :

“Fool ! Hadst thou erst not knowledge of my might,  
How far beyond thine own, that thus thou daredst  
To set thyself against me ? This hath fall’n,  
The vengeance by the Furies for the sake  
Of thine own mother now of thee required,  
Whose wrath is heavy upon thee, for that thou  
Hast left the Achaians, and hast holpen Troy !”

She spoke, and turn’d aloof her shining eyes.

But Zeus-born Aphroditè took his hand,  
And led him, barely yet regathering sense,  
Groaning and moaning, off : whom Herè mark’d,  
The Goddess of the milkwhite arm, and thus  
In wingèd accents to Athenè spake :

“The wanton ! Seest thou, Daughter of great Zeus,  
Goddess unvanquish’d ! how yon shameless one  
Leads off the deadly field the slaughterous might

δηίου ἐκ πολέμοιο κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλὰ μέτελθε·”

“Ὡς φάτ’, Αθηναίη δὲ μετέσσυτο, χαίρει δὲ θυμῷ,  
καί ῥ’ ἐπιεισαμένη πρὸς στήθεα χειρὶ παχείῃ  
ἤλασε· τῆς δ’ αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ.  
τὼ μὲν ἄρ’ ἄμφω κεῖντο ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ  
ἢ δ’ ἄρ’ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντ’ ἀγόρευεν·

“Τοιοῦτοι νῦν πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοὶ,  
εἶεν, ὅτ’ Ἀργείοισι μαχολάτο θωρηκτῆσιν,  
ὧδὲ τε θαρσαλέοι καὶ τλήμονες, ὥς Ἀφροδίτῃ  
ἦλθεν Ἀρεὶ ἐπίκουρος, ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιώσας·  
τῷ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἄμμες ἐπαυσάμεθα πτολίεθροιο,  
Ἴλιου ἐκπέρσαντες ἐκκτίμενον πτολίεθρον.”

430

“Ὡς φάτο, μείδισεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρῃ·  
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·

“Φοῖβε, τίη δὴ νῶϊ διέσταμεν; οὐδὲ ἔοικεν  
ἀρξάντων ἐτέρων· τὸ μὲν αἷσχιον, αἶ κ’ ἀμαχητὶ  
ἵομεν Οὔλυμπόνδε, Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατῆς δῶ.  
ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ γενεῇφι νεώτερος· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε  
καλὸν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμεν καὶ πλείονα οἶδα.  
νηπύττι, ὥς ἄνοον κραδίην ἔχες· οὐδέ νυ τῶν περ  
μέμνηαι, ὅσα δὴ πάθομεν κακὰ Ἴλιον ἄμφι  
μοῦνοι νῶϊ θεῶν, ὅτ’ ἀγήνορι Λαομέδοντι  
παρ Διὸς ἐλθόντες θητεύσαμεν εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν  
μισθῷ ἐπι ρήτῳ· ὁ δὲ σημαίνων ἐπέτελλεν.  
ἦτοι ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι πόλιν πέρι τεῖχος ἔδειμα  
εὐρύ τε καὶ μάλα καλὸν, ἵν’ ἀρρήκτος πόλις εἴη·  
Φοῖβε, σὺ δ’ εἰλίποδας ἑλικας βοῦς βουκολέεσκες  
Ἰδης ἐν κνημοῖσι πολυπτύχου ὑλῆέσσης.  
ἀλλ’ ὅτε δὴ μισθοῖο τέλος πολυγηθῆες Ὀρραι  
ἐξέφερον, τότε νῶϊ βίησατο μισθὸν ἅπαντα  
Λαομέδων ἐκπαγλος, ἀπειλήσας δ’ ἀπέπεμπεν.  
σοὶ μὲν ὅγ’ ἠπειλήσας πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθεῖν,  
δήσειν, καὶ περάαν νήσων ἐπι τηλεδαπείων·  
στεῦτο δ’ ὅγ’ ἀμφοτέρων ἀπολεψέμεν οὐατα χαλκῷ.

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Of Ares ? Follow thou, and overcome ! ”

She spoke ; and after those Athenè sped,  
With heart exultant, and approaching drave  
A heavy hand on Aphroditè's breast,  
Loosing at once her spirit and her limbs.  
So the twain lay, on fruitful earth outstretch'd,  
Whilst She above them vaunted loud, and said :

“ And like to these be whosoe'er for Troy  
Battle against Achaia's mailèd might ;  
So strong in all endeavour, high in heart,  
As Aphroditè, when to Ares' help  
She came, and dared encounter of my spear !  
So had we long since spoil'd the stately towers  
Of Ilion, and for ever stay'd the war.”

She spoke ; and Heiè smiled thereat, well-pleased.

Meantime Poseidon to Apollo thus :

“ Far from each other, Phœbus, still we stand ?  
Not ours to falter, where another leads.  
Our parts forborne in battle, 'twill be shame  
Again to tread the brass-paved halls of Zeus.  
Since therefore thou the younger art by birth  
Strike first : with honour I could scarce begin,  
Elder in years and more expert in life.  
Cold-blooded ! Sets not this thy heart on fire ?  
Bearest thou not in mind what we endured  
From Ilion, we alone of all the Gods,  
What time from Zeus to great Laomedon  
We came, his yearlong thralls on stated hire,  
And he so lorded it with high behests ?  
'Twas mine this broad and beauteous wall aloft  
To rear round Troy, that nought might be her harm ;  
But, Phœbus, thine to shepherd flocks and herds  
Of slow-paced oxen on the forest-flanks  
Of many-folded Ida. Nathless, when  
The bounteous Hours brought round the day of hire,  
Violently then, and monstrously, the King  
Wrong'd us of all, and sent us empty away,  
'Threatening to bear us, fetter'd hand and foot,  
Slaves to the isles remote, with ears cropp'd off,

νῶϊ δέ τ' ἄλφωρῶροι κίομεν κεκοτηότι θυμῷ,  
 μισθοῦ χωόμενοι, τὸν ὑποστὰς οὐκ ἐτέλεσσαν.  
 τοῦ δὴ νῦν λαοῖσι φέρεις χάριν, οὐδὲ μεθ' ἡμέων  
 πειρᾷ ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι ἀπόλωνται  
 πρόχυν κακῶς, σὺν παισὶ καὶ αἰδοίῃς ἀλόχοισιν.”

460

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·  
 “ἐννοσίγαι', οὐκ ἄν με σαόφρονα μυθήσαιο  
 ἔμμεναι, εἰ δὴ σοίγε βροτῶν ἔνεκα πτολεμίζω  
 δειλῶν, οἳ φύλλοισιν ἑοικότες ἄλλοτε μὲν τε  
 ζαφλεγέες τελέθουσιν, ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουντες,  
 ἄλλοτε δὲ φθινύθουσιν ἀκήριοι. ἀλλὰ τάχιστα  
 πανσώμεσθα μάχης· οἳ δ' αὐτοὶ δηριαάσθων.”

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας πάλιν ἐτράπετ'· αἰδέτο γάρ ῥα  
 πατροκασιγνήτοιο μιγήμεναι ἐν παλάμῃσιν.  
 τὸν δὲ κασιγνήτη μάλα νείκεσε, πότνια θηρῶν  
 [Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη, καὶ ὄνειδείον φάτο μῦθον.]

470

“Φεύγεις δὴ, ἐκάεργε, Ποσειδάωνι δὲ νίκην  
 πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεψας, μέλεον δέ οἱ εὐχος ἔδωκας·  
 νηπύτιε, τί νυ τόξον ἔχεις ἀνεμώλιον αὐτῶς;  
 [μή σε νῦν ἔτι πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀκούσω  
 εὐχομένου, ὥς τὸ πρὶν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν,  
 ἅντα Ποσειδάωνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζειν.]”

“Ὡς φάτο, τὴν δ' οὔτι προσέφη ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων,  
 ἀλλὰ χολωσαμένη Διὸς αἰδοίῃ παράκοιτις  
 νείκεσεν ἰοχέαιραν ὄνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν·

480

“Πῶς δὲ σὺ νῦν μέμονας, κύον ἀδδεῆς, ἀντί' ἐμεῖο  
 στήσεσθαι; χαλεπή τοι ἐγὼ μένος ἀντιφέρεσθαι,  
 τοξοφόρῳ περ ἐούσῃ, ἐπεὶ σε λέοντα γυναιξὶν  
 Ζεὺς θῆκεν, καὶ ἔδωκε κατακτάμεν ἦν κ' ἐθέλησθα.  
 ἦτοι βέλτερόν ἐστι κατ' οὔρεα θήρας ἐναίρειν

Together back we came, with chafing hearts,  
Wioth for the hire and promise unfulfill'd.  
And this the man whose children are thy care !  
And for his sake art thou at war with us,  
Who would the race were utterly destroy'd,  
Men, women, children, in one evil death !”

But He who smites from far return'd reply :  
“ Thou wouldst not deem me wise, Earth-shaking Power,  
With thee to battle for the sake of men,  
Whose nature is as that of tender leaves,  
Their blood now warm, and summer in their veins,  
What time they fatten on the fruits of earth,  
But wither'd soon and lifeless. Rather we  
Turn from the war, and leave them to their toils.”

He spoke and turn'd aside. His noble heart  
Forbade him from encountering hand to hand  
His own great Father's brother. But not such  
His sister, fiercer far, great Artemis,  
Queen of all beasts of prey ; loudly she chode  
Apollo, and reproachful call'd and said :

“ Fleest thou, O Bender of the silver bow ?  
Fleest thou, and to Poseidon all the fame  
Surrenderest of a triumph unwithstood,  
Won without fight ? Oh, what avails the bow  
Vain-dangling from thy shoulder ? Ne'er again  
Dare in my hearing at the feasts of Zeus  
Thine olden boast, how once before the eyes  
Of all the heavenly host thou daredst oppose  
In single fight Poseidon, hand to hand !”

She ceased, nor great Apollo deign'd reply.

But all in wrath the adored Spouse of Zeus  
Rebuked the arrowy Goddess and reviled :

“ Fool unabashed ! What new desire is this  
To take thy stand against me ? Yet to match  
Thy strength with mine were evil indeed for thee,  
Boast though thou may that fatal bow, wherewith  
Zeus makes thee very lioness to kill  
Whomever of weak womankind thou wilt.  
Better upon the mountains to abide

ἀγροτέρας τ' ἐλάφους ἢ κρείσσοσιν ἱφί μάχεσθαι.  
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις πολέμοιο δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' εὖ εἰδῆς,  
ὅσσον φερτέρη εἴμ', ὅτι μοι μένος ἀντιφερίζεις."

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἀμφοτέρας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔμαρπτεν  
σκαίῃ, δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὤμων αἶνυτο τόξα, 490  
αὐτοῖσιν δ' ἄρ' ἐθελειε παρ' οὐατα μειδιόωσα  
ἐντροπαλιζομένην· ταχέες δ' ἔκπιπτον ὀιστοί,  
δακρυόεσσα δ' ὑπαιθα θεὰ φύγεν ὥστε πέλεια,  
ἣ ῥά θ' ὑπ' ἱρηκος κοίλῃν εἰσέπτματο πέτρην,  
χηραμόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τῇγε ἰλόμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν.  
ὥς ἡ δακρυόεσσα φύγεν, λίπε δ' αὐτόθι τόξα.  
Λητὼ δὲ προέειπε διώκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·

“ Λητοῖ, ἐγὼ δέ τοι οὔτι μαχήσομαι· ἀργαλέον δὲ  
πληκτίζεσθ' ἀλόχοισι Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο·  
ἀλλὰ μάλα πρόφρασσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν 500  
εὖχεσθαι ἐμὲ νικῆσαι κρατερῇφι βίῃφιν.”

Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη, Λητὼ δὲ συναίνυτο καμπύλα τόξα  
πεπτεῶτ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα μετὰ στροφάλιγγι κοίνῃς.  
ἣ μὲν τόξα λαβοῦσα, πάλιν κίε θυγατέρος ἥς·  
ἣ δ' ἄρ' Ὀλυμπον ἴκανε, Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατῆς δῶ,  
δακρυόεσσα δὲ πατρὸς ἐφέζετο γούνασι κούρη,  
ἰμφί δ' ἄρ' ἰμβρόσιος ἐάνδς τρέμε· τὴν δὲ προτὶ οἷ  
εἶλε πατὴρ Κρονίδης, καὶ ἀνείρετο ἡδὺ γελάσσας·

“ Τίς νύ σε τοιάδ' ἔρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐρανιῶνων  
[μαυρίδως, ὥσεί τι κακὸν ῥέζουσιν ἐνωπῇ] ;” 510

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν εὖστέφανος κελαδεινή·  
“ σὴ μ' ἄλοχος στυφέλιξε, πάτερ, λευκώλενος Ἥρη,  
ἕξ ἥς ἀθανάτοισιν ἔρις καὶ νείκος ἐφῆπται.”

Ὡς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,  
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐδύσετο Ἴλιον ἱρήν·

Slaughtering thy beasts of prey or wild scared hinds  
Than come to combat here with mightier foes.  
But—since thou wilt taste battle—learn how far  
She whom thou now wouldst peer transcends thy power ' "

She spoke, and with her left hand o'er the wrists  
Gripp'd her arms tight, but with the right the bow  
Tore from her shoulders, and therewith her ears  
Belabour'd, smiling grim. Vainly she writhed,  
Her wingèd arrows dropping all to earth,  
But 'scaped at last in tears from 'neath her grasp,  
And fled like dove that from a falcon's swoop  
Hath flown beneath him to a cavern'd rock,  
Her refuge, nor is doom'd to capture thence ;  
Like her the Goddess fled, and left her bow.

Then Argeiphontes spoke, the guide in heaven :  
"O Leto, far from me be fight with thee ;  
Ill is it to oppose whom Zeus hath loved.  
Yea, be it, an thou list, thy boast in heaven  
To have assail'd and conquer'd me in war."

He spoke ; but Leto quick 'gan gather up  
The wingèd arrows and the crookbent bow  
Hither and thither strewn amid the dust,  
Then turn'd, and follow'd in her daughter's track :  
Who straightway sought the brass-paved hall of Zeus,  
And gain'd Olympus, where, in tears, and all  
Her robes ambrosial palpitating on her,  
She rose to seat her on her Father's knee.  
Her Father took her to himself, and smiled  
Well pleased, and ask'd her question, speaking thus :

"Mine own dear Child ! who of the Gods of heaven  
Hath wrought this outrage on thee, unprovoked,  
As though thou hadst been found in open wrong?"

To whom crown'd Keladeinë made reply :  
"Thy wife, my Father : she hath given these stripes ;  
Herè, the Goddess of the milkwhite arm,  
Of whom is all the strife and war in heaven."

Such was the commune of the Gods above.

Meantime behind the towers of sacred Troy



μέμβλετο γάρ οἱ τεῖχος ἐνδμήτοιο πόληος,  
 μὴ Δαναοὶ πέρσειαν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἥματι κείνῳ.  
 οἱ δ' ἄλλοι πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἑόντες,  
 οἱ μὲν χῳόμενοι, οἱ δὲ μέγα κυδιόωντες·  
 καδ δ' ἴζον παρ Ζηνὶ κελαινεφεῖ. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς 520  
 Τρῶας ὁμῶς αὐτοὺς τ' ὄλεκεν καὶ μώνυχας ἵππους.  
 ὧς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκηται  
 ἄσπερος αἰθομένοιο, θεῶν δέ ἐ μῆνις ἀνῆκεν,  
 πᾶσι δ' ἔθηκε πόνον, πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆκεν,  
 ὧς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι πόνον καὶ κήδε' ἔθηκεν.

Ἔσθήκει δ' ὁ γέρον Πρίαμος θεῖου ἐπὶ πύργου,  
 ἐς δ' ἐνόησ' Ἀχιλλῆα πελώριον· αὐτὰρ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ  
 Τρῶες ἄφαρ κλονέοντο πεφυζότες, οὐδέ τις ἀλκὴ  
 γίγνεθ'· ὁ δ' οἰμῶξας ἀπὸ πύργου βαίνει χαμαῖζε,  
 ὄτρυνέων παρὰ τεῖχος ἀγακλειτοὺς πυλαωρούς· 530

“Πεπταμένους ἐν χερσὶ πύλας ἔχετ', εἰσόκε λαοὶ  
 ἔλθωσι προτὶ ἄστυ πεφυζότες· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἐγγὺς ὄδε κλονέων· νῆν οἴω λοίγῃ' ἔσσεσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ἐς τεῖχος ἀναπνεύσωσιν ἀλέντες,  
 αὖτις ἐπανθέμεναι σανίδας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας·  
 δεῖδία γὰρ μὴ οὖλος ἀνὴρ ἐς τεῖχος ἄλλεται.”

Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἀνεσάν τε πύλας καὶ ἀπώσαν ὀχῆας·  
 αἱ δὲ πετασθεῖσαι τεύξαν φάος. αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων  
 ἀντίος ἐξέθορε, Τρώων ἵνα λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.  
 οἱ δ' ἰθὺς πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο, 540  
 δίνῃη καρχαλέοι, κεκοιμήμενοι ἐκ πεδίοιο  
 φεύγον· ὁ δὲ σφεδανὸν ἔφεπ' ἔγχεϊ· λύσσα δέ οἱ κῆρ  
 αἶν ἔχε κρατερή, μενέαινε δὲ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.

Phœbus Apollo enter'd, for he fear'd  
Ev'n for the wall before the stately town,  
Lest on that day, albeit in Fate's despite,  
The Danaan host surmount it. Thereupon,  
Likewise all others of the Immortal Powers  
Moved to Olympus—sullen these, but those  
Exultant—and beside their cloud-wrapp'd Lord  
Took seat. But all this while Achilles raged,  
Scourge to the Trojans and their hoovèd steeds ;  
As when into broad heaven goeth up  
Smoke from a burning town, by wrath divine  
Enkindled, grief to all, to many death ;  
Like grief, like death, Achilles wrought to Troy.

Whom Priam saw from off the heav'nsprung towers,  
And that the Trojans fled in flutter'd rout  
Before him, nor in them was any strength :  
Therefore, descending with deep sigh to earth,  
He thus forewarn'd the keepers of the gates,  
Men of renown, who sate beside the wall :

“ Hold ye the gates wide open at full spread,  
Nor loose your hold till all the host hath come  
Thus panic-struck within ; for, verily,  
Achilles is most nigh and drives their rout  
Headlong—perchance to ruin. But, when all  
Are closed, regathering breath, behind the walls,  
Then mind ye quick to thrust again the valves  
Back to the lintel close ; for much I fear,  
Lest this Destroyer likewise enter in.”

He spoke ; they drew the bolts, and oped the gates,  
Which, parting, made a very path of light  
Before them. Thence Apollo sprang alone  
To face the foe and fend the fall from Troy ;  
For all their host was fleeing homeward now,  
In utter rout, and parch'd with thirst and dust,  
Leaving the battle-field ; whilst on their heels  
Achilles pressing came, with brandish'd spear  
And heart as by a frenzy fierce possess'd,  
All hot to win the glory of their deaths.

Ἔνθα κεν ὑφίπυλον Τροίην ἔλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος Ἀγήνορα δῖον ἀνῆκεν,  
 φῶτ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε.  
 ἐν μὲν οἱ κραδίη θάρσος βάλε, πὰρ δέ οἱ αὐτὸς  
 ἔσθη, ὅπως θανάτοιο βαρείας κήρας ἀλάλκοι,  
 φηγῶ κεκλιμένος· κεκάλυπτο δ' ἄρ' ἡέρι πολλῇ.  
 αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ὥς ἐνόησεν Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον,  
 ἔσθη, πολλὰ δέ οἱ κραδίη πόρφυρε μένουσι·  
 ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

550

“ὦ μοι ἐγών· εἰ μὲν κεν ὑπὸ κρατεροῦ Ἀχιλλῆος  
 φεύγω, τῆπερ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι κλονέονται,  
 αἰρήσει με καὶ ὧς, καὶ ἀνάλκιδα δειροτομήσει.  
 εἰ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ τούτους μὲν ὑποκλονέεσθαι ἐάσω  
 Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλλῇ, ποσὶν δ' ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλλη  
 φεύγω πρὸς πεδίον Ἰλίου, ὅφρ' ἂν ἴκωμαι  
 Ἴδης τε κυνημοὺς κατὰ τε ῥωπήϊα δύω·  
 ἐσπέριος δ' ἂν ἔπειτα λοεσσάμενος ποταμοῖο,  
 ἰδρῶ ἀποψυχθεὶς ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονείμην.  
 ἀλλὰ τί μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;  
 μὴ μ' ἀπαειρόμενον πόλιος πεδίονδε νοήσῃ  
 καὶ με μεταίξας μάρψῃ ταχέεσσι πόδεσσιν.  
 οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ἔσται θάνατον καὶ κήρας ἀλύξαι·  
 λίην γὰρ κρατερὸς περὶ πάντων ἔστ' ἀνθρώπων.  
 εἰ δέ κεν οἱ προπάροιθε πόλιος κατεναυτίον ἔλθω·  
 καὶ γὰρ θην τούτῳ τρωτὸς χρώς ὀξεί χαλκῷ,  
 ἐν δὲ ἴα ψυχῇ, θνητὸν δέ ἑ φασ' ἀνθρωποὶ  
 [ἔμμεναι· αὐτὰρ οἱ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὑπάξει].”

560

570

ὧς εἰπὼν Ἀχιλλῆα ἀλεῖς μένεν, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ  
 ἄλκιμον ὥρματο πτολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.  
 ἠύτε πάρδαλις εἴσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο  
 ἀνδρὸς θηρητῆρος ἐναντίον, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ  
 ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβείται, ἐπεὶ κεν ὑλαγμόν ἀκούσῃ·  
 εἴπερ γὰρ φθάμενός μιν ἦ οὐτάσῃ, ἥε βάλῃσιν,  
 ἀλλὰ τε καὶ περὶ δουρὶ πεπαρμένη οὐκ ἀπολήγει  
 ἀλκῆς, πρὶν γ' ἥε ξυμβλήμεναι, ἥε δαμῆναι·  
 ὧς Ἀντήνορος υἷος ἀγαυοῦ, δῖος Ἀγήνωρ,

Yea, the Achæians then had ta'en proud Troy,  
Had not Antenor's brave and blameless son,  
Noble Agenor, been by Phœbus stir'd :  
On whom the God breathed strength, and likewise stood  
Himself not far, against the beech-tree hid,  
Thence to hold back the heavy hand of Death,  
But wrapp'd in mist unseen. Agenor stood  
Steadfast upon the dread Destroyer's path ;  
And much he ponder'd, whilst he bode the charge,  
And to his own brave heart, in trouble, said :

“ Unhappy that I am ! For if I flee  
Before Achilles and along the route  
Whereon so many panic-stricken crowd,  
He will o'ertake and slay a coward there.  
Or, if I leave these others to his sword  
And turn mine own feet tow'rd the Ilcian plain  
Right from the bulwarks—so to gain perchance  
The knolls of Ida, hide me in the brakes,  
At eve to bathe and cool me in the stream,  
And thence escape to Ilion—Tush, oh tush !  
Why doth my dear mind thus discourse to me ?  
For he would mark me mounting tow'rd the plain,  
And with swift feet pursuing soon o'ertake.  
No refuge then from Fate and violent Death ;  
For more than is the strength of man his strength.  
But if I meet him here before all eyes  
He too is vulnerable : one his life,  
One only ; and men name him mortal man,  
Albeit Kronceion crowns him with such fame.”

He ended, and with might collected stood,  
Whilst all his heart rush'd forward to the fight.

Like pard, that springs from out a deep thick wood  
Against her hunter, dauntless, undismay'd,  
Albeit she hears the baying of his hounds—  
Yea, though he hath forestall'd her by a wound,  
And by the javelin she be pierced clean through,  
Yet, writhing round it, she makes no surcease  
Till she hath sprung upon him, or hath fall'n ;  
Ev'n thus renown'd Antenor's blameless son,

οὐκ ἔθελεν φεύγειν, πρὶν πειρήσαιτ' Ἀχιλλῆος, 580  
 ἀλλ' ὄγ' ἄρ' ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθ' ἔσχετο πάντοσ' εἴσην,  
 ἐγχεῖη δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο, καὶ μέγ' αὐτεῖ·

“Ἡ δὴ που μάλ' ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 ἤματι τῷδε πόλιν πέρσειν Τρώων ἀγερώχων,  
 νηπύτι', ἦ τ' ἔτι πολλὰ τετεύξεσαι ἄλγε' ἐπ' αὐτῇ.  
 ἐν γὰρ οἱ πολέες τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι ἄνδρες εἰμὲν,  
 οἳ καὶ πρόσθε φίλων τοκέων ἀλόχων τε καὶ νιῶν  
 Ἰλιον εἰρυνόμεσθα· σὺ δ' ἐνθάδε πότμον ἐφέψεις,  
 ὧδ' ἔκπαγλος ἐὼν καὶ θαρσαλέος πολεμιστής.”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ὁξὺν ἄκοντα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφήκεν, 590  
 καὶ ῥ' ἔβαλε κνήμην ὑπὸ γούνατος οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν.  
 ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κνημὶς νεοτεύκτου κασσιτέριοιο  
 σμερδαλέου κονάβησε· πάλιν δ' ἀπὸ χαλκὸς ὄρουσεν  
 βλημένου, οὐδ' ἐπέρησε, θεοῦ δ' ἡρύκακε δῶρα.  
 Πηλεΐδης δ' ὠρμήσατ' Ἀγήνορος ἀντιθέοιο  
 δεύτερος· οὐδέ τ' ἔασεν Ἀπόλλων κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,  
 ἀλλὰ μιν ἐξήρπαξε, κάλυψε δ' ἄρ' ἥερι πολλῇ,  
 ἡσύχιον δ' ἄρα μιν πολέμου ἐκ πέμπε νέεσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Πηλεΐωνα δόλῳ ἀποέργαθε λαοῦ·  
 αὐτῷ γὰρ ἐκάεργος Ἀγήνορι πάντα ἔοικώς 600  
 ἔστη πρόσθε ποδῶν· ὁ δ' ἐπέσσυτο ποσσὶ διώκειν.  
 εἶος ὁ τὸν πεδίοιο διώκετο πυροφόροιο,  
 τρέψας πὰρ ποταμὸν βαθυδινήεντα Σκάμανδρον,  
 τυτθὸν ὑπεκπροθέοντα· δόλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἔθελγεν Ἀπόλλων,  
 ὥς αἰεὶ ἔλποιτο κιχήσεσθαι ποσὶν οἴσιν·  
 τόφρ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες πεφοβημένοι ἦλθον ὁμίλῳ  
 ἀσπᾶσιοι προτὶ ἄστνυ, πόλιν δ' ἔμπλητο ἀλέντων.  
 οὐδ' ἄρα τοίγ' ἔτλαν πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ἐκτὸς  
 μεῖναι ἔτ' ἀλλήλους, καὶ γινώμεναι ὅς τε πεφεύγοι  
 ὅς τ' ἔθαν' ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως ἐσέχυντο 610  
 ἐς πόλιν, ὅντινα τῶνγε πόδες καὶ γούνα σαώσαι.

Noble Agenor, had no will to flee  
Ere of Achilles he could make assay.  
Firm in his front he held his orbèd shield,  
Aim'd his bright spear, and thus address'd his foe :  
    "Aye, aye—Achilles ! 'Twas thy certain hope  
This day to sack the town of haughty Troy :  
Fond ! For not yet the sorrows' tale is told  
Endured in her behalf : she still hath sons  
Many and brave, to guard her still, and save  
Their homes, and wives, and children from her foes.  
Valiant, and of a monstrous might in war,  
Art thou ; yet shalt thou here draw down thy fate."

He spoke, and from a heavy hand sent forth  
His sharp-tipp'd spear, and struck beneath the knee  
The greave, nor eir'd ; the fresh-forged metal rang  
Loudly around ; but back the spear recoil'd,  
Nor pierced it, by the heavenly gift withstood.  
Then in his turn on brave Agenor sprang  
Pelides ; but Apollo suffer'd not  
That glory to his arm, but snatch'd him up  
And wrapp'd him in thick mist, and from the war  
Bare him withdrawn in quiet to his home ;  
But lured the other off the Trojan host  
By a false guile : himself he shaped most like  
Agenor, in whose stead he stood before  
Achilles ; and Achilles made pursuit.

So, whilst Achilles press'd him o'er the plain,  
Diverted tow'rd Scamander's eddying stream—  
For still the God ran some short space afront,  
And lured him by the hope of quick success—  
Meantime the other Trojans gain'd their walls,  
Most welcome, in a panic-stricken rout,  
And throng'd the streets ; nor any durst abide  
Beyond the wall, nor look behind, to know  
Who had escaped, or who had died in war ;  
But, like a torrent, in they pour'd, whome'er  
A rapid foot or nimble limb had saved.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Χ΄.

♦ - -

Ἔκτορος ἀναίρεσις.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν κατὰ ἄστυ, πεφυζότες ἤντε νεβροὶ,  
 ἰδρῶ ἀπεψύχοντο πλὴν τ' ἀκέοντό τε δίψαν,  
 κεκλιμένοι καλῆσιν ἐπάλξεσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἄχαιοι  
 τείχεος ἄσσον ἴσαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.  
 Ἔκτορα δ' αὐτοῦ μεῖναι ὀλοὴ Μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν,  
 Ἴλίου προπάροιθε πυλίων τε Σκαιίων.  
 αὐτὰρ Πηλείωνα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

“Τίπτε με, Πηλέος υἱέ, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκεις,  
 αὐτὸς θνητὸς ἐὼν θεὸν ἥμβροτον; οὐδέ νύ πώ με  
 ἔγνωσ ὥς θεός εἰμι, σὺ δ' ἄσπερχές μενεαίνεις.  
 ἦ νύ τοι οὔτι μέλει Ἰρώων πόνος οὐς ἐφύβησας,  
 οἷ δὴ τοι εἰς ἄστυ ἄλυν, σὺ δὲ δεῦρο λιάσθης.  
 οὐ μὲν με κτενέεις, ἐπεὶ οὔτοι μόρσιμός εἰμι.”

10

Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη Πόδας ὤκυν Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “ἔβλαψάς μ', ἐκάεργε, θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,  
 ἐνθάδε νῦν τρέψας ἀπὸ τείχεος· ἦ κ' ἔτι πολλοὶ  
 γαῖαν ὁδὰξ εἶλον πρὶν Ἴλιον εἰσαφικέσθαι.  
 νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν μέγα κῦδος ἀφείλεο, τοὺς δ' ἐσάωσας  
 ῥηιδίως, ἐπεὶ οὔτι τίσιν γ' ἔδδειςας ὀπίσσω.  
 ἦ σ' ἂν τισαίμην, εἴ μοι δύνამίς γε παρέιη.”

20

Ὡς εἰπὼν προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,  
 σευάμενος ὥσθ' ἵππος ἀεθλοφόρος σὺν ὄχρῳ,  
 ὅς ῥά τε ρεῖα θέησι τιτανόμενος πεδίοιο·  
 οἷς Ἀχιλλεύς λαιψήρᾳ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.

## ILIAD XXII.



'Thus, trembling, to their walls like fawns they fled,  
Cool'd off their sweat, and drank, and heal'd their thirst,  
Resting against the battlements within ;  
The while the Achæans nigher drew, with shields  
Roofing their heads and shoulders. Fate, ill Fate,  
Fetter'd brave Hector only, there to bide  
In face of Ilion and the Scæan gates.

Then Phœbus turn'd and spake to Peleus' Son :

“Wherefore, Achilles, this thy vain pursuit,  
For thou art mortal, I a heavenly God ?  
Is't that thou yet not know'st me for a God,  
That thus a quenchless fury drives thee on ?  
Or that the routed Trojans' safe escape  
Into 'Troy-wall, whilst thou art wandering here,  
Is now no more thy trouble ? Yet beware :  
How wilt thou slay me, who am free of Fate ? ”

Much-moved, Achilles spake in answer thus :  
“Far-striker ! Most injurious Power of heaven !  
Most foully hast thou wrong'd me, and beguiled  
My foot from off the city : else, ere these  
Had fled me, many a man had bit the dust.  
'These hast thou saved, and robb'd me of renown  
Uncaring, in thy godhead quite secure  
Of reckoning to be render'd afterward ;  
Dear should it cost thee now, had I the power.”

He said, and high in indignation turn'd  
'Tow'rd Ilion, springing swiftly, like some steed  
That strains his strength in chariot-race, and skins  
Smoothly at full-spread gallop o'er the plain ;  
Thus lightly plied Achilles foot and limb,



Τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος πρῶτος ἶδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
 παμφαίνονθ' ὥστ' ἀστέρ', ἐπεσσύμενον πεδίοιο,  
 ὅς ῥά τ' ὀπάρης εἴσιν, ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαὶ  
 φαίνονται πολλοῖσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ·  
 ὄντε κύν' Ὀρίωνος ἐπὶ κλησιν καλέουσιν·  
 λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅδ' ἐστὶ, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται, 30  
 καὶ τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν·  
 ὥς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θεόντος.  
 ὦμωξεν δ' ὁ γέρων, κεφαλὴν δ' ὄγε κόψατο χερσὶν  
 ὑψός' ἀνασχόμενος, μέγα δ' οἰμῶξας ἐγεγώνει  
 λισσόμενος φίλον υἱόν· ὁ δὲ προπάροιθε πυλάων  
 ἐστήκει, ἄμοτον μεμαῶς Ἀχιλῇ μάχεσθαι·  
 τὸν δ' ὁ γέρων ἔλεεινὰ προσηύδα χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·

“Ἐκτορ, μή μοι μίμνε, φίλον τέκος, ἀνέρα τοῦτον  
 οἷος ἀνευθ' ἄλλων, ἵνα μὴ τάχα πότμον ἐπίσπης  
 Πηλεΐωνι δαμείς, ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν, 40  
 σχέτλιος· αἶθε θεοῖσι φίλος τοσσόνδε γένοιτο  
 ὅσσον ἐμοί· τάχα κέν ἐκύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδοιεν  
 κείμενον· ἦ κέ μοι αἶνὸν ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἄχος ἔλθοι·  
 ὅς μ' υἱῶν πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν εὖνιν ἔθηκεν,  
 κτείνων καὶ περὶ νῆσων ἐπὶ τηλεδαπάων.  
 καὶ γὰρ νῦν δύο παῖδε, Λυκάονα καὶ Πολύδωρον,  
 οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν Τρώων εἰς ἄστὺ ἀλέντων,  
 τοὺς μοι Λαοθόη τέκετο, κρείουσα γυναικῶν.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ζώουσι μετὰ στρατῷ, ἦ τ' ἂν ἔπειτα  
 χαλκοῦ τε χρυσοῦ τ' ἀπολυσόμεθ'· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον· 50  
 πολλὰ γὰρ ὥπασε παιδὶ γέρων ὀνομάκλυτος Ἄλτης.  
 εἰ δ' ἤδη τεθνήσκει καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν,  
 ἄλγος ἐμῷ θυμῷ καὶ μητέρι, τοὶ τεκόμεσθα·  
 λαοῖσιν δ' ἄλλοισι μινυνθαδιώτερον ἄλγος  
 ἔσσεται, ἣν μὴ καὶ σὺ θάνης Ἀχιλῇ δαμασθείς.

And aged Priam's eyes beheld him first  
Thus speeding, all ablaze, across the plain,  
Most like the Star that entereth on the sky  
In autumn, and amidst a thousand more  
Blazes conspicuous in the midnight heaven ;  
And men do name him great Orion's hound ;  
Sign brightest, but most baleful, raining down  
Fever on hapless mortals : ev'n so shone  
His brazen arms around him, as he came.

Then moan'd the aged King, and smote his head  
With hands on high uplifted, and his voice  
Broken by groans, in supplication call'd  
On his dear son ; who yet before the gates,  
Ardent to meet Achilles, stood alone ;  
'To whom with outstretch'd hands the old man wail'd :

“Hector, my son, I pray thee, stand not thus  
Single, apart from all, to meet this man ;  
Else surely shalt thou meet thy death, o'erwhelm'd  
Beneath him, who is mightier far than thou.  
The hard of heart ! Oh, would that Heaven's regard  
Were such toward him as is mine ; then soon  
Vultures and dogs should tear him, limb from limb,  
And this dread sorrow pass from off my soul !  
Of many a noble son he left me lorn  
By slaughter or by sale in far-off isles ;  
And now, though all the men of Troy be closed  
Behind their walls, two yet I miss—two more,  
My sons I see not, whom Laothoè  
Their mother, fairest of all women, bare,  
Lycaon, and the godlike Polydore.  
'These, if they yet be living 'mid the foe,  
Erelong we ransom home with brass and gold ;  
For store have we within, and dowry rich  
Gave her famed father, Altes, to his child.  
And, though they now be dead, albeit we two—  
Their mother and myself—who gave them life,  
Shall long bewail them lost, yet briefer term  
Of mourning shall the general nation keep,  
Unless thou, Hector, perish likewise slain ;

ἀλλ' εἰσέρχαιο τεῖχος, ἐμὸν τέκος, ὄφρα σαώσῃς  
 Τρῶας καὶ Τρωὰς, μηδὲ μέγα κῦδος ὀρέξῃς  
 Πηλείδῃ, αὐτὸς δὲ φίλης αἰῶνος ἀμερθῆς,  
 πρὸς δ' ἐμὲ τὸν δύστηνον ἔτι φρονέοντ' ἐλέησον,  
 δύσμορον, ὃν ῥα πατὴρ Κρονίδης ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ 60  
 αἴσῃ ἐν ἀργαλέῃ φθίσει, κακὰ πόλλ' ἐπιδόοντα,  
 υἷας τ' ὀλλυμένους ἐλκηθείσας τε θύγατρας,  
 καὶ θαλάμους κεραιζομένους, καὶ νήπια τέκνα  
 βαλλόμενα προτὶ γαλήνῃ ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτήτι,  
 ἐλκομένας τε νυοὺς ὀλοῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.  
 αὐτὸν δ' ἂν πύματόν με κύνες πρώτῃσι θύρῃσιν  
 ὤμῃσται ἐρύουσιν, ἐπεὶ κέ τις ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ  
 τύψας ἢ βαλὼν ῥεθέων ἐκ θυμὸν ἔλῃται,  
 οὓς τρέφον ἐν μεγάροισι τραπεζῆας θυραωροὺς,  
 οἳ κ' ἐμὸν αἶμα πιόντες, ἀλύσσοντες περὶ θυμῷ, 70  
 κείσονται ἐν προθύροισι. νέρω δέ τε πάντ' ἐπέοικει,  
 ἀρηϊκταμένω, δεδαῦγμένω ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,  
 κείσθαι· πάντα δὲ καλὰ θανόντι περ, ὅττι φανίῃ·  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πολλὸν τε κάρη πολλὸν τε γένειον,  
 αἰδῶ τ' αἰσχύνωσι κύνες κταμένοιο γέροντος,  
 τοῦτο δὴ οἴκτιστον πέλεται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.”

Ἦ ρ' ὁ γέρων, πολλὰς δ' ἄρ' ἄνὰ τρίχας ἔλκετο χερσὶν  
 τίλλων ἐκ κεφαλῆς· οὐδ' ἔκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθεν.  
 μήτηρ δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δακρυχέουσα,  
 κόλπον ἀνιεμένη, ἐτέρηφι δὲ μαζὸν ἀνέσχεν· 80  
 καὶ μιν δακρυχέουσα ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Ἐκτορ, τέκνον ἐμὸν, τάδε τ' αἶδεο καὶ μ' ἐλέησον  
 αὐτήν, εἴποτέ τοι λαθικηδέα μαζὸν ἐπέσχον.  
 τῶν μνήσαι, φίλε τέκνον, ἄμυνε δὲ δῆϊον ἄνδρα  
 τείχεος ἐντὸς ἐὼν, μηδὲ πρόμος ἵστασο τούτῃ·

Then of their mourning shall there be no end.  
Come therefore, O my son, return within ;  
So shalt thou save the men and women of Troy,  
Nor yield increase of fame to Peleus' Son,  
Nor be bereavèd of thine own dear life.  
Pity me also, wretched in my fate,  
Still quick to suffer ; whom Kroneion soon  
In sad plight on the threshold of old age  
Shall smite ; but after many woes beheld—  
Daughters dragg'd off, sons slaughter'd, plunder'd homes,  
Infants mid dreadful battling dash'd to earth,  
And virgins in their enemies' deadly hands.  
And last of all, perchance by sword or dart,  
Some one may rob my body of my life ;  
And dogs—the door-hounds at my table fed,  
Oft with my own hands tended in the house—  
Will rend me in their ravin, carrion-like,  
Lap up my blood, and bask before my gates !  
Such death—to lie thus gash'd and scam'd with wounds—  
Well fits the warrior falling in his prime ;  
For whatsoever be shown, youth is not shamed.  
But when an old man falls, and dogs may wreak  
On hoary head and hoary chin, and all  
The exposèd limbs of age, their own foul wills,  
Nought is more piteous in this piteous world."

Thus pray'd the aged King, and off his head  
Raised the grey locks, betwixt his fingers twined  
In that his supplication ; nor could move  
The heart of Hector. Then, from the other side,  
His mother, all in tears, began lament ;  
With one hand dropping low her bosom's veil,  
And showing with the left the mother's breast,  
Weeping she utter'd wingèd words, and cried :

" Look on this, Hector ! Son, have reverence,  
And pity thine own mother ! If that e'er  
I gave this breast to still thine infant pains,  
Remember this, my child, and yield and come  
Within the walls, and thence repel the foe,  
Not foremost stand to meet him ! Reckless, cruel !

σχέτλιος· εἴπερ γάρ σε κατακτάνη, οὐ σ' ἔτ' ἔγωγε  
κλαύσομαι ἐν λεχέεσσι, φίλον θάλος, ὃν τέκον αὐτῇ,  
οὐδ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος· ἔννευθε δέ σε μέγα νῶιν  
'Αργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνες ταχέες κατέδονται."

Ὡς τώγε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην φίλον υἱόν, 90  
πολλὰ λισσομένω· οὐδ' Ἔκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθον,  
ἀλλ' ὅγε μίμν' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον ἄσπον ἰόντα.  
ὥς δὲ δράκων ἐπὶ χειρὶ ὀρέστερος ἄνδρα μένησιν,  
βεβρωκῶς κακὰ φάρμακ'· ἔδν δέ τέ μιν χόλος αἰνυς,  
σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν ἑλισσόμενος περὶ χειρὶ·  
ὥς Ἐκτωρ ἄσβεστον ἔχων μένος οὐχ ὑπεχώρει,  
πύργῳ ἔπι προὔχοντι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδ' ἐρείσας.  
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·

“ὦ μοι ἐγὼν, εἰ μὲν κε πύλας καὶ τείχεα δύω,  
Πουλυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγχείην ἀναθήσει, 100  
ὅς μ' ἐκέλευε Τρῳσὶ ποτὶ πτόλιν ἡγήσασθαι  
νύχθ' ὑπο τήνδ' ὀλοήν, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην· ἦ τ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν·  
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ὤλεσα λαὸν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν,  
αἰδέομαι Τρῳᾶς καὶ Τρωάδας ἐλκεσιπέπλους,  
μή ποτέ τις εὔπησι κακώτερος ἄλλος ἐμεῖο  
“Ἐκτωρ ἦφι βίηφι πιθήσας ὤλεσε λαόν.”  
ὥς ἐρέουσιν· ἐμοὶ δὲ τότ' ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη  
ἄντην ἢ Ἀχιλῆα κατακτείναντα νέεσθαι,  
ἥέ κεν αὐτὸν ὀλέσθαι εὐκλειῶς πρὸ πόληος 110  
εἰ δέ κεν ἀσπίδα μὲν καταθείομαι ὀμφαλόεσσαν  
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρὴν, δόρυ δὲ πρὸς τείχος ἐρείσας  
αὐτὸς ἰὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἀντίος ἔλθω  
καὶ οἱ ὑπόσχωμαι Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ' ἅμ' αὐτῇ,  
πάντα μάλ' ὅσσα τ' Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν  
ἡγάγετο Τροίηνδ', ἥτ' ἔπλετο νεῖκεος ἀρχή  
δωσέμεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἄγειν, ἅμα δ' ἀμφὶς Ἀχαιοῖς

For, should he, conquering, slay thee, nor shall I  
Who bore thee, dearest flower of all our house,  
Nor thy rich-downried spouse, lament thee, laid  
On couch composed ; but hounds shall rend thy flesh,  
Far, far from us, amid the enemy's fleet ! ”

Thus they, with tears, cried both to their dear son  
Beseeching, but they turned not Hector's heart.  
The dread Achilles' charge he firmly bode ;  
As when a snake upon the mountains, fed  
With poisonous herbs, awaits a man, and stands  
Fold above fold, with glaring eyes, and coil'd  
About its lair, by fiery spirit possess'd ;  
So, with like spirit unquailing, Hector stood,  
And propp'd his buckler on a buttress near,  
And to his own brave heart, much-troubled, spake :

“ Ah me, if now behind the battlements  
I move secure, then straight Polydamas  
Gives bitter greeting, that he bade me guide,  
Under the shadow of this ruinous night  
Or e'er divine Achilles was bestir'd,  
The Trojans to their city ; nor to him  
I yielded : better then to yield had been !  
Now, since my madness hath destroyed the city,  
I shun for very shame to face the sons  
And long-robed daughters of the homes of Troy,  
Lest some poor craven at my heels dare cry,  
*‘ Hector hath whelm'd the people in his pride. ’*  
Such cry might rise ; and then 'twere better far  
To have withstood and conquer'd Peleus' Son,  
Or died a glorious death beneath the walls.  
Perchance, if now I laid aside my shield  
And doff'd my helm, and left my spear reclined  
Against this wall, and went alone to greet  
My noble foe, and pledged to him my faith  
To render up to Atreus' royal Sons  
Helen, and with her whatsoe'er of spoil  
The barks of Alexander bare to Troy  
(For this was the beginning of the strife) ;—  
And, this beside, to halve amongst the foe

ἀλλ' ἀποδάσσεσθαι, ὅσα τε πτόλις ἦδε κέκευθεν·  
 Τρωσὶν δ' αὖ μετόπισθε γερούσιον ὄρκον ἔλωμαι  
 μή τι κατακρύψειν, ἀλλ' ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι·  
 [κτῆσιν ὅσῃν πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἐέργει·]  
 ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός ;  
 μή μιν ἐγὼ μὲν ἴκωμαι ἰὼν, ὃ δέ μ' οὐκ ἐλεήσει  
 οὐδέ π' ἴ μ' αἰδέσεται, κτενέει δέ με γυμνὸν ἐόντα  
 αὐτῶς ὥστε γυναῖκα, ἐπεὶ κ' ἀπὸ τεύχεα δύω.  
 οὐ μὲν πως νῦν ἔστιν ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης  
 τῷ ὀαρίζεσθαι, ἅτε παρθένος ἡιθέος τε,  
 παρθένος ἡιθέος τ' ὀαρίζετον ἀλλήλοισιν.  
 βέλτερον αὐτ' ἔριδι ξυνελαυνέμεν· ὅττι τάχιστα  
 εἶδομεν ὅπποτέρῳ κεν Ὀλύμπιος εὖχος ὀρέξῃ."

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Ὡς ὥρμαινε μένων, ὃ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 Ἴσος Ἐνναλίῳ, κορυθαίκι πτολεμιστῇ,  
 σείων Πηληϊάδα μελίην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὄμον  
 δεινὴν· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλείμπετο εἵκελος αὐγῇ  
 ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένου ἢ ἡελίου ἀνιόντον.

Ἔκτορα δ', ὡς ἐνόησεν, ἔλε τρώμους· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη  
 αὖθι μένειν, ὀπίσω δὲ πύλας λίπε, βῆ δὲ φοβηθείς.  
 Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐπόρουσε ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.  
 ἦ ὅτε κίρκος ὄρεσφιν, ἐλαφρότατος πετεηνῶν,  
 ῥηίδως οἴμησε μετὰ τρήρωνι πέλειαν·  
 ἢ δέ θ' ὑπαιθα φοβεῖται, ὃ δ' ἐγγύθει· ὃξὺν λεληκώς  
 ταρφέ' ἐπαΐσσει, ἐλέειν τέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀνώγει·  
 ὥς ἄρ' ὄγ' ἐμμεμαὼς ἰθὺς πέτετο, τρέσε δ' Ἔκτωρ  
 τεύχος ὑπο Τρώων, λαιψήρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.

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Οἱ δὲ παρὰ σκοπὴν καὶ ἐρινεὸν ἠνεμόεντα

All wealth, whate'er this city holds conceal'd ;  
And, having vow'd this vow, could I return  
And from the Trojan elders draw an oath  
Nought to secrete, but mete in two fair halves  
All this rich town's possessions—Ah, but tush !—  
Why doth my dear mind thus discourse to me ?  
Not so may I approach him ; neither grace  
Nor mercy would he show, but slay me there  
As helpless as a girl, without mine arms.  
No gentle tryst can our encounter be,  
No commune of a maiden with her swain  
Under an oak or off a pleasant rock !  
Better to meet in battle, hand to hand,  
And put it to the test, to whom the Lord  
Of all Olympus wills the nobler name."

Such thought he pondered where he stood , the while  
Achilles nearer drew, nor less of might  
Appear'd than Enyalios, when he shakes  
Crest terrible in battle ; dread that ash  
Of Pelion, as he brandish'd it on high  
O'er his huge shoulder, and about him flash'd  
His brazen armour, dazzling as the blaze  
Of flaming fire, or like the uprisen sun.

But when he saw him such, a tremour seized  
On Hector, nor his heart remain'd to bide  
The onset, and in sudden fear he sped  
Fleeing, yet left the gates behind his back  
On whom, well-weening of a peerless speed,  
Sprang then the other : as, on upland moor,  
Some falcon, nimblest of all feather'd fowls,  
Darts down all effortless upon a dove ;  
The dove beneath her, cowering, slants aside ;  
Then strong the falcon o'er her quarry swoops  
Shrill, and instinct with fiery will to slay ;  
Thus flew Achilles straight on Hector bent ;  
But he still fled along the wall of Troy  
Trembling, and swift in panic plied his limbs.

Hard by the wall, along the road they sped



τείχεος αἶεν ὑπέκ κατ' ἀμαξίτον ἐσσεύοντο,  
κρουνῶ δ' ἵκανον καλλιῤῥόω, ἐνθα τε πηγαὶ  
δοιαί ἀναίσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινηέντος.

\* ἦ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῶ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς  
γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς ὥσεί πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·

150

ἦ δ' ἐτέρη θέρει προρέει εἰκυῖα χαλάζῃ,  
ἦ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἦ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.  
ἐνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτῶν πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἕασιν  
καλοὶ λαίνεοι. ὅθι εἴματα σιγαλόεντα  
πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι καλαὶ τε θύγατρες  
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἱὰς Ἀχαιῶν.  
τῇ ῥα παραδραμέτην, φεύγων, ὁ δ' ὕπισθε διώκων·  
πρόσθε μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔφευγε, δίωκε δέ μιν μέγ' ἀμείνων  
καρπαλίμως, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ἱεράϊον οὐδὲ βοείην  
ἀρνύσθην, ἃ τε ποσσὶν ἀέθλια γίγνεται ἀνδρῶν,  
ἀλλὰ περὶ ψυχῆς θεόν "Εκτορος ἵπποδάμοιο·  
ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀεθλοφόροι περὶ τέρματα μώνυχες ἵπποι  
ρίμφα μάλα τρωχῶσι· τὸ δὲ μέγα κέεται ἄεθλον,  
ἦ τρίπος ἦε γυνή, ἀνδρὸς κατατεθνηῶτος·  
ὥς τῶ τρις Πριάμοιο πόλιν πέρι δινηθήτην  
καρπαλίμοισι πόδεσσι· θεοὶ δέ τε πάντες ὀρώντο.  
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·

160

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ φίλον ἄνδρα διωκόμενον περὶ τείχους  
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρώμαι· ἐμὸν δ' ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ  
"Εκτορος, ὅς μοι πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρί' ἔκην  
"Ἰδης ἐν κορυφῇσι πολυπτύχου, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
ἐν πόλει ἀκροτάτῃ· νῦν αὐτὲ ἐ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
ἄστν πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκει.  
ἀλλ' ἄγετε φράζεσθε, θεοὶ, καὶ μητιάσθε  
ἦέ μιν ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσομεν, ἦέ μιν ἦδη  
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλλῇ δαμίσσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἔοντα.”

170

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
“ὦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, κελαινεφές, οἶον ἔειπες·  
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἔοντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἵσῃ,  
ἀψ' ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσσυχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι ;

180

Still onward, and beyond the watch-tower pass'd  
And wind-swept fig-tree, to the limpid springs  
'The fountains of Scamander's whirling waves.  
The one with boiling waters leaps to light  
And smoke curls off it as from flaming fire ;  
The other ev'n in summer flows forth cold  
As chilly snow, or hail, or crystal ice.  
Nigh these in stone are wrought two fair broad tanks,  
Wherein the daughters and the dames of Troy  
Were wont to wash rich raiment, in the peace  
That was, or e'er Achaia's sons had come.  
Along this road the twain now ran, the one  
Fleeing, the other bending in pursuit.  
And brave was he who fled, but mightier far  
Who follow'd swift ; nor race was theirs to win  
Some prize of hide or sacrificial bull  
(Such prizes as on foot-race are bestow'd) ;  
Nay—but they ran for noble Hector's life.  
Yet, ev'n as racing steeds about a goal  
Wheel swift, for whom some precious stake is laid  
(A slave or tripod) at a chieftain's games,  
Ev'n thus around the walls of Priam wheel'd  
Those two as with a whirlwind ; while the Gods  
Hung on the sight, and Zeus, the sire supreme  
Of mortal and immortal, thus began :

“Shame on me, who behold a man so dear  
Thus hunted round Troy-wall : my heart pleads loud  
For Hector, who hath oft, off Ida's peaks,  
Or from his city's topmost pinnacle,  
Made me burnt-offerings of the fat of bulls ;  
Whom now with swiftest foot his heaven-sprung foe  
Hath thrice round Priam's palaces pursued.  
Ponder this therefore, heavenly Powers, and say :  
Or shall we pluck him from the death, or whelm  
Beneath Pelides one thus brave and true ?”

But azure-eyed Athene gave reply :  
“Most dread our Father ! Fall from thee these words ?  
A mortal man predestined to his doom,  
Would'st thou from death deliver ? Be it so ;

ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὐ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
 "θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὐ νύ τι θυμῷ  
 πρόφρονι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἥπιος εἶναι·  
 ἔρξον ὅπῃ δὴ τοι νόος ἐπλετο, μηδὲ τ' ἐρώει."

Ὡς εἰπὼν ὥτρυνε πείρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·  
 βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων αἰξάσα.

Ἐκτορα δ' ἀσπερχὲς κλονέων ἔφεπ' ὦκυν Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 ὥς δ' ὅτε νεβρὸν ὄρεσφι κύων ἐλάφοιο δίηται,  
 ὄρσας ἐξ εὐνῆς, διὰ τ' ἄγχεα καὶ διὰ βήσσας· 190  
 τὸν δ' εἵπερ τε λάθῃσι καταπτήξας ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,  
 ἀλλὰ τ' ἀνιχνεύων θέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα κεν εὔρη·  
 ὥς Ἐκτωρ οὐ λήθε ποδώκεα Πηλείωνα.  
 ὁσσάκι δ' ὀρμήσειε πυλάων Δαρδανιάων  
 ἀντίον αἰξασθαι, εὐδμήτους ὑπὸ πύργους,  
 εἴ πῶς οἱ καθύπερθεν ἀλάλκοιεν βελέεσσιν,  
 τοσσάκι μιν προπάροιθεν ἀποστρέψασκε παραφθὰς  
 πρὸς πεδίον· αὐτὸς δὲ ποτὶ πτόλιος πέτετ' αἰεὶ.  
 ὥς δ' ἐν ὀνείρῳ οὐ δύναται φεύγοντα διώκειν·  
 οὔτ' ἄρ' ὁ τὸν δύναται ὑποφεύγειν οὔθ' ὁ διώκειν· 200  
 ὥς ὁ τὸν οὐ δύνατο μάρψαι ποσὶν, οὐδ' ὅς ἀλύξαι.  
 πῶς δέ κεν Ἐκτωρ κῆρας ὑπεξέφυγεν θανάτοιο,  
 εἰ μὴ οἱ πύματόν τε καὶ ὕστατον ἦντετ' Ἀπόλλων  
 ἐγγύθεν, ὅς οἱ ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γούνα ;

Λαοῖσιν δ' ἀνένευε καρήατι διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 οὐδ' ἔα ἰέμεναι ἐπὶ Ἐκτορι πικρὰ βέλεμνα,  
 μή τις κῦδος ἄροιτο βαλὼν, ὃ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.

But be assured, no God will praise thy deed."

Then He who rules the clouds renew'd reply :  
" Cheer thee, Tritogeneia, mine own child ;  
I spake not the true meaning of my heart,  
And fain would show thee favour. Do thy will,  
Whate'er thy bent, nor longer now delay."

He spoke, and quicken'd in Athene's heart  
The spirit, erst flaming high, to higher flame ;  
Down darting from Olympus' heights she went.

Meantime fleetfoot Achilles harder bore  
On Hector, closing on him, as a hound  
Hunts o'er the upland, thorough glade and dell,  
Some fawn that he hath started from her couch :  
Under a brake, perchance, she cowers awhile  
Protected, but he counsell'st still about  
Unresting on her track until he find her ;  
Thus Hector might not 'scape his fleetfoot foe.  
But whensoe'er he sought again to rush  
Back to the front of those Dardanian gates,  
Under the shelter of the steadfast towers—  
If haply from the parapets above  
The Trojans might defend him with their darts—  
So oft his foe, outrunning, cut him off  
And drave him outward to the plain, yet still  
Safe in the inner circle ran himself.  
As one man hunts another in a dream,  
Vainly, and the other all as vainly flees ;  
Thus, neither could Achilles reach his foe,  
Nor Hector flee. Yet how had Hector 'vail'd  
Ev'n to protract this while his doom of death,  
Had not Apollo, once more coming forth  
Beside him, for the last time, kindled high  
His spirit, and fresh vigour through his limbs ?  
Yet still divine Achilles beckon'd back  
The Achaians, and with nod forbade them shower  
On Hector all their bitter hail of darts ;  
Lest haply some one smite him, and forestall  
The fame, and *he* be second at the death.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπὶ κρουνοὺς ἀφίκοντο,  
καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα.  
ξυ δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο, 210  
τὴν μὲν Ἀχιλλῆος, τὴν δ' Ἑκτορος ἵπποδάμοιο,  
ἔλκε δὲ μέσση λαβῶν· ῥέπε δ' Ἑκτορος αἵσιμον ἦμαρ,  
ᾗχετο δ' εἰς Ἀίδαο, λίπεν δὲ ἐ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.  
Πηλεΐωνα δ' ἔκανε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,  
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Νῦν δὴ νῶϊ γ' ἔολπα, διίφιλε φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
οἴσεσθαι μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιοῖσι προτὶ νῆας,  
Ἑκτορα δηῶσαντε, μάχης ἅτόν περ ἔόντα.  
οὐ οἱ νῦν ἔτι γ' ἔστι πεφυγμένον ἄμμε γενέσθαι,  
οὐδ' εἴ κεν μάλα πολλὰ πάθοι ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων 220  
προπροκυλινδόμενος πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν στήθι καὶ ἄμπνυε, τόνδε δ' ἐγὼ τοι  
οἰχομένη πεπιθήσω ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι.”

Ὡς φάτ' Ἀθηναίη, ὃ δ' ἐπειθέτο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,  
στή δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ μελῆς χαλκογλώχινος ἔρεισθéis.  
ἦ δ' ἄρα τὸν μὲν ἔλειπε, κιχήσατο δ' Ἑκτορα διῶν  
Δηϊφόβῳ εἰκυῖα δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·  
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἵσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἡθεῖ', ἦ μάλα δὴ σε βιάζεται ὥκυς Ἀχιλλεὺς,  
ἄστν πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων· 230  
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες.”

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἑκτωρ·  
“Δηΐφοβ', ἦ μὲν μοι τὸ πάρος πολὺ φίλτατος ἦσθα  
γνωτῶν, οὗς Ἑκάβη ἠδὲ Πριάμος τέκε παῖδας·  
νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ μᾶλλον νοέω φρεσὶ τιμήσασθαι,  
ὅς ἐτλης ἐμεῦ εἶνεκ', ἐπεὶ ἴδες ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
τείχεος ἐξελθεῖν, ἄλλοι δ' ἔντοσθε μένουσιν.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·  
“ἦθεῖ', ἦ μὲν πολλὰ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ

For the fourth time they now had reach'd the springs ;  
When the great Father stretch'd his golden scales,  
And therein cast two fates, on this side death  
To Hector, and on that to Pelcus' son ;  
And holding poised the balance , down, down sank  
The doom of Hector : far it sank and deep  
To Hades, and Apollo left him lone.

Then azure-eyed Athene came, and stood  
By Peleus' Son, and spake these wingèd words :  
“ O thou, the star of men and loved of Zeus !  
Soon shall we two achieve a noble name,  
Here in the face of all Achaia's host,  
On Hector, sateless though he be of war ;  
For whom no manner of refuge now remains ;  
Not though Apollo grovel on the floor  
Beseeching at the feet of Father Zeus.  
Stand therefore thou, and breathe thee ; I depart,  
And tempt him to assail thee, might to might.”

She spoke ; he heard her bidding, well-content,  
And rested, leaning on his brass spiked spear.  
She left him, and approach'd to Hector's side ;  
Like to Deiphobus in form and voice  
She made her, and address'd these wingèd words :

“ My brother, hunted thus around Troy-wall,  
Truly Achilles presseth hard upon thee :  
But, lo ! I come, together will we stand,  
Together bide the onset, and repel ”

To her the hero of the glancing helm :  
“ Ever of all my brothers, who were born  
Children of Priam and of Hecuba,  
Of old thou wast the dearest unto me ;  
But now, Deiphobus, ten thousand fold  
My heart doth bid me honour thee, who thus,  
Beholding this my plight, for my sole sake,  
Hast dared to issue single from the wall,  
Where others in their shelter bide secure.”

Whom still the Goddess answer'd of her guile :  
“ My brother, thou hast said it. At my knees  
Our father and dear mother knelt, in tears,

λίσσονται ἐξείης γουνούμενοι, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι, 240  
 αἰὲθι μένειν· τοῖον γὰρ ὑποτρομέουσιν ἅπαντες·  
 ἀλλ' ἐμὸς ἔνδοθι θυμὸς ἐτείρετο πένθει λυγρῷ.  
 νῦν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτε μαχώμεθα, μηδέ τι δοῦρων  
 ἔστω φειδωλή, ἵνα εἶδομεν εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 νῶϊ κατακτείνας ἔναρα βροτόεντα φέρηται  
 νῆας ἐπι γλαφυρὰς, ἧ κεν σῶ δουρὶ δαμήῃ·"

"Ὡς φαμένη καὶ κερδοσύνη ἡγήσατ' Ἀθήνη.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·

"Οὐ σ' ἔτι, Πηλεὺς υἱέ, φοβήσομαι, ὥς τὸ πάρος περ 250  
 τρὶς περὶ ἄστρῳ μέγα Πριάμου δίου, οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτλην  
 μείναι ἐπερχόμενον· νῦν αὖτέ με θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν  
 στήμεναι ἀντία σεῖο· ἔλοιμί κεν, ἧ κεν ἀλοίην.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δεῦρο θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα· τοὶ γὰρ ἥριστοι  
 μάρτυροι ἔσσονται καὶ ἐπίσκοποι ἁρμονιάων·  
 οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σ' ἔκπαγλον ἀεικιδῶ, αἶ κεν ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς  
 δώῃ καμμουήν, σὴν δὲ ψυχὴν ἀφέλωμαι·  
 ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ' ἐκέ σε συλήσω κλυτὰ τεύχε', Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοῖσιν δώσω πύλιν· ὥς δὲ σὺ ῥέξεις·"

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς·  
 "Ἐκτορ, μή μοι, ἄλαστε, συνημοσύνας ἀγόρευε. 261  
 ὥς οὐκ ἔστι λέουσι καὶ ἀνδράσιν ὄρκια πιστὰ,  
 οὐδέ λύκοι τε καὶ ἄρνες ὁμόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσιν,  
 ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέουσι διαμπερὲς ἀλλήλοισιν,  
 ὥς οὐκ ἔστ' ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ φιλήμεναι, οὔτε τι νῶϊν  
 ὄρκια ἔσσονται, πρίν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσύντα  
 αἵματος ἄσαι Ἀρηα, ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.  
 παντοίης ἀρετῆς μιμνήσκειο· νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ  
 αἰχμητὴν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.  
 οὐ τοι ἔτ' ἔσθ' ὑπάλυξίς, ἄφαρ δὲ σε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη 270

Beseeching, and my comrades came around,  
Praying me to remain ; such trembling fear  
Hath fall'n on all ; nor think but that my heart  
Was pierced with bitterest sorrow through and through.  
Yet have I come ; and let us charge right on  
Together ; nor be sparing of our spears  
Ere we have put the issue to the touch ;  
Whether Achilles shall destroy us twain  
And bear our blood-stain'd trophies to the fleet,  
Or whether he perish slain before thy spear."  
Guileful the Goddess spake, and drew him on.

And each had near'd the other on the field,  
When bright-helm'd Hector first address'd his foe :  
"No more, O Son of Peleus, as of late  
When thrice round Priam's palaces I coured  
Nor dared to wait thy coming, fear I now.  
Rather my heart now prompts me to withstand thee,  
To slay or to be slain, as Fate may will.  
Yet let there be one covenant betwixt us,  
Whereto the Gods be called in testimony,  
The guardians and high witnesses of pact.  
If, on my part, Zeus grants me to survive  
And take thy life, I wreak no outrage foul  
Upon thee, but yield back thy coise, unshamed,  
Save by the stripping of thy glorious arms ;  
'This will I do, Achilles, thus do thou."

Frowning, Achilles fiercely gave reply :  
"Speak not of pact to me, thou hound accursed !  
As men to lions, or as wolves to lambs,  
So I to thee ; and as 'twixt these and those  
Peace can be never, but unending hate,  
So thou and I can never be as friends.  
No victim's blood shall flow betwixt us shed  
Ere one or other, falling, pours it forth  
In stream to glut the drought of Ares' maw.  
Mind thee of all thy valour, now in sooth  
Need'st thou to show thee matchless in thy fence.  
For thee is no escape ; lo, on my spear  
Pallas Athene casts thee to thy doom !



ἔγχει ἐμῷ δαμάα· νῦν δ' ἄθρόα πάντ' ὑποτίσεις  
κῆδε' ἐμῶν ἐτάρων, οὓς ἔκτανες ἔγχει θύων."

Ἦ ρα καὶ ἄμπεπαλὼν προίει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.  
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο φαίδιμος Ἐκτωρ·  
ἔξετο γὰρ προιδὼν, τὸ δ' ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,  
ἐν γαίῃ δ' ἐπάγη· ἀνὰ δ' ἤρπασε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
ἅψ δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ δίδου, λάθε δ' Ἐκτορα, ποιμένα λαῶν.  
Ἐκτωρ δὲ προσέειπεν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα·

"Ἦμβροτες, οὐδ' ἄρα πώ τι, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ.  
ἐκ Διὸς ἡείδης τὸν ἐμὸν μύρον· ἦτοι ἔφης γε·  
ἀλλὰ τις ἄρτιεπὶς καὶ ἐπὶ κλοπὸς ἔπλεο μύθων,  
ὄφρα σ' ὑποδδείσας μένεος ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι.  
οὐ μὲν μοι φεύγουσι μεταφρένῃ ἐν δούρῳ πῆξιεν·  
ἀλλ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτι διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσον,  
εἴ τοι ἔδωκε θεός· νῦν αὖτ' ἐμὸν ἔγχος ἄλυναι  
χάλκεον· ὥς δὴ μιν σῶ ἐν χροῖ πᾶν κομίσαιοι·  
καὶ κεν ἑλαφρότερος πύλεμος Τρώεσσι γένουιτο  
σεῖο καταφθιμένιοι· σὺ γάρ σφισι πῆμα μέγιστον."

Ἦ ρα καὶ ἄμπεπαλὼν προίει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
καὶ βάλε Πηλεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτεν·  
τῆλε δ' ἄπεπλάγχθη σάκεος δόρυ· χώσατο δ' Ἐκτωρ  
ὅττι ρά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρὸς,  
στῆ δὲ κατηφής, οὐδ' ἄλλ' ἔχε μείλιον ἔγχος  
Δηΐφοβον δ' ἐκάλει λευκάσπιδα μακρὸν αἰσας·  
ῥητέε μιν δόρυ μακρόν· ὁ δ' οὔτι οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν.  
Ἐκτωρ δ' ἔγνω ῥῖσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φώνησέν τε·

"Ἄ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δὴ με θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσαν·  
Δηΐφοβον γὰρ ἔγωγ' ἐφύμην ἥρωα παρεῖναι·  
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν τείχει, ἐμὲ δ' ἐξαπίτησεν Ἀθήνη.  
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐγγύθι μοι θάνατος κακός, οὐδέ τ' ἄνευθεν,  
οὐδ' ἀλέῃ· ἦ γάρ ρα πάλαι τύγε φίλτερον ἦεν

This, this thy bloody reckoning for the wocs  
Of all whom thou hast slain beloved by me ! ”

Speaking, he whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear ;  
Bright Hector mark'd the flight, and shunn'd the shaft  
Down crouching ; o'er his head it flew and pierced  
The earth beyond, but Pallas pluck'd it up  
And moved to bear it to Achilles back,  
Unseen of princely Hector ; he in turn  
Prepared, and thus address'd his noble foe :

“ Ering thy hand, nor e'er that prescience came  
From Zeus, thou godlike warrior, of my doom.  
Thence didst thou vaunt it, glib of tongue and false,  
And fram'dst this lie, that haply thus beguiled  
I might be fearful and forget my might.  
But now no more I flee ; nor in my back  
Thy spear will fall ; if such be heaven's high will,  
Behold me, face to face, and in my breast  
Drive straight thy lance. Nay ! shun, if shun thou mayst,  
Mine in thy turn ; yet haply may it go  
Home with thee in thy flesh its length deep-driven !  
More lightly will the war then bear on 'Troy,  
When thou, her greatest evil, hast been slain.”

Speaking, he whirl'd on high, and hurl'd his spear ;  
Nor err'd, but on the midmost boss it struck  
The shield, yet far leap'd off it in rebound.  
And Hector groan'd in wrath, that that swift dart  
Had thus escaped his hand, and all in vain ;  
And stood, bewilder'd, lacking other spear.  
Loud to his brother of the sun-white targe  
He shouted with shrill call for second shaft  
Vainly for no Deiphobus was nigh.  
Then Hector knew his hour, and cried and said :

“ Clear, clear the Gods now call me to my death.  
To mine own heart I said, Deiphobus  
Stands by me, but behold within the walls  
He bides, and Pallas hath beguiled mine eyes  
Now death, fell death is on me, close at hand :  
Nor hope of refuge left ; for though they oft  
Erewhiles befriending saved me, yet this doom  
Was aye the issue clearer from old time

Ζηνί τε καὶ Διὸς υἱεὶ ἐκηβόλῳ, οἷ με πάρος γε  
 πρόφρονες εἰρύατο· νῦν αὖτέ με μοῖρα κιχάνει.  
 μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε καὶ ἀκλειδὸς ἀπολοῖμην,  
 ἀλλὰ μέγα ῥέξας τι καὶ ἔσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.”

“Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας εἰρύσσατο φάσγανον ὀξύ,  
 τό οἱ ὑπὸ λαπάρην τέτατο μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,  
 οἴμνησεν δὲ αἰεὶς ὥστ’ αἰετὸς ὑψιπετήεις,  
 ὅστ’ εἴσω πεδίονδε διὰ νεφέων ἔρεβεννῶν  
 ἄρπάξων ἢ ἄρ’ ἀμαλὴν ἢ πτώκα λαγῶν·  
 ὥς ἔκτωρ οἴμνησε τινάσσων φάσγανον ὀξύ.  
 ὠρμήθη δ’ Ἀχιλλεύς, μένεος δ’ ἐμπλήσατο θυμὸν  
 ἀγρίου, πρόσθεν δὲ σάκος στέρνοιο κάλυψε  
 καλὸν δαιδάλεον, κόρυθι δ’ ἐπένευε φαεινῇ  
 τετραφάλῳ· καλαὶ δὲ περισσεῖοντο ἔθειραι  
 χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἔει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμνείας.  
 οἷος δ’ ἀστὴρ εἴσι μετ’ ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ  
 ἔσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἴστυται ἀστὴρ,  
 ὥς αἰχμῆς ἀπέλαμπ’ εὐήκεος, ἣν ἄρ’ Ἀχιλλεύς  
 πάλλεν δεξιτερῇ φρονέων κακὸν ἔκτορι δίῳ,  
 εἰσορόων χροά καλὸν, ὅπη εἴξειε μίλιστα.  
 τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἄλλο τόσον μὲν ἔχε χροά χύλκεα τεύχη,  
 καλὰ, τὰ Πατρώκλοιο βίην ἐνείριξε κατακτείς·  
 φαίνεται δ’ ἡ κληῖδες ἀπ’ ὤμων αὐχέν’ ἔχουσιν,  
 λαυκαυήν, ἵνα τε ψυχῆς ὠκιστος ὀλεθρος·  
 τῇ ῥ’ ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτ’ ἔλασ’ ἔγχει δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 ἀντικρὺ δ’ ἀπαλοῖο δι’ αὐχένος ἤλυθ’ ἀκωκή·  
 οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ἀπ’ ἀσφάραγον μελήϊ τάμε χαλκοβίαια,  
 ὄφρα τί μιν προτιεῖποι ἀμειβόμενος ἐπέεσσιν.  
 ἦριπε δ’ ἐν κονίῃς· ὁ δ’ ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Ἐκτορ, ἀτάρ που ἔφης Πατροκλῆ’ ἐξαναρίζων  
 σῶς ἔσσεσθ’, ἐμὲ δ’ οὐδὲν ὀπίζω νοσφιν ἐύντα,  
 νήπιε· τοῖο δ’ ἀνευθὲν ἰοσσητὴρ μέγ’ ἀμείνων  
 νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρήσιν ἐγὼ μετόπισθε λελείμην,

Ev'n to Zeus' self, and Zeus' far-smiting Son.  
I fall, yet something, ere I fall, some deed  
Of noble note and prowess may be done,  
The tale of generations and their song."

Speaking, he drew the sharp bright brand, that hung  
Its huge and massy length below his hip,  
And, all his might collected, onward sprang.  
As some high-soaring eagle cleaves the clouds,  
Swooping to earth on lamb or quivering hare,  
With like swoop Hector came, and falchion drawn.  
Whom straight Achilles met, his heart surcharged  
With ruthless rage; athwart his breast he drew  
The shining shelter of the wondrous shield,  
And o'er his head the morion nodded bright  
Four-crested, and the golden tresses danced  
Thick-plumed in the cone by hands divine  
Bright as, most beauteous of the stars of heaven,  
The star of Hesper through the twilight glides,  
So bright the ray shot off the fiery spear  
Achilles brandish'd in a dread right hand,  
To wreak on noble Hector deadliest hurt,  
And pondering where the armour most might yield.  
That splendid panoply of brazen mail,  
The spoil and trophy of Patroclus slain,  
Screen'd Hector head to foot, yet left the skin  
There open, where the joints were clasp'd, betwixt  
Gorget and hauberk, at the throat, where death  
Comes quickest: deep in there Achilles drove  
His lance with utmost force of heart and hand;  
Sheer through the tender neck the point came forth;  
Yet sunder'd not the passage of the voice,  
That he might still make answer; down he dropt,  
And o'er him great Achilles spake his boast:  
"Hector, when thou hadst hewn Patroclus down,  
Thou saidst to thine own heart that thou wast safe,  
And countedst me, as absent, nothing worth.  
Fool! For, though he were dead, a mightier far  
Was yet aboard the galley left unslain  
The avenger of his blood, ev'n I, who now  
Have slack'd thy limbs. Thou therefore shalt be toss'd

ὅς τοι γούνατ' ἔλυσα. σὲ μὲν κύνες ἦδ' οἶωνοι  
ἐλκήσουσ' αἰκῶς, τὸν δὲ κτεριοῦσιν Ἀχαιοί."

Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·  
"λίσσομ' ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς καὶ γούνων σὼν τε τοκίων,  
μή με ἔα παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνας καταδάψαι Ἀχαιῶν,  
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν χαλκὸν τε ἔλῃς χρυσὸν τε δέδεξο,  
δῶρ' αἰ τί τοι δώσουσι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,  
σῶμα δὲ οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με  
Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχῃσι θανόντα."

310

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
"μή με, κύον, γούνων γουνάξω μηδὲ τοκίων·  
αἱ γάρ πως αὐτόν με μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνείη  
ᾧ μ' ἀποταμνόμενον κρέα ἔδμεναι, οἷόν μ' ἔοργας·  
ὥς οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅς σῆς γε κύνας κεφαλῆς ἀπαλάλκοι,  
οὐδ' εἰ κεν δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσινήριτ' ἄποινα  
στήσῃς· ἐνθάδ' ἄγοντες, ὑπύσχωνται δὲ καὶ ἄλλα·  
οὐδ' εἰ κεν σ' αὐτὸν χρυσῷ ἐρύσασθαι ἀνώγοι  
Δαρδανίδης Πριάμος· οὐδ' ὥς σέ γε πότνια μήτηρ  
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ὅν τέκεν αὐτή,  
ἰλλὰ κύνες τε καὶ οἶωνοι κατὰ πάντα δίδουσιν."

330

Τὸν δὲ καταθυήσκων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἔκτωρ·  
"ἦ σ' εὖ γιγνώσκων προτιύσσομαι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον  
πείσειν· ἦ γὰρ σοί γε σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός.  
φράξω νῦν μή τοί τι θεῶν μήνιμα γένωμαι,  
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
ἔσθλ' ἔοντ' ὀλέσωσιν ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν."

360

Ὡς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν,  
ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ βεθέων πταμένη Ἰδίοσδε βεβήκει,  
ὅν πότμον γούωσα, λιποῦσ' ἰδρυτῆτα καὶ ἦβην.  
τὸν καὶ τεθυηῶτα προσήδα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

"Τέθναθι· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὅππότε κεν δὴ  
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἦδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

'To vultures and to dogs the carrion prey,  
But he be laid with honour in his grave."

Whom Hector then with failing breath besought :  
"Lo, suppliant at thy knees, by thine own life,  
By thine own father and thy mother's love,  
I pray thee, I implore thee, suffer not  
Dogs to devour me mid my enemy's fleet !  
Take thou as much as may suffice thy heart  
Of brass or gold, all ransom shall my sire .  
Yield thee ungrudged ; but tender to my home  
My corse, that there the Trojans and their wives  
May grant the dead his dues of funeral-flame."

To him Achilles answer'd, frowning fierce :  
"Clasp not my knees, thou dog, nor speak of prayer !  
Rather I would the fury at my heart  
Hounded me on to hack thy limbs piecemeal,  
Yea, plunge mine own teeth greedy in thy flesh,  
For the ill thou hast wrought to me ! The man is not,  
'To drive devouring dogs from off thy head :  
Nor though they brought and set before my grasp  
Ten—twenty-fold thy proffer to redeem thee ;  
Not though the royal son of Dardanus  
Would ransom thee by thine own weight in gold ;  
Not then should thy loved mother win her wish  
'To lay thee and lament thee on thy bed ;  
No—dogs shall soon amongst them tear thy flesh."

Then, at the point of death, Hector replied :  
"Yea, knowing thee, this also I foreknew,  
I might not turn thee ; iron is thy heart.  
Yet now take heed, lest I become to thee  
Cause of the Gods' just anger, on the day  
When Paris and Apollo lay thee low,  
Maugre thy valour, in the Scæan gates."

And, while he spoke, death wrapp'd him round, and forth,  
Forth from his limbs the Spirit fled away,  
Mourning the bloom and vigour that it left,  
The beauty of manhood, and its own sad fate ;  
Achilles yet address'd him, lying dead :

"Die thou ! The Gods may slay me when they list !"  
He spoke, and pluck'd his weapon from the wound,

Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐκ νεκροῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,  
καὶ τόγ' ἀνενυθεν ἔθηχ', ὃ δ' ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἐσύλα  
αἱματόεντ'. ἄλλοι δὲ περίδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,  
οἳ καὶ θηήσαντο φῦν καὶ εἶδος ἀγητὸν  
Ἔκτορος· οὐδ' ἄρα οἷ τις ἀνουτητὶ γε παρέστη.  
ὦδε δέ τις εὔπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·

370

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δὴ μαλακώτερος ἀμφαφάισθαι  
ἔκτωρ ἢ ὅτε νῆας ἐνέπρησεν πυρὶ κηλέῳ.”

Ὡς ἄρα τις εὔπεσκε καὶ οὐτήσασκε παρασταῖς.  
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξενάριξε ποδιάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
στάς ἐν Ἀχαιοῖσιν ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·

“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,  
ἐπειδὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα θεοὶ δαμιάσασθαι ἔδωκαν,  
ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρρεξεν, ὅς οὐ σύμπαντες οἱ ἄλλοι,  
εἰ δ' ἄγετ' ἀμφὶ πύλιν σὺν τεύχεσσι πειρηθῶμεν,  
ὄφρα κέ τι γινώμεν Τρώων νόον, ὅντιν' ἔχουσιν,  
ἢ καταλείψουσιν πύλιν ἄκρην τοῦδε πεσύντος,  
ἢ ἐμένειν μεμάρσιν καὶ Ἔκτορος οὐκέτ' ἐόντος.  
ἀλλὰ τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός ;  
κεῖται πὰρ νῆεσσι νέκυς ἄκλαντος ἄθαρτος  
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσομαι, ὄφρ' ἂν ἔγωγε  
ζωοῖσιν μετέω καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη.  
εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀΐδαο,  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ κείθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.  
νῦν δ' ἄγ' ἀείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,  
νηυσὶν ἐπι γλαφυρήσι νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἄγωμεν.  
ἡρίμεθα μέγα κῦδος· ἐπέφνομεν Ἔκτορα δῖον,  
ὦ Τρῶες κατὰ ἄστυ θεῶ ὥς εὐχετόωντο.”

380

390

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἔκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μῆδετο ἔργα.  
ἀμφοτέρων μετόπισθε ποδῶν τέτρηνε τένοντε  
ἐς σφυρὸν ἐκ πτέρυγης, βοέους δ' ἐξήπτεν ἱμάντας,  
ἐκ δίφροιο δ' ἔδηση, κάρη δ' ἔλκεσθαι ἔασεν·

And planting this apart, 'gan strip the arms  
From off the corse, blood-stain'd ; the while around  
Flock'd others of Achaia's sons, and gazed  
Wondering upon the noble stately dead ;  
Nor woundless would they leave him, ev'n in death :  
And men, beholding, to each other cried :

“ Softer, in sooth, more yielding to our spears,  
Then when he burnt the ships, this hero now ! ”

Thus crying, who were nigh him, stabb'd the dead.

The arms despoil'd, fleetfoot Achilles rose  
Erect above the Achaeans, and he spake :

“ Comrades and chieftains, captains of the host !  
Seeing that the Gods have granted us to slay  
The man who, more than all together join'd,  
Was strong to do us hurt, now let us forth  
In arms about the city, so to seek  
Knowledge of what the Trojans now resolve ;  
Whether upon his fall they fleeing leave  
Their citadel unguarded, or have heart  
Sufficient to abide, though he be gone.  
But shame upon me, shame for this discourse,  
While still Patroclus lies amongst the ships  
Unhonour'd, unlamented, uninter'd !  
So long as I converse with living men,  
So long as these my limbs have spring beneath me,  
Never may I forget him : yea, the dead  
Are oft forgot in death's abode , but I  
Both here and yonder shall remember him.  
Come therefore, ye, the flower of Argos' host ;  
Singing our Pæan, to the fleet return  
And carry this his body to our bark.  
Praise, praise to us, and glory, who have slain  
Great Hector, very God adored of Troy ! ”

He spoke, and on the noble dead 'gan wreak  
Outrage most foul ; through either foot he bored  
The tendons from the ankle to the heel,  
Therein thrust thongs of hide, and strung them up  
Fast to the chariot's run, but let the head  
Trail ; then upsprang into the chariot's seat,



ἐς δίφρον δ' ἀναβὰς, ἀνὰ τε κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἀείρας,  
 μάλισταξέν ῥ' ἑλίαν, τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκουτε πετέσθην.

400

• τοῦ δ' ἦν ἔλκομένοιο κονίσσαλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται  
 κυάνεαι πίτναντο, κάρη δ' ἔπαιεν ἐν κονίῃσιν  
 κεῖτο πάρος χαρίεν· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς δυσμενέσσιν  
 δῶκεν ἀεικίσσασθαι ἥ ἢ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.  
 ὥς τοῦ μὲν κεκόνιτο κάρη ἄπαι· ἡ δὲ νῦν μύθηρ  
 τίλλε κόμην, ἀπὸ δὲ λιπαρὴν ἔρριψε κυλῖπτρην  
 τηλόσε· κώκυσεν δὲ μῖλα μῆγα παῖδ' ἐσιδούσῃ.  
 ὦμωξεν δ' ἑλεηνὰ πατὴρ φίλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ  
 κωκυτῷ τ' εἶχοντο καὶ οἰμωγῇ κατὰ ἄστυ.  
 τῷ δὲ μάλιστ' ἄρ' ἔην ἐναλίγκιον, ὥς εἰ ἵππυσσι  
 Ἰλῖος ὀφρυόεσσα πυρὶ σμύχοντο κατ' ἄκρης.  
 λαοὶ μὲν ῥα γέροντα μύγῃς ἔχον ἀσχαλύνοντα,  
 ἐξελθεῖν μεμαῶτα πυλάων Δαρδανυῖων.  
 πάντας δ' ἑλλιτάνευε κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον,  
 ἐξονομακλήδην ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·

410

“Σχέσθε, φίλοι, καὶ μ' οἷον εἴσατε, κηδύμενοί περ,  
 ἐξελθόντα πόληος ἰκέσθ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 λίσσωμ' ἀνέρα τοῦτον ἀτάσθαλον ὕβριμοεργόν,  
 ἦν πως ἡλικίην αἰδέσσεται ἡδ' ἐλεήσει  
 γῆρας· καὶ δέ νῦν τῷδε πατὴρ τοιόσδε τέτυκται,  
 Πηλεὺς, ὅς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ἔτρεφε πῆμα γενέσθαι  
 Τρωσί· μάλιστα δ' ἐμοὶ περὶ πάντων ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν.  
 τόσους γάρ μοι παῖδας ἀπέκτανε τηλεθάοντας·  
 τῶν πάντων οὐτόσσον ὀδύρομαι, ἀχνύμενός περ,  
 ὥς ἐνός, οὐ μ' ἄχος ὅξυ καιοίσεται Ἄϊδος εἴσω,  
 Ἐκτορος· ὥς ὕφελεν θανέειν ἐν χερσὶν ἐμῇσιν·  
 τῷ κε κορρυσσάμεθα κλαλούντ' ἐτε μυρομένῳ τε,

420

And, rearing high the armour of the slain,  
Lash'd on his steeds ; and, nothing loth, they flew.  
A cloud then gather'd round the trailing coise,  
The dark locks spread dishevell'd on the ground,  
And all that head lay draggled in the dust,  
So comely erst : for to his enemies now  
Zeus had deliver'd him in his own dear land.

Thus lay the head of Hector, trail'd in dust ;  
Whose mother then 'gan rend her hair and cast  
Her glistening robes from off her, uttering shrieks  
In anguish, as she there beheld her son ;  
And piteously his father sobb'd and moan'd ;  
And round him wept the people and the cry  
Of lamentation went throughout the town.  
'Twas as though Ilion from her beetling brow  
Were headlong hurl'd and smouldering in the flames  
Scarcely could the father in his grief be stay'd  
Struggling to issue single from the gates ,  
Heedless he grovell'd in the mire, and call'd  
Praying on any who might hear his cry,  
And name by name to each appeal'd and said ;  
“ Hold ye, my people ; let me go ; alone  
I go, and leave the city, and in tears  
Approach the Achaian fleet, and there beseech  
This barbarous, impious, terrible-handed man ;  
If for his own good name amongst his peers  
He haply may show mercy to old age ;  
For, like as I am, is his father now,  
Even Peleus, who begat him, to become  
The malison of Troy : but most, above  
All others, hath he heap'd his woes on me.  
Already, in the flower of early youth,  
So many of my children had he slain ;  
But not for all of these, though deep, so deep  
My grief, as now for one, for whom my tears  
Shall quickly drag me down to Hades' gloom.  
O Hector ! Hector ! would that thou hadst died  
Here in mine arms ! Some comfort might it be  
If I and she, whose piteous fate it was  
To bear thee, now might satisfy our souls

μήτηρ θ', ἥ μιν ἔτικτε δυσάμμορος, ἥδ' ἐγὼ αὐτός.”

“Ὡς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάζοντο πολῖται·  
Τρωῆσιν δ' Ἐκάβη ἀδινοῦ ἐξήρχε γόοιο·

430

“Τέκνον, ἐγὼ δειλὴ τί νυ βείομαι, αἰνὰ παθοῦσα,  
σεῦ ὑποτεθνηῶτος ; ὅ μοι νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμαρ  
εὐχολὴ κατὰ ἄστυ πελῆσκειο, πᾶσί τ' ὕνειαρ,  
Τρωσί τε καὶ Τρωῆσι κατὰ πτόλιν, οἳ σε θεὸν ὥς  
δειδέχατ'· ἥ γάρ κέ σφι μίλα μέγα κῦδος ἔησθαι  
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.”

“Ὡς ἔφατο κλαίονσ', ἄλοχος δ' οὐπω τι πέπυσται  
Ἑκτορος· οὐ γάρ οἱ τις ἐτήτυμος ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν  
ἡγγεῖλ' ὅττι ῥά οἱ πόσις ἔκτυθι μίμνε πυλίων,  
ἀλλ' ἦγ' ἰστὸν ὕφαινε मुखῷ δόμον ὑψηλοῦ  
δίπλακα πορφυρέην, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικίλ' ἔπασσεν.  
κέκλετο δ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν εὐπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα  
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στήσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὕφρα πέλοιται  
Ἑκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ μίχης ἐκ ρυστήσαντι,  
νηπίη, οὐδ' ἐνούησεν ὅ μιν μίλα τῆλε λοετρῶν  
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος δάμασε γλαυκῶπιν Ἀθήνη.  
κωκυτοῦ δ' ἤκουσε καὶ οἴμωγῆς ἀπὸ πύργου·  
τῆς δ' ἐλελίχθη γυῖα, χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε κερκίς.  
ἥ δ' αὖτις δμωῆσιν εὐπλοκάμοισι μετηύδα·

440

“Δεῦτε, δύο μοι ἔπεσθον, ἴδωμ' ὅτιν' ἔργα τέτυκται. 450  
αἰδοίης ἔκυρῆς ὑπὸς ἔκλυον, ἐν δ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ  
στήθεσι πάλλεται ἦτορ ἀνὰ στόμα, νέρβε δὲ γούνα  
πήγνυται· ἐγγὺς δὴ τι κακὸν Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν.  
αἱ γὰρ ἀπ' οὐατος εἶη ἐμεῦ ἔπος· ἀλλὰ μίλ' αἰνῶς  
δεῖδω μὴ δὴ μοι θρασὺν Ἑκτορα δίος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
μοῦνον ἀποτμήξας πόλιν, πεδλόνδε δέηται,

With tears and lamentation o'er thy corse."

He mourn'd, with whom the city mourn'd and wept,  
And Hecuba began the women's wail ;

"Dead, dead, my child ! And I must yet live on  
Forlorn, and wretched of this utter woe !  
Thou, who wast still my glory day and night  
In royal Ilion, and through Troy the stay  
Of all our sons and daughters : like a God  
They honour'd thee, and thou to them wast fame.  
Thus, thus it was, when thou wast yet alive ;  
Now Fate and Death possess thy fame and thee !"

Wailing, the mother spake, and ceased in tears."

Meantime his wife knew nought, for none had borne  
The message, that her husband thus had stood  
For single battle, and beyond the gates.  
Far in a quiet chamber of her home  
She sat above a web of smooth bright cloth,  
Enweaving an embroidery of flowers ;  
And to the fair-hair'd maidens in the hall  
Had called to set a caldron on a fire,  
That waters might stand heated for the bath  
Of Hector, when he came from battle home.  
Blind, blind ! not knowing, by Athene's wrath  
He from that bath dissever'd evermore  
Lay stretch'd beneath Achilles' mighty hand.  
Then her ear caught the sound of shriek and wail  
Borne from the watch-tower, and her limbs reel'd faint  
Beneath her ; from her hand the shuttle dropp'd ;  
And thus to those fair maids again she call'd :

"Two from amongst you rise, and follow me,  
Forth would I go to witness what hath pass'd.  
I heard my husband's mother cry aloud ;  
And mine own heart throbs palpitating in me,  
And my limbs stiffen : evil, I forbode,  
Is near the house of Priam. Woe the word,  
And may it pass from off my tingling ear !  
But much I dread, Achilles now hath driv'n  
Brave Hector from the city all aloof,  
And hunts him tow'rd the plain ; and now perchance

καὶ δὴ μιν καταπαύσῃ ἀγνηορίης ἀλεγεινῆς,  
ἢ μιν ἔχουσκέ, ἐπεὶ οὐποτ' ἐνὶ πληθυὶ μένεν ἀνδρῶν,  
ἄλλα πολὺ προθέεσκε, τὸ δὲ μένος οὐδενὶ εἴκων."

Ὡς φασμένη μεγάροιο διέσσυτο μαινάδι ἴση, 160  
παλλομένη κραδίην· ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολοι κίον αὐτῇ.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πύργον τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἴξεν ὄμιλον,  
ἔστη παπτήνας' ἐπὶ τείχεϊ, τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν  
ἐλκόμενον πρόσθεν πόλιος· ταχέες δέ μιν ἵπποι  
ἔλκον ἀκηδέστως κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.  
τὴν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νύξ ἐκάλυψεν,  
ἥριπε δ' ἐξοπίσω, ἀπὸ δὲ ψυχὴν ἐκάλυπσεν.  
τῆλε δ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς βύλε δέσματα σιγαλόμεντα,  
ἄμπυκα, κεκρύφαλόν τ' ἠδὲ πλεκτήην ἀναδέσμευεν  
κρήδεμνόν θ', ὃ ῥά οἱ δῶκε χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ 170  
ἡματι τῷ ὅτε μιν κορυθαίολος ἠγάγεθ' Ἑκτωρ  
ἐκ δόμου Ἡετίωνος, ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἔδνα.  
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν γαλῶν τε καὶ εἰνατέρες ἄλλες ἔσταν,  
αἷ' ἔμετὰ σφίσιν εἴχον ἰτυζομένην ἀπολέσθαι.  
ἢ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἄμπνυτο καὶ ἐς φρένα θυμὸς ἀγέρθη,  
ἀμβλήδην γούωσα μετὰ Τρωῆσιν ἔειπεν·

“Ἑκτορ, ἐγὼ δύστηνος· ἢ ἄρα γεινόμεθ' αἴσῃ  
ἀμφοτέροι, σὺ μὲν ἐν Τροίῃ Πριάμου κατὰ δῶμα,  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Θήβησιν ὑπὸ Πριάκῳ ὑληέσῃ  
ἐν δόμῳ Ἡετίωνος, ὃ μ' ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν εὐοῦσαν, 180  
δύσμορος αἰνόμερον· ὥς μὴ ὥφελλε τεκέσθαι.  
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν Ἀΐδαο δόμους ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης  
ἔρχεαι, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ στυγερῶ ἐνὶ πένθει λείπεις  
χῆρην ἐν μεγάροισι· πᾶσι δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὐτῶς,  
δὲ τέκομεν σύ τ' ἐγὼ τε δυσάμμοροι· οὕτε σὺ τούτῳ

Stays him for ever from that prowess high,  
That evil daring, that possess'd him quite,  
Who bore not to abide with other men,  
But still was foremost, yielding unto none ! ”

She spoke and, frenzied as a Mænad, flew  
Forth from the palace with a bursting heart.  
With her the maidens went ; and when they gain'd  
The turret, and the throng of townsmen there,  
One moment, 'wilder'd, on the wall she stood ;  
The next, she knew him trailing in the dust,  
And the swift horses dragging him to the fleet,  
Remorseless, and before the city's face.  
Then night in thickest darkness wrapp'd her eyes ;  
Backward with short and gasping breath she fell,  
And all the glittering head-dress from her hair—  
The fillet, and the band, and braided net,  
And that bright veil which golden Aphrodite  
Gave to her on the day when Hector came  
With thousand gifts, and led her from her home—  
Fell with her falling, shower'd abroad to earth.  
Round her the wretched parents and the wives  
Of all her husband's brethren crowding stood  
And bare her up, in swoon like unto death.  
But when she breathed again, and sense and thought  
Regathering came, with gasps and heaving sobs,  
Amongst the Trojan women thus she cried :

O Hector, Husband ! Hapless that I am !  
To one like fate we two in distant lands  
Were born ; thou here in Troy and Priam's halls ;  
I under Placos' woody mount, in Thebes,  
Far in the palace of Eetion,  
Who nursed and rear'd me through my infant years—  
Ill-fated father of worse-fated child,  
Whom would to Heav'n he never had begot !  
Now thou below the lowest depths of earth  
Art travelling on thy way to Hades' realm ;  
But me to uttermost distress thou leav'st  
A widow in thy house. And lo thy son  
Still infant, babe in arms, whom thou and I  
Brought forth ! Nor thou to him, for thou art dead,

ἔσσεαι, Ἴκτορ, ὄνειαρ, ἐπεὶ θάνες, οὔτε σοὶ οὗτος.  
 ἥνπερ γὰρ πόλεμόν γε φύγῃ πολύδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν,  
 αἰεὶ τοι τούτῳ γε πόνος καὶ κήδε' ὀπίσσω  
 ἔσσονται· ἄλλοι γάρ οἱ ἀπουρήσουσιν ἀρούρας.  
 ἡμάρ δ' ὄρφανικὸν παναφήλικα παῖδα τίθησιν·  
 490 πάντα δ' ὑπεμνήμυκε, δεδάκρυνται δὲ παρειαί.  
 δευόμενος δέ τ' ἄνεισι πάις ἐς πατρός ἐταίρους,  
 ἄλλον μὲν χλαίνης ἐρύων, ἄλλον δὲ χιτῶνος·  
 τῶν δ' ἐλεσχάντων κοτύλην τις τυτθὸν ἐπέσχευ  
 χεῖλεα μὲν τ' ἐδίην', ὑπερώην δ' οὐκ ἐδίηνεν.  
 τὸν δὲ καὶ ἀμφιθαλὴς ἐκ δαιτύος ἐστυφέλιξεν,  
 χερσὶν πεπληγῶς καὶ ὀνειδείοισιν ἐνίσσω  
 'ἔρρ' οὔτως· οὐ σὸς γε πατήρ μεταδαίνυται ἡμίλν·  
 δακρυόεις δέ τ' ἄνεισι πάις ἐς μητέρα χήρην,  
 Ἀστυάναξ, ὃς πρὶν μὲν ἐοῦ ἐπὶ γούνασι πατρός  
 500 μυελὸν οἷον ἔδεσκε καὶ οἷων πίονα δημόν·  
 αὐτὰρ ἥθ' ὕπνος ἔλοι, παύσαιτό τε νηπιαχεύων,  
 εὔδεσκέ' ἐν λέκτροισιν, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τιθήνης,  
 εὐνῇ ἐνὶ μαλακῇ, θαλέων ἐμπλησάμενος κῆρ·  
 νῦν δ' ἂν πολλὰ πάθῃσι, φίλου ἀπὸ πατρός ἀμαρτῶν,  
 Ἀστυάναξ, ὃν Τρῶες ἐπὶ κλησὶν καλέουσιν·  
 οἷος γάρ σφιν ἔρυσσεν πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρά.  
 νῦν δὲ σὲ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν, νόσφι τοκήων,  
 αἰόλαι εὐλαὶ ἔδονται, ἐπεὶ κε κύνες κορέσωνται,  
 510 γυμνόν· ἀτάρ τοι εἴματ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κέονται  
 λεπτά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, τετυγμένα χερσὶ γυναικῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι τάδε πάντα καταφλέξω πυρὶ κηλέῳ,  
 οὐδὲν σοίγ' ὄφελος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐγκείσεαι αὐτοῖς,  
 ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων κλέος εἶναι."

Ὡς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.

Canst ever be delight, nor he to thee.  
Yea—though he 'scape the perils of the war,  
Yet what but toil and care for him remain,  
Whom others still will rob of his estate?  
The orphan hath no friends; in fear he lives  
And trembling, and his cheeks are wet with tears.  
The child creeps up, and craving alms of men  
Who were his father's comrades in old time,  
Pulls at a cloak or flowing tunic's skut;  
Whereat they pity, and perchance hand down  
A slender cup, and suffer him to wet  
His lips, but barely moisten the parch'd throat.  
Or one, of either parent doubly bless'd,  
Thrusts him aside with blow and bitter gibe,  
*'Begone; with us thy father feasts not now'*  
Whence, weeping, to the widow runs her child.  
And this to him, Astyanax, who erst  
Was wont upon his father's knee to pick  
Of marrow only and the daintiest meats;  
Or, when, aweary of his childish sport,  
He rested to his slumber, laid him down  
In a rich chamber, on a happy bed,  
In gentle arms, and with sweet cates content.  
But now, his father gone, all evil hap  
Shall follow him, albeit by Troy surnamed  
*Prince of the city*; for by thee alone,  
O Hector, stood these battlements and towers!  
Yet now, amid the enemy's fleet, and far  
From father and from mother, writhing worms  
Shall of thy flesh eat all the dogs shall spare,  
There where thou liest uncover'd to the winds;  
Whose raiment, rich and delicate, and spun  
By hands of women in thy home remains.  
This will I burn upon a blazing pyre;  
Not that it can avail thee, when thyself  
Art lacking, but that honour may be done  
To thee by all thy country o'er the tomb!"  
She wail'd, and all the women echo'd wail.



# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ψ'.



Ἄθλα ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατὰ πτόλιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ  
ἐπειδὴ νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο,  
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσκίδναντο ἐὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος.  
Μυρμιδόνas δ' οὐκ εἶα ἀποσκίδνασθαι Ἀχιλλεύs,  
ἀλλ' ὅγε οἷs ἐτάροισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·

“Μυρμιδόνες ταχύπῳλοι, ἐμοὶ ἐρήρες ἐταῖροί,  
μὴ δὴ πῶ ὑπ' ὄχεσφι λυώμεθα μώνυχας ἵππους,  
ἀλλ' αὐτοῖs ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασιν ἄσσουν ἰόντες  
Πάτροκλον κλαίωμεν· ὃ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κ' ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο,  
ἵππους λυσάμενοι δορπήσομεν ἐνθάδε πάντες.”

10

Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ὥμωξαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ' Ἀχιλλεύs.  
οἱ δὲ τρὶς περὶ νεκρὸν εὐτρίχας ἤλασαν ἵππους  
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι Θέτις γόου ἕμερον ὤρσεν.  
δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν  
δάκρυσι· τοῖον γὰρ πόθεον μήστωρα φόβοιο.  
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλεΐδης ἀδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,  
χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσι ἐταῖρου·

“Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισιν·  
πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην,  
Ἔκτορα δεῦρ' ἐρύσας δώσειν κυσὶν ὦμὰ δάσασθαι,  
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσειν  
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολῶθεῖs.”

20

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἔκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μῆδετο ἔργα,  
πρηνέα παρ' λεχέεσσι Μενoitιάδαο τανύσας  
ἐν κοίῃs· οἱ δ' ἔντε' ἀφωπλίζοντο ἕκαστος  
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, λύον δ' ὑψηχέας ἵππους,

## ILIAD XXIII.

---

THUS Troy throughout her city wept and wail'd.  
Meanwhile, returning to their camp and fleet,  
The Achaians scatter'd, each to his own bark ;  
Only the Myrmidons their chief forbade  
To scatter, and bespake their gallant host :

“O famed for swiftest steeds, my countrymen,  
My comrades proved and loved ! Unyoke not yet  
Our horses ; but with horses and with cars  
Move we around Patroclus, making wail  
And dirge ; for this is what the dead desire.  
But when our souls are satisfied of wail,  
Loose then the steeds. and here we take repast.”

Hespoke ; and with one voice they mourn'd, whose dirge  
Achilles led. Lamenting still, they drive  
Thrice round the corse their steeds ; for in their hearts  
Thetis still fed the yearning unappeased.  
The sands were wet, their arms were wet, with tears,  
So brave, so dread, a warrior mourn'd they there ;  
Midmost, Pelides laid his slaughterous hands  
Across his comrade's breast, and led the dirge :

“Ev'n in the abode of death, Patroclus, hail !  
I hail thee ; and behold my vow fulfill'd—  
Hector dragg'd hither and the prey of dogs ;  
And twelve of Troy's fair sons shall next be slain,  
And flung for this my vengeance on thy pyre !”

He spoke, and on his noble foe 'gan wreak  
Outrage most foul, and stretch'd him stark and prone  
Beside Patroclus' bier in dust and mire.  
Then the whole host disarm'd them of their arms  
And glittering mail, and loosed their whinnying steeds :

καὶ δ' ἴζον παρὰ νηὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο  
 μυρίοι· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσι τάφον μενοεικέα δαίνυ.  
 πολλοὶ μὲν βόες ἀργοὶ ὀρέχθεον ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ  
 σφάζόμενοι, πολλοὶ δ' ὄιες καὶ μηκάδες αἶγες·  
 πολλοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ὕες, θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ,  
 εὐόμενοι τανύνουντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἑφαίστοιο·  
 πάντη δ' ἀμφὶ νέκυν κοτυλήρυτον ἔρρεεν αἶμα.

30

Αὐτὰρ τόνγε ἄνακτα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα  
 εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν,  
 σπουδῇ παρπεπιθόντες, ἑταίρου χωόμενον κῆρ.  
 οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἴζον ἰόντες,  
 αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λυγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσαν  
 ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στήσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, εἰ πεπίθοιεν·  
 Πηλεΐδην λούσασθαι ἅπο βρότου αἱματόεντα.  
 αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἥρνεϊτο στερεῶς, ἐπὶ δ' ὄρκον ὅμοσεν·

40

“Οὐ μὰ Ζῆν’, ὅστις τε θεῶν ὑπατος καὶ ἄριστος,  
 οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ λοετρὰ καρήατος ἄσπον ἰκέσθαι,  
 πρίν γ' ἐνὶ Πάτροκλον θέμεναι πυρὶ σῆμά τε χεῦναι  
 κείρασθαι τε κόμην, ἐπεὶ οὐ μ' ἔτι δεύτερον ὧδε  
 ἵξετ' ἄχος κραδίην, ὅφρα ζωῶσι μετείω.  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι νῦν μὲν στυγερῇ πειθώμεθα δαιτὶ·  
 ἠῶθεν δ' ὄτρυνον, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,  
 ὕλην τ' ἀξέμεναι παρὰ τε σχεῖν ὅσσ' ἐπιεικὲς  
 νεκρὸν ἔχοντα νέεσθαι ὑπὸ ζόφον ἡερόεντα,  
 ὅφρ' ἦτοι τοῦτον μὲν ἐπιφλέγῃ ἀκάματον πῦρ  
 θάσσον ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, λαοὶ δ' ἐπὶ ἔργα τράπωνται.”

50

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἦδ' ἐπίθοντο.  
 ἔσσυμένως δ' ἄρα δόρπον ἐφοπλίσσαντες ἕκαστοι  
 δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐίσσης.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πύσιος καὶ ἑδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔνυτο,  
 οἱ μὲν κακκεῖοντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδ' ἕκαστος,

And by the galley of Æacides  
Thousands on thousands sate them down, the while  
He dealt them dainty meats for funeral-feast ;  
Many a sturdy ox beneath the knife  
Slaughter'd, and many a sheep and bleating kid,  
Groan'd then their last ; and boars, with ivory tusks  
And chines of glistening fat, were outstretch'd whole  
Spitted athwart Hephæstus' flaming fires,  
And blood ran forth like water round the corse.

Himself, fleetfoot Achilles, lord of all,  
The chieftains of Achaia's host, with hard  
Persuasion (for his grief was bitter still),  
Led slow to royal Agamemnon's tent ;  
And when to the pavilion of the king  
• They passing came, they straight with order call'd  
Unto the clear-voiced heralds of the host  
To set a massive caldron on a fire,  
If haply they might move Pelides there  
To cleanse his body of the clotted blood ;  
But strongly he denied them, and he sware  
An oath upon it :

“ Nay, by Him who reigns  
Mightiest above all Gods, by Zeus supreme,  
Never may water on my head be pour'd,  
Ere I have laid him on his pyre, and heap'd  
His cairn, and shorn the forelock from his brow.  
For hap what may, while I am of the world,  
No second woe can touch me like to this.  
Partake we now, albeit we loathe, this feast.  
But with the morrow's dawn speed thou, O King,  
Thy people to bring wood, and all wherewith  
'Tis seemly that the dead should furnish'd go  
Beyond the misty distance of the west.  
So early from our sight the sateless flames  
Shall take him, and the nations turn to war.”

He spoke ; to whom they hearken'd, nothing loth ;  
And each one with all zest prepared and ate  
The feast, nor any lack'd his equal mess ;  
And when the craving pass'd of drink and meat,  
They scatter'd each to slumber in his tent.

Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐπὶ θινὶ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης  
 κεῖτο βαρὺ στενάχων, πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν, 60  
 ἐν καθαρώ, ὅθι κύματ' ἐπ' ἠϊόνος κλύζεσκον·  
 εὔτε τὸν ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε, λύων μελεδήματα θυμοῦ,  
 νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· μάλα γὰρ κάμε φαίδιμα γυνῖα  
 "Ἐκτορ' ἐπαίσσων προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν.  
 ἦλθε δ' ἐπὶ ψυχῇ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο,  
 πάντ' αὐτῷ, μέγεθος τε καὶ ὄμματα κάλ', εἰκῦῖα,  
 καὶ φωνήν, καὶ τοῖα περὶ χροὶ εἴματα ἔστο·  
 στή δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Εὐδεις, αὐτὰρ ἐμεῖο λελασμένος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.  
 οὐ μὲν μεν ζῶντος ἀκήδεις, ἀλλὰ θανόντος· 70  
 θάπτε με ὅττι τάχιστα, πύλας Ἀΐδαο περήσω.  
 τῆλέ μ' ἐέργουσι ψυχαὶ, εἶδωλα καμόντων,  
 οὐδέ μὲ πω μίσγεσθαι ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο ἐώσιν,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτως ἀλάλημαι ἀν' εὐρυπυλῆς Ἀΐδος δῶ.  
 καί μοι δὺς τὴν χεῖρ', ὀλοφύρομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὖτις  
 νίσομαι ἐξ Ἀΐδαο, ἐπὴν με πυρὸς λελάχητε.  
 οὐ μὲν γὰρ ζωοί γε φίλων ἀπάνευθεν ἐταίρων  
 βουλὰς ἐζόμενοι βουλευόμεν, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν κῆρ  
 ἀμφέχανε στυγερή, ἥπερ λάχε γεινόμενόν περ· 80  
 καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ μοῖρα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 τείχει ὑπο Τρώων εὐηγενέων ἀπολέσθαι.  
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐφήσομαι, αἶ κε πίθηαι.  
 μὴ ἐμὰ σῶν ἀπάνευθε τιθήμεναι ὅστέ', Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 ἀλλ' ὁμοῦ, ὥς ἐτράφημεν ἐν ὑμετέροισι δόμοισιν,  
 εὐτέ με τυτθὸν ἐόντα Μενότιος ἐξ Ὀπύεντος  
 ἤγαγεν ὑμέτερόνδ' ἀνδροκτασίης ὑπο λυγρῆς,  
 ἥματι τῷ ὅτε παῖδα κατέκτανον Ἀμφιδάμαντος,  
 νήπιος, οὐκ ἐθέλων, ἀμφ' ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθεὶς·  
 ἔνθα με δεξάμενος ἐν δώμασιν ἱππύοτα Πηλεὺς

But all apart Achilles laid him down  
On the full-sounding Ocean's echoing shore,  
In open space, where billows dash'd up high ;  
And sleep, in softest cloud about him shed,  
Loosening the chain of sorrow round his heart,  
Seized him, whose bright-greaved limbs were faint, foredone  
With all the onslaught under windy Troy.  
O'er whom the Spirit of Patroclus came,  
In stature, and the garb around his limbs,  
And voice, and eyes, the likeness of the slain ;  
Above his head It stood, and spake, and said :  
    " Sleep'st thou, Achilles, and art thus of me  
Forgetful ? Whom in life thou ne'er didst fail,  
Him now thou fail'st in death. But hear my prayer ;  
Bury me now with speed, that I may pass  
The gates of Hades, where the other shades,  
The ghosts and phantoms of the feeble dead,  
Repel me still, nor suffer me to join  
Their shadowy throng beyond the Ocean-stream ;  
So through Death's open hall I flit forlorn.  
Give me thy hand, I pray thee, and farewell,  
A last farewell ; for when ye have bestow'd  
My pyre, I may not come from Hades more.  
Never again in this the upper life  
Shall we sequester'd from the throng of chiefs  
Together to sweet counsel sit us down.  
No, for the Fate, that was from birth my doom,  
Hath yawn'd upon me, and engulf'd me quite.  
And thou, though peer to Gods, art likewise doom'd  
To fall beneath the walls of heaven-sprung Troy.  
One last behest I lay upon thy love :  
Place not my bones, Achilles, far from thine ;  
But as we two within thy father's house  
Grew up together, from the day when first  
Menœtius brought me thither, then a boy  
But for sore guilt of blood from Opoeis  
Already exiled, having slain (a child  
Unwitting, and in quarrel o'er our dice),  
My playmate, son of king Amphidamas ;  
Then Peleus gave me refuge in his halls,

ἐτραφέ τ' ἐνδυκέως καὶ σὸν θεράποντ' ὀνόμηνεν·  
 ὥς δὲ καὶ ὅστέα νῶϊν ὁμῇ σορὸς ἀμφικαλύπτοι  
 [χρύσεος ἀμφιφορεὺς, τὸν τοι πόρε πότνια μήτηρ].” 90

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “τίπτε μοι, ἡθείη κεφαλῇ, δεῦρ' εἰλήλουθας  
 καὶ μοι ταῦτα ἕκαστ' ἐπιτέλλεαι; αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι  
 πάντα μάλ' ἐκτελέω καὶ πείσομαι ὥς σὺ κελεύεις.  
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἄσπον στήθι· μίνυνθά περ ἀμφιβαλόντες  
 ἀλλήλους, ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ὠρέξατο χερσὶ φίλησιν  
 οὐδ' ἔλαβε· ψυχὴ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς ἥύτε καπνὸς 100  
 ὥχετο τετριγυῖα. ταφῶν δ' ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς  
 χερσὶ τε συμπλατάγησεν, ἔπος δ' ὀλυφιδνὸν ἔειπεν·

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ ῥά τίς ἐστι καὶ εἰν Ἀίδαο δόμοισιν  
 ψυχὴ καὶ εἶδωλον, ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἐνὶ πάμπαν.  
 παννυχίη γάρ μοι Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο  
 ψυχὴ ἐφεστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε,  
 καὶ μοι ἕκαστ' ἐπέτελλεν, ἔικτο δὲ θέσκελον αὐτῷ.”

Ὡς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ' ἕμερον ὥρσε γόοιο·  
 μυρομένοισι δὲ τοῖσι φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως  
 ἀμφὶ νέκυν ἐλεεινόν. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων 110  
 οὐρῆάς τ' ὥτρυνε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀξέμεν ὕλην  
 πάντοθεν ἐκ κλισιῶν· ἐπὶ δ' ἀνὴρ ἐσθλὸς ὀρώρει,  
 Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.  
 οἱ δ' ἴσαν ὑλοτόμους πελέκεας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες  
 σειράς τ' εὐπλέκτους· πρὸ δ' ἄρ' οὐρῆες κίον αὐτῶν·  
 πολλὰ δ' ἀναυτα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κνημοὺς προσέβαν πολυπίδακος Ἴδης,  
 αὐτίκ' ἄρα δρῦς ὑψικόμους ταυαήκει χαλκῷ  
 τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι· ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κτυπέουσai  
 πῖπτουν. τὰς μὲν ἔπειτα διαπλήσσουντες Ἀχαιοὶ 120  
 ἔκδεον ἡμιόνων· ταὶ δὲ χθόνα πασσὶ दाτεῦντο

ἐλδόμεναι πεδίοιο διὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνά.

πάντες δ' ὑλοτόμοι φιλτροὺς φέρον· ὥς γὰρ ἀνώγει

Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.

καδ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀκτῆς βάλλον ἐπισχερῶ, ἔνθ' ἄρ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
φράσσατο Πατρόκλην μέγα ἡρίον ἡδὲ οἱ αὐτῷ.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάντα παρακάββαλον ἄσπετον ὕλην,

εἴατ' ἄρ' αὖθι μένοντες ἀολλέες. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς

αὐτίκα Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κέλευσεν

χαλκὸν ζώνουσθαι, ζεύξαι δ' ὑπ' ὅχεσφιν ἕκαστον

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ἵππους· οἱ δ' ὠρυνντο καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἔδυνον,

ἂν δ' ἔβαν ἐν δίφροισι παραιβάται ἡνίοχοί τε.

πρόσθε μὲν ἵππῃες, μετὰ δὲ νέφος εἵπετο πεζῶν,

μυρίοι· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι φέρον Πάτροκλον ἑταῖροι.

θριξὶ δὲ πάντα νέκυν καταείνυσαν, ἃς ἐπέβαλλον

κειρόμενοι· ὕπιθεν δὲ κάρη ἔχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς

ἀχνύμενος· ἔταρον γὰρ ἀμύμονα πέμπ' Ἀιδόσδε.

Οἱ δ' ὅτε χώρον ἵκανον ὅθι σφίσι πέφραδ' Ἀχιλλεὺς,

κάτθεσαν, αἶψα δέ οἱ μενοεικέα νήεον ὕλην.

ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς·

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στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,

τὴν ῥα Σπερχεῖῳ ποταμῷ τρέφε τηλεθόωσαν·

ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·

“Σπερχεῖ', ἄλλως σοίγε πατὴρ ἡρήσατο Πηλεὺς,



Down through the brushwood, fain for level ground.  
The hewers, following, on their shoulders bare  
Lopp'd boughs ; for thus Meriones, their chief,  
The squire of mild Idomeneus, gave word.  
And down they flung and stack'd them on the strand,  
There where Achilles plann'd to rear on high  
For his own self, and for the dead, one tomb.

These, having flung the fagots down, in stacks  
Unnumber'd, halted there and sate them down.  
But all the warlike host of Myrmidons  
Achilles bade to gird them in their mail.  
Upspringing to his call, they donn'd their arms ;  
And fighting men and drivers, side by side,  
Mounted their chariots ; in procession march'd  
The horsemen ; but, behind, a cloud of foot,  
Myriads, and in their midst they bare the pall.  
And all the body on the bier was veil'd  
With tresses, which the mourners from their locks  
Had shorn and cast upon him ; at his head  
Stately Achilles moved, and bare it up  
In tears ; so blameless, so beloved, the chief  
He help with burial to the bourne of death.<sup>1</sup>

Him they laid down, arrived upon the spot  
Appointed of Achilles, and, in pile  
To please his inmost soul, 'gan heap the wood.  
Meantime across their chieftain came the thought  
Of yet one other honour to the dead.  
Standing a little space from off the pyre,  
His yellow locks, which, till that hour, unshorn  
Were nurtured, to the stream Spercheius vow'd,  
He there dissever'd, and, much-moved, with gaze  
Far o'er the purpling ocean, pray'd and said :

“ Not this, Spercheius, was my father's vow,

<sup>1</sup> The entreaty made by Patroclus at the commencement of this Book is sufficient to explain the manner in which the rites of burial were supposed to precede, instead of following, the final entry into the state of death.

κεῖσέ με νοστήσαντα φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν  
 σοί τε κόμην κερέειν ῥέξειν θ' ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην,  
 πεντήκοντα δ' ἔνορχα παρ' αὐτόθι μῆλ' ἱερεύσειν  
 ἐς πηγὰς, ὅθι τοι τέμενος βωμός τε θυΐεις.  
 ὥς ἡρᾶθ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δέ οἱ νόον οὐκ ἐτέλεσσας.  
 νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,  
 Πᾶτρόκλῳ ἥρωϊ κόμην ὀπάσαιμι φέρεσθαι.”

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“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἐτάριοιο φίλοιον  
 θῆκεν, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑψ' ἕμερον ὥρσε γόοιο.  
 καὶ νῦ κ' ὀδυρομένοισιν ἔδυ φάος ἡελίοιο,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αἶψ' Ἀγαμέμνονι εἶπε παραστάς·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ—σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν  
 πείσονται μύθοισι—γόοιο μὲν ἔστι καὶ αἶσαι.  
 νῦν δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι  
 ὀπλῆσθαι· τάδε δ' ἀμφιπονησόμεθ' οἷσι μάλιστα  
 κῆδέος ἔστι νέκυς· παρὰ δ' οἷ τ' ἀγοὶ ἄμμι μενόντων.”

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Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγ' ἄκουσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 αὐτίκα λαὸν μὲν σκέδασεν κατὰ νῆας ἔϊσας,  
 κηδεμόνες δὲ παρ' αὐθι μένου καὶ νήεον ὕλην,  
 ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμποδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,  
 ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ.  
 πολλὰ δὲ ἔφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἔλικας βοῦς  
 πρόσθε πυρῆς ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντων  
 δημὸν ἐλὼν ἐκάλυψε νέκυν μεγάρθυμος Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, περὶ δὲ δρατὰ σώματα νήει·  
 ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας,  
 πρὸς λέχεα κλίνων· πίσυρας δ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους  
 ἐσσυμένως ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ, μεγάλα στεναχίζων.  
 ἐννέα τῷγε ἄνακτι τραπεζῆες κύνες ἦσαν·  
 καὶ μὲν τῶν ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ δύο δειροτομήσας,  
 δώδεκα δὲ Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς

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Then when he pray'd that to my own dear land  
I might return, and there above the founts,  
Where are thy fragrant altar and thy shrine,  
Offer my hair with hallow'd sacrifice  
Of fifty rams beside those waters slain ;  
He vow'd ; but thou fulillest not his thought.  
So, since 'tis doom'd that I may ne'er return,  
Suffer me that I render to my friend,  
A glory to Patroclus, these my locks."

Speaking, he closed the hair within the hand  
Of the dear dead, and quicken'd in all hearts  
Yearning of lamentation ; and the sun,  
That rose upon them wailing, so had sunk,  
Had not the chief approach'd the King, and said :

"To thee I come, Atides, for the host  
Will hear thy voice. Ev'n to this dear lament  
Some limit of satiety is set.  
Disperse them therefore from the pyre, and bid  
All others to their supper ; we alone,  
The nearest and the dearest to the dead,  
Abide, and labour o'er him to the end ;  
And with us let the nobles likewise bide."

Whose word the monarch heard, and straight dispersed  
The people through their galleys ; only bode  
His kith and kin, and heap'd the wood. Four-square,  
A hundred feet on either side, they framed  
The pyre, and on the summit laid the corse,  
Sore-stricken to their hearts ; then many a sheep,  
Many a horn'd and slow-paced ox they flay'd  
And carved before the pyre ; and from them all  
Noble Achilles peel'd the fat, wherewith  
He swathed the corse from foot to head, but flung  
The baskets of their bodies on the pile ;  
Then brimm'd large ponderous jars with honey and oil,  
And fix'd them tow'rd the litter half aslope ;  
And slew four noble steeds, and heaved and hurl'd them  
High on the wood and louder groan'd his grief.  
Nine favourite dogs were fed beneath his board,  
Of these he now slew two, and cast them on ;  
And after these, those twelve fair sons of Troy,

χαλκῷ δηϊόων· κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μῆδετο ἔργα·  
 ἐν δὲ πυρὸς μένος ἦκε σιδήρεον, ὄφρα νέμοιτο.  
 ὦμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·

“ Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀίδαο δόμοισιν·  
 πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην. 180  
 δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων νίεας ἐσθλοὺς,  
 τοὺς ἄρα σοὶ πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει· Ἐκτορα δ' οὔτι  
 δώσω Πριαμίδην πυρὶ δαπτέμεν, ἀλλὰ κύνεσσιν.”

Ὡς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας· τὸν δ' οὐ κύνες ἀμφεπένοντο,  
 ἀλλὰ κύνας μὲν ἄλαλκε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη  
 ἤματα καὶ νύκτας, ῥοδύεντι δὲ χρίεν ἐλαίῳ  
 ἀμβροσίῳ, ἵνα μὴ μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἔλκυστάζων.  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ κυάνεον νέφος ἤγαγε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων  
 οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε, κάλυψε δὲ χώρον ἅπαντα,  
 ὅσσον ἐπεῖχε νέκυς, μὴ πρὶν μένος ἡελίοιο 190  
 σκίλῃ· ἀμφὶ περὶ χροῖα ἵεντο ἡδὲ μέλεσσιν.

Οὐδὲ πυρὴ Πατρόκλου ἐκαίετο τεθνηῶτος.  
 ἐνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε ποδιάρκης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς δοιοῖς ἡρᾶτ' ἀνέμοισιν,  
 Βορρῇ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ, καὶ ὑπέσχετο ἱερὰ καλὰ·  
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ σπένδων χρυσέῳ δέπαι λιτάνευεν  
 ἐλθέμεν, ὄφρα τάχιστα πυρὶ φλεγεθοῖατο νεκροί,  
 ὅλη τε σεύαιτο καήμεναι. ὥκέα δ' Ἴρις  
 ἀράων αἰουσα μετὰγγελος ἦλθ' ἀνέμοισιν.  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρα Ζεφύριοιο δυσσεῖος ἀθρόοι ἔνδον 200  
 εἰλαπίνην δαίνυντο· θέουσα δὲ Ἴρις ἐπέστη  
 βηλῷ ἐπὶ λιθέῳ. τοὶ δ' ὥς ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,  
 πάντες ἀνήϊξαν, κάλεόν τέ μιν εἰς ἑ ἕκαστος·  
 ἢ δ' αὖθ' ἔζεσθαι μὲν ἀνήνατο, εἶπε δὲ μῦθον·

“ Οὐχ ἔδος· εἰμι γὰρ αὖτις ἐπ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα,  
 Αἰθιοπῶν ἐς γαίαν, ὅθι ῥέξουσ' ἑκατόμβας

He flung there slaughter'd ;—unto murderous deeds  
The mind within him wrought ;—and, last, he lit  
Fire's unremorseful might to feed on all ;  
Then, groaning heavily, invoked the dead :  
“ All hail, Patroclus ! Even in death's abode  
I bid thee hail : behold my vows fulfill'd ;  
Twelve sons of noble Trojans at thy side,  
Whom with thee fire devours ; but Priam's son,  
Hector, to fire I give not, but to dogs.”

He spoke with idle threat ; for not the dogs  
Round Hector then were busy ; night and day  
O'er him watch'd Aphrodite, born of Zeus,  
And drove the dogs from off him, and with oil  
Ambrosial of pure roses laved his limbs,  
Anointing, that, despite the outrage foul,  
Nor harm nor taint might rest upon the dead.  
And o'er him, from the heavens to the earth,  
Phœbus Apollo drew a violet cloud,  
Darkening the region of the earth and air  
Above, below, the body, lest the sun  
Parch the fair skin about his limbs and reins.

Nor yet the pyre was kindled to a flame.  
Then of yet one more rite Achilles thought :  
Standing a little space from off the pyre,  
Long to the mighty Blasts of north and west  
He utter'd prayer and costliest offering vow'd ;  
Frequent he shed libation from a cup  
Of gold, and oft entreated their approach,  
To burn up with all speed the corse with fire,  
And shake the smouldering faggots to a blaze.  
Whose prayer swift Iris heard, and straight she hied  
Her errand to the Winds. Within the halls  
Of stormy Zephyr gather'd, feasting sate  
The Winds, when Iris straight before them stood,  
There on the threshold-stone ; whom all sprang up  
Beholding, and each beckon'd to his side ;  
But she would not be seated, but began :

“ I sit not ; for forthwith I needs must hie  
Hence to the Æthiop land, to Ocean's shore,

ἀθανάτοις, ἵνα δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ μεταδαίσομαι ἱρῶν  
 ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς Βορέην ἥδ' Ἰφύριον κελαδαινὸν  
 ἐλθεῖν ἀρᾶται, καὶ ὑπίσχεται ἱερὰ καλὰ,  
 ὅφρα πυρὴν ὄρσητε καήμεναι, ἣ ἔνι κεῖται  
 Πάτροκλος, τὸν πάντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἀχαιοί."

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Ἢ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τοὶ δ' ὀρέοντο  
 ἡχῇ θεσπέσῃ, νέφεα κλονέοντε πάροιθεν.  
 αἶψα δὲ πόντον ἵκανον ἀήμεναι, ὦρτο δὲ κύμα  
 πνοῇ ὑπὸ λιγυρῇ· Τροίην δ' ἐρίβωλον ἰκέσθην,  
 ἐν δὲ πυρῇ πεσέτην, μέγα δ' ἴαχε θεσπιδαῆς πῦρ.  
 παυνύχιοι δ' ἄρα τοίγε πυρῆς ἄμυδις φλόγ' ἐβαλλον,  
 φυσῶντες λιγέως· ὁ δὲ πίνυγχος ὥκυσ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 χρυσεύς ἐκ κρητῆρος, ἔλῶν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,  
 οἶνον ἀφυσάμενος χαμάδις χέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν,  
 ψυχὴν κυκλήσκων Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο.  
 ὥς δὲ πατὴρ οὗ παιδὸς ὀδύρεται ὅστέα καίων,  
 νυμφίου, ὅστε θανὼν δειλοὺς ἀκάχησε τοκῆας,  
 ὥς Ἀχιλεὺς ἐτάρριο ὀδύρετο ὅστέα καίων,  
 ἐρπύζων παρὰ πυρκαϊῇν, ἀδινὰ στεναχίζων.

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Ἦμος δ' Ἔωσφόρος εἴσι φόως ἐρέων ἐπὶ γαῖαν,  
 ὄντε μέτα κροκόπεπλος ὑπεῖρ ἄλα κίδναται ἡὺς,  
 τῆμος πυρκαϊὴ ἐμαραίνετο, παύσατο δὲ φλόξ.  
 οἱ δ' ἄνεμοι πάλιν αὖτις ἔβαν οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι  
 Θρηάκιον κατὰ πόντον· ὁ δ' ἔστενεν οἴδματι θύων.  
 Πηλεΐδης δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς ἐτέρωσε λιασθεὶς  
 κλίνθη κεκμηὼς, ἐπὶ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὄρουσεν.  
 οἱ δ' ἄμφ' Ἀτρεΐωνα ἀολλέες ἡγερέθοντο,  
 τῶν μιν ἐπερχομένων ὄμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ἔγειρεν.  
 ἔξετο δ' ὀρθωθείς καὶ σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

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“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,

Where hecatombs in offering to the Gods  
Are slaughter'd, and of these will I partake.  
But this my errand, that Achilles prays  
Your swift approach, and costliest offering vows,  
So that ye kindle to a blaze the pyre,  
Whereon with full observance now is laid  
Patroclus, mourn'd of all Achaia's sons."

She spoke and straightway vanish'd. But, with roar  
Beyond all mortal utterance, rose the Winds,  
And roll'd the clouds in mass before their march,  
And, breathing storm, came down upon the sea.  
The waves rose high under their sounding blasts.  
But they, arriv'd upon the shore of Troy,  
Fell on the pyre ; beneath their breath divine  
Loud roar'd the flame ; and all night long they blew  
Ceaseless, and to and fro they toss'd the fire ;  
And all night long Achilles, drawing wine  
In a large goblet from a golden urn,  
Down-shower'd it ; wetting all the earth around,  
And crying on the Spirit of his friend.  
Yea, as a father, weeping, burns the bones  
Of some dear son, young-wedded (and his death  
Hath pierced his mother's and dear father's hearts)  
Ev'n thus Achilles, weeping, burn'd the bones  
Of the dead chief, moving with head bent down  
Along the pinewood pile, and sobbing still.  
But when the harbinger of light on earth  
Came forth, the Star of dawn, in whose bright wake  
Morn robed in saffron raiment showers her beams  
On Ocean—then in ashes dropp'd the pyre  
And ceased the flames ; and o'er the Thracian deep,  
That murmur'd foaming up beneath their wings,  
The Winds swept back, returning to their hall.

Again Pelides moved short space apart  
And stretch'd him down outwearied : o'er him sleep  
Fell sweet and sudden ; but the host 'gan flock  
Regathering round Atrides, and the hum  
And murmur of their coming woke the chief.  
Upright he starting sate, and thus began :

" Lords, chieftains, captains of Achaia's host,

πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσατ' αἴθοπι οἴνω  
 πᾶσαν, ὅποσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 ὅστέα Πατρόκλοιο Μενoitιάδαο λέγωμεν  
 εὖ διαγιγνώσκοντες· ἀριφραδέα δὲ τέτυκται·  
 ἐν μέσση γὰρ ἔκειτο πυρῇ, τοὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἀνευθεν  
 ἐσχατιῇ καίοντ' ἐπιμίξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ ἄνδρες.  
 καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν χρυσῇ φιάλῃ καὶ δίπλακι δημῶ  
 θείομεν, εἰσόκεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἄϊδι κεύθωμαι.  
 τύμβον δ' οὐ μάλα πολλὸν ἐγὼ πονέεσθαι ἄνωγα,  
 ἀλλ' ἐπιεικέα τοῖον· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἀχαιοὶ  
 εὐρύν θ' ὑψηλὸν τε τιθήμεναι, οἳ κεν ἐμεῖο  
 δεύτεροι ἐν νήεσσι πολυκλήϊσι λίπησθε."

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ὧς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἐπίθοντο ποδώκεϊ Πηλεΐωνι.  
 πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνω,  
 ὅσσον ἐπὶ φλόξ ἦλθε, βαθεῖα δὲ κάππεσε τέφρη·  
 κλαίοντες δ' ἐτάροιο ἐννέος ὅστέα λευκὰ  
 ἄλλεγον ἐς χρυσῇ φιάλῃ καὶ δίπλακα δημόν,  
 ἐν κλισίῃσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῶ λιτὶ κάλυψαν·  
 τορνώσαντο δὲ σῆμα θεμελίῳ τε προβάλλοντο  
 ἀμφὶ πυρήν· εἴθαρ δὲ χυτὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἔχευαν.  
 χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 αὐτοῦ λαὸν ἔρυκε καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρύν ἀγῶνα,  
 νηῶν δ' ἔκφερ' ἄεθλα, λέβητάς τε τρίποδάς τε,  
 ἵππους θ' ἡμιόνοὺς τε βοῶν τ' ἵφθιμα κάρηνα,  
 ἠδὲ γυναῖκας ἐυζῶνους, πολλίον τε σίδηρον.

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Ἴππεῦσιν μὲν πρῶτα ποδώκεσιν ἀγλά' ἄεθλα  
 θῆκε γυναῖκα ἄγεσθαι ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυῖαν  
 καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτάεντα δυωκαιεκοσίμετρον,



And thou, their sovran prince, of Atreus Son,  
I pray you first throughout the pinewood pile  
To quench with sparkling wine whate'er of flame  
Yet smouldering bides within it ; then with search  
Distinguish we, and gather up the bones  
Of him, our Chief deplored, Menoëtius' Son.  
Not undistinguishable lie the bones ;  
For him upon the midmost pyre we laid  
Alone ; but all that else was with him burn'd, ~  
The captives, and the steeds, about the edge.  
Then will we place within a golden urn  
His ashes, swathed in cauls against the air,  
To rest till I be likewise lost in death.  
His tomb I call not on you now to raise  
To its full height, but build some cairn of malk,  
Thus"—signing with his finger as he spake—  
"And see that ye, my people, who are left  
Hereafter my survivors in the fleet,  
Rear this to breadth and height above us twain."

The fleetfoot hero spake, and they obey'd ;  
They quench'd the pinewood pyre with sparkling wine,  
Where'er the fire yet smoulder'd ; and the pile  
Fell deep together, into ashes sunk :  
Then, weeping, gather'd in a golden urn  
And doubly swathed against the outer air  
The white-bleach'd bones of him, their most beloved.  
This in a tent they placed, with linen veil ;  
But of the tomb they drew the lines, and cast  
Foundations wide around the pyre, whereon  
They heap'd up earth, and when the cairn was heap'd  
Departed back.

But, meantime, Peleus' Son  
Stay'd all the people there, and bade them sit  
In a wide circle, and from out his ships  
Brought caldrons, tripods, and grey iron-ore,  
Horses, strong-throated oxen, sturdy mules,  
And well-girt maidens—prizes for the games.  
Then for a chariot-race he first set forth  
The guerdons : for the winner's meed, a maid  
Well-girt, and skill'd in every gentle craft,  
With one huge-handled tripod, capable

τῷ πρώτῳ· ἀτὰρ αὖ τῷ δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκεν  
 ἐξέτε' ἀδμήτην, βρέφος ἡμίονον κυέουσιν·  
 αὐτὰρ τῷ τριτάτῳ ἄπυρον κατέθηκε λέβητα  
 χαλδόν, τέσσαρα μέτρα κεχανδότα, λευκὸν ἔτ' αὐτῷ·  
 τῷ δὲ τετάρτῳ θῆκε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,  
 πέμπτῳ δ' ἀμφίθετον φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἔθηκεν.  
 στή δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

270

“ Ἀτρεΐδῃ τε καὶ ἄλλοι εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἱππῆας τὰδ' ἄεθλα δεδεγμένα κεῖτ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.  
 εἰ μὲν νῦν ἐπὶ ἄλλῳ ἀεθλεύοιμεν Ἀχαιοί,  
 ἦ τ' αὖ ἐγὼ τὰ πρῶτα λαβὼν κλισίηνδε φεροίμην.  
 ἵστε γὰρ ὅσσον ἐμοὶ ἀρετῇ περιβάλλετον ἵπποι  
 ἀθάνατοί τε γάρ εἰσι, Ποσειδάων δ' ἔπορ' αὐτοὺς  
 πατρὶ ἐμῷ Πηληϊῇ, ὃ δ' αὖτ' ἐμοὶ ἐγγυάλιξεν.  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·  
 τοῖον γὰρ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπώλεσαν ἡνιόχοιο,  
 ἡπίου, ὃ σφῶϊν μάλα πολλάκις ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον  
 χαιτῶν κατέχευε, λοέσσας ὕδατι λευκῷ.  
 τὸν τῶγ' ἐσταότες πενθείετον, οὐδεὶ δέ σφιν  
 χαῖται ἐρηρέδαται, τῷ δ' ἐστατον ἀχυνμένω κῆρ.  
 ἄλλοι δὲ στέλλεσθε κατὰ στρατὸν, ὅστις Ἀχαιῶν  
 ἵπποισιν τε πέποιθε καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν.”

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“Ὡς φάτο Πηλεΐδης, ταχέες δ' ἱππῆες ἄγερθεν.  
 ὦρτο πολὺν πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὐμηλος,  
 Ἀδμήτου φίλος υἱὸς, ὃς ἵπποσύνην ἐκέκαστο·  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδείδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,  
 ἵππους δὲ Τρωοὺς ὑπαγε ζυγόν, οὓς ποτ' ἀπηύρα  
 Αἰνείαν, ἀτὰρ αὐτὸν ὑπεξεσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων.  
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδης ὦρτο ξανθὸς Μενέλαος  
 διογενῆς, ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἡγαγεν ὠκέας ἵππους,  
 Αἶθην τὴν Ἀγαμέμνονέην τὸν ἐόν τε Πόδαργον·  
 τὴν Ἀγαμέμνονι δῶκε Ἀγχισιάδης Ἐχέπωλος  
 δῶρ', ἵνα μὴ οἱ ἔποιθ' ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἡνεμόεσσαν,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ τέρποιτο μένων· μέγα γάρ οἱ ἔδωκεν

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Of measures two-and-twenty ; for the next,  
A mare, six years of age, and big with foal  
(A mule) and still unbroken ; for the third  
A caldron, fair to view, unstain'd by fire,  
White from the maker's hand, and capable  
Of four good measures ; for the fourth, of gold  
Two talents ; for the fifth, a chalice large  
With double cup, untarnish'd yet by fire ;—  
Then rose erect, and spake before them all :

“Atrides, and Achaia's mailèd host !  
These prizes stand before you in the ring,  
Waiting the champions in a chariot-race.  
Full well ye wot, that, held we now these games  
In other's honour, I should bear the first  
Of a most certain surety to my tent ;  
•Who know of what surpassing excellence  
My horsès, for they come of heavenly birth ;  
Which great Poseidon to my father gave,  
Peleus, and Peleus hath bestow'd on me.  
But I, and they alike, will rest this day ;  
So dear the hero they have lost—their brave,  
Their gentle groom, who with clear water oft  
Would cleanse their manes, and with rich oil anoint :  
Whom now they stand lamenting, and their manes  
Have droop'd to earth ; with aching hearts they stand.  
But let who else soe'er of Argos' host  
Trusts in his horses and his joinèd car,  
Haste to get forth his chariot to the race.”

He spoke ; the charioteers assembled soon.  
And first Eumelus rose, the King of men,  
Admetus' son, in driving unsurpass'd ;  
Then Diomed, the gallant Tydeus' son,  
And yoked those steeds of Troy whereof he spoil'd  
Æneas, though Apollo saved their lord ;  
Then Menelaus of the auburn locks ;  
Who with his own Podargus yoked the mare,  
Æthè, his brother's, which Anchisius' son,  
Prince Echepolus, had of late bestow'd  
On Agamemnon, lest he should be call'd  
To war in Ilion and away from home ;—

Ζεὺς ἄφενος, ναίεν δ' ὄγ' ἐν εὐρυχόρῳ Σικυῶνι.  
 τὴν δ' ὅγ' ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἦγε, μέγα δρόμου ἰσχανώωσαν.  
 Ἀντίλοχος δὲ τέταρτος ἐύτριχας ὠπλίσαθ' ἵππους,  
 Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς, ὑπερθύμοιο ἀνακτος,  
 τοῦ Νηληιάδαο. Πυλοιγενέες δέ οἱ ἵπποι  
 ὠκύποδες φέρον ἄρμα. πατήρ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παραστάς  
 μυθεῖτ' εἰς ἀγαθὰ φρονέων νοέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ.

“Ἀντίλοχ’, ἦτοι μέν σε, νέον περ ἔόντ’, ἐφίλησαν  
 Ζεὺς τε Ποσειδάων τε, καὶ ἵπποσύνας ἐδίδαξαν  
 παντοίας· τῷ καὶ σε διδασκέμεν οὔτι μάλα χρεώ·  
 οἴσθα γὰρ εἴ περὶ τέρμαθ’ ἐλίσσόμεν· ἀλλὰ τοι ἵπποι  
 βάρδιστοι θελύν· τῷ τ’ οἶω λοίγι’ ἔσσεσθαι.  
 τῶν δ’ ἵπποι μὲν ἔασιν ἀφάρτεροι, οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτοὶ  
 πλείονα ἴσασιν σέθεν αὐτοῦ μητίσασθαι.  
 ἀλλ’ ἄγε δὴ σὺ, φίλος, μῆτιν ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ  
 παντοίην, ἵνα μή σε παρεκπροφύγησιν ἄεθλα.  
 μήτι τοι δρυτόμος μέγ’ ἀμείνων ἢ βίηφι·  
 μήτι δ’ αὖτε κυβερνήτης ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ  
 νῆα θοὴν ἰθύνει ἐρεχθομένην ἀνέμοισιν·  
 μήτι δ’ ἡνίοχος περιγίγνεται ἡνίοχοιο.  
 ἀλλ’ ὅς μὲν θ’ ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασιν οἴσι πεποιθὼς  
 ἀφραδέως ἐπὶ πολλὸν ἐλίσσεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,  
 ἵπποι δὲ πλανῶνται ἀνὰ δρόμον, οὐδὲ κατίσχει·  
 ὅς δέ κε κέρδεα εἰδῇ ἐλαύνων ἤσσοντας ἵππους,  
 αἰεὶ τέρμ’ ὁρόων στρέφει ἐγγύθεν, οὐδέ ἐ λήθει  
 ὅπως τὸ πρῶτον τανύσῃ βοέοισιν ἱμάσιν,  
 ἀλλ’ ἔχει ἀσφαλέως καὶ τὸν προὔχοντα δοκεύει.  
 σῆμα δέ τοι ἐρέω μάλ’ ἀριφραδὲς, οὐδέ σε λήσει.  
 ἔστηκε ξύλον αὖου, ὅσον τ’ ὄργυι’, ὑπὲρ αἴης,  
 ἢ δρυὸς ἢ πεύκης, τὸ μὲν οὐ καταπίθεται ὄμβρῳ,  
 λαε δὲ τοῦ ἐκάτερθεν ἐρηρέδαται δύο λευκὰ  
 ἐν ξυνοχῇσιν ὁδοῦ, λείος δ’ ἱππόδρομος ἀμφίς·  
 ἢ τευ σῆμα βροτοῖο πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,  
 ἢ τόγε νύσσα τέτυκτο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων,  
 καὶ νῦν τέρματ’ ἔθηκε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

For large the substance wherewithal great Zeus  
In Sicyon's spacious vale had bless'd his house :—  
This mare, all glowing to the race, he yoked.  
Fourth rose Antilochus, the noble son  
Of Nestor, Neleus' son, bravehearted chief ;  
Whose steeds were bred in Pylos, and by whom  
His father stood and gave a counsel sage,  
Advising thus, skill'd father to skill'd son :

“ Antilochus, despite thy youth, the Gods  
Zeus and Poseidon of their love have taught  
All skilful lore in manage of the car ;  
Wherefore I need not teach thee ; thine own self  
Know'st well to round the corner of the goal.  
Yet, forasmuch as of the enter'd steeds  
Thine are the slowest, I forbode thee harm.  
Howbeit, although their horses are more swift,  
The drivers have not more of skill than thou ;  
And therefore, son, collect within thy mind  
Thy knowledge, lest the prize should slip thy hands.  
By skill, far more than strength, man fells the oak ;  
By skill the pilot on the purpling deep  
Guides the swift wind-toss'd galley where he lists ;  
So by skill mainly will a driver win.  
In steeds and chariot putteth one his trust,  
And wanders wide at random to and fro,  
Whose horses stray, nor he constrains them back.  
But he who knows his art, albeit he drive  
Worse steeds, yet, eyeing still the goal, wheels close  
The corner round ; nor from the start forgets  
To feel his horses' mouths, but holds them well  
Restrain'd, and waiting on the car in front.  
The goal I clearly tell thee, lest thou err ;  
A wither'd trunk, a fathom's height, of oak,  
Or fir, some wood that rots not with the rain,  
Stands up ; and on each hand two huge white stones  
Are propp'd. The course is smooth on either side,  
But there the way is straiten'd : years ago,  
Maybe, it mark'd the tomb of some dead man,  
Or else a racing-point in olden time,  
Ev'n as Achilles makes it now our goal.

τῷ σὺ μάλ' ἐγχιρίμψας ἐλάαν σχεδὸν ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους,  
 αὐτὸς δὲ κλινθῆναι εὐπλέκτῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ  
 ἦκ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοῖν· ἀτὰρ τὸν δεξιὸν ἵππον  
 κένσαι ὁμοκλήσας, εἷξαι τέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.  
 ἐν νύσση δέ τοι ἵππος ἀριστερὸς ἐγχιριμφθήτω,  
 ὥς ἂν τοι πλήμνη γε δοάσσεται ἄκρον ἰκέσθαι  
 κύκλου ποιητοῖο· λίθου δ' ἀλεασθαι ἐπαυρεῖν,  
 μή· πῶς ἵππους τε τρώσης κατὰ θ' ἄρματα ἄξης·  
 χάρμα δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἐλεγχεῖν δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ  
 ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ, φίλος, φρονέων πεφυλαγμένος εἶναι.  
 εἰ γάρ κ' ἐν νύσση γε παρεξελάσσησθα διώκων,  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅς κέ σ' ἔλθῃσι μετάλμενος οὐδὲ παρέλθῃ,  
 οὐθ' εἴ κεν μετόπισθεν Ἀρείονα δῖον ἐλαύνῃς,  
 Ἀδρήστου ταχὺν ἵππον, ὃς ἐκ θεόφιν γένος ἦεν,  
 ἦ τοὺς Λαομέδοντος, οἳ ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφεν ἐσθλοί·"

40

Ὡς εἰπὼν Νέστωρ Νηληΐος ἄψ' ἐνὶ χώρῃ  
 ἔξετ', ἐπεὶ ᾧ παιδί ἐκάστου πεῖρατ' ἔειπεν.

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Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα πέμπτος ἐύτριχας ὠπλίσσας ἵππους.  
 ἂν δ' ἔβαν ἐς δίφρους, ἐν δὲ κλήρους ἐβάλλοντο·  
 πᾶλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς, ἐκ δὲ κλήρος θόρε Νεστορίδαο  
 Ἀντιλόχου· μετὰ τὸν δ' ἔλαχε κρείων Εὐμηλος·  
 τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδης, δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος·  
 τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνης λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν· ὕστατος αὖτε  
 Τυδεΐδης, ὃχ' ἄριστος ἐὼν, λάχ' ἐλαυνέμεν ἵππους.  
 στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί, σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 τηλόθεν ἐν λείῳ πεδίῳ· παρὰ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶσεν  
 ἀντιθεὸν Φοῖνικα, ὁπάονα πατρὸς ἐοῖο,  
 ὥς μεμνέωτο δρόμου καὶ ἀληθείην ἀποείποι.

360

Οἱ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἐφ' ἵπποιν μάστιγας ἄειραν,  
 πέπληγόν θ' ἱμάσιν, ὁμόκλησάν τ' ἐπέεσσιν  
 ἐσσυμένως· οἱ δ' ὦκα διέπρησσαν πεδίλοιο,  
 νόσφι νεῶν, ταχέως· ὑπὸ δὲ στέρνοισι κονίη  
 ἵστατ' ἀειρομένη ὥστε νέφος ἥδ' θύελλα,

Graze this ; thy steeds and chariot drive quite near,  
Bending thy body on the well-built car  
Leftwards, and cheering on with goad and voice  
The off horse, give him rein ; but hold the near  
Close, that he graze the pillar, and it seem  
The nave on thy good wheel must raze its edge :  
Howbeit, beware thou strike not on the stone,  
Lest so thou harm thy steeds and break thy car—  
Joy to thine enemies, to thyself disgrace.  
Be guarded, dear my son, take careful heed ;  
For, if thou couldst but pass them at the post,  
Not one amongst them could o’ertake thee then,  
Not though he drive Adrastus’ noble horse  
Arion, sprung of race divine, nor though  
The coursers of Laomedon be his,  
Sprung of Troy’s splendid breed, and nurtured here.”

Thus spake Neleian Nestor ; and, when all  
Of import had been utter’d to his son,  
Moved back and sate him down. Meriones,  
The gallant follower of Idomeneus,  
Fifth for the race, made ready glossy steeds.

They mounted on their chariots, and cast lots.  
Achilles shook the helm, and forth the lot  
Leap’d first of Nestor’s son, Antilochus ;  
The next the royal chief Eumelus gain’d ;  
The next brave Menelaus, Atreus’ son ;  
By whom to stand obtain’d Meriones ;  
The noblest, Tydeus’ Son, was outmost placed.  
Then side by side they ranged them to the start,  
To whom Achilles signified their goal,  
Rising far out upon the level plain,  
And thither sent his father’s comrade old,  
The godlike Phoenix, as his scout to stand,  
Thence watch the race, and bear him true report.

Each rose with lash uplifted o’er his steeds,  
Smote with his thong, and kindled with his voice.  
Forth from the fleet they flew : beneath their chests  
The dust stood rising like a cloud or storm ;

χαίται δ' ἐρρώοντο μετὰ πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο.  
 ἄρματα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν χθονὶ πίνυατο πουλυβοτείρῃ,  
 ἄλλοτε δ' ἀίξασκε μετήορα. τοὶ δ' ἐλατῆρες  
 ἕστασαν ἐν δίφροισι πάτασσε δὲ θυμὸς ἐκάστου  
 νίκης ἱεμένων· κέκλοντο δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος  
 ἵπποις, οἳ δ' ἐπέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.

370

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον ὠκέες ἵπποι  
 ἄψ' ἐφ' ἄλδος πολίῃς, τότε δὴ ἀρετὴ γε ἐκάστου  
 φαίνεται, ἄφαρ δ' ἵπποισι τάθη δρόμος· ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα  
 αἱ Φηρητιάδαο ποδώκεες ἔκφερον ἵπποι.  
 τὰς δὲ μετ' ἐξέφερον Διομήδεος ἄρσενες ἵπποι,  
 Τρῳῆοι, οὐδέ τι πολλὸν ἀνευθ' ἔσαν, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐγγῶς·  
 αἰεὶ γὰρ δίφρου ἐπιβησομένοισιν ἐίκτην,  
 πνοιῇ δ' Εὐμήλοιο μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὦμα  
 θέρμετ'· ἐπ' αὐτῷ γὰρ κεφαλὰς καταθέντε πετέσθην.  
 καὶ νῦ κεν ἢ παρέλασσ', ἢ ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν,  
 εἰ μὴ Τυδέος υἱὶ κοτέσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,  
 ὅς ῥά οἱ χειρῶν ἔβαλεν μάστιγα φαεινὴν.  
 τοῖο δ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χύτο δάκρυα χωομένοιο,  
 οὔνεκα τὰς μὲν ὄρα ἔτι καὶ πολλὸν μᾶλλον ἰούσας,  
 οἳ δὲ οἳ ἐβλάβησαν ἀνευ κέντροιο θέοντες.  
 οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἀθηναίην ἐλεφηράμενος λάθ' Ἀπόλλων  
 Τυδείδην, μάλα δ' ὦκα μετέσσυτο ποιμένα λαῶν,  
 δῶκε δὲ οἱ μάστιγα, μένος δ' ἵπποισιν ἐνήκεν.  
 ἢ δὲ μετ' Ἀδμήτου υἷδν κοτέουσ' ἐβεβήκει,  
 ἵππειον δὲ οἳ ἦξε θεὰ ζυγόν· αἱ δὲ οἳ ἵπποι  
 ἀμφὶς ὁδοῦ δραμέτην, ῥυμὸς δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλύσθη.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη,  
 ἀγκωνάς τε περιδρύφθη στόμα τε ῥῖνός τε,  
 θρυλίσθη δὲ μέτωπον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι· τῷ δὲ οἳ ὅσσε  
 δακρυόφι πλήσθεν, θαλερὴ δὲ οἳ ἔσχετο φωνή.  
 Τυδείδης δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μῶνυχας ἵππους,  
 πολλὸν τῶν ἄλλων ἐξάλμενος· ἐν γὰρ Ἀθήνῃ  
 ἵπποις ἦκε μένος καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκεν.

380

390

400



Their manes went backward streaming with the wind ;  
One moment, skimming smooth the fruitful earth,  
The next, in mid air bounding, whirl'd the wheels ;  
The drivers show'd erect upon their cars ;  
And each for yearning of the victory  
Felt his heart throb within him ; each invoked  
Loudly his steeds. So show'd they o'er the plain,  
Clouded in dust ; but as they neared the post  
Where they should turn them tow'rd the sea again,  
Then was their mettle sorest tried, their pace  
Strain'd to the utmost ; fast then bore in front  
The fleetfoot mares of Pheretiades ;  
And next behind them the brave Trojan steeds  
Of Diomed, not far, but pressing close ;  
Each spring would lift them to the car in front ;  
Eumelus on his shoulders felt their breath  
Breathed hot ; they touch'd him with their heads ; and quick  
Had pass'd him, or had made a doubtful race,  
Had not Apollo, wroth with Tydeus' Son,  
Dash'd sudden from his hand the glittering goad ;  
Whose eyes grew big with tears for grief to see  
The mares shoot far and farther still ahead,  
Whilst his own steeds were maim'd in mid career,  
Running without a goad. But not unmark'd  
Pass'd it of Pallas, that Apollo thus  
Had wrong'd Tydides. Quickly to his side  
She sped, restored the goad, and breathed herself  
High spirit on his horses ; thence in wrath  
Hasted behind Adrastus' Son, and brake  
His yoke in sunder ; off the course his mares  
Stray'd and the pole was dash'd upon the earth ;  
Whilst headlong from his seat beside the wheel,  
With mouth and nostrils bleeding, elbows rent,  
And the smooth forehead bruised above his brows,  
Their lord was thrown ; whose voice was lost within him,  
And eyes were fill'd with tears : whilst, whirling by,  
Clear of the ruck Tydides flew in front ;  
Such mettle on his steeds Athene breathed,  
And gave him all the glory of that day.

τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδης εἶχε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.

Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἐοῖο

“Ἐμβητον καὶ σφῶι· τιταίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.

ἦτοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐρίζεμεν οὔτι κελεύω,

Τυδεΐδew ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη

νῦν ὥρεξε τάχος καὶ ἐπ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκεν.

ἵππους δ' Ἀτρεΐδαο κιχάνετε, μηδὲ λήπησθον,

καρπαλλίμως, μὴ σφῶϊν ἐλεγχείην καταχεύη

Αἴθη θήλυς ἐούσα· τίη λείπεςθε, φέριστοι;

ὦδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, καὶ μὴν τετελεσμένον ἔσται·

410

οὐ σφῶϊν κομιδὴ παρὰ Νέστορι ποιμένι λαῶν

ἔσσεται, αὐτίκα δ' ὕμμε κατακτενεῖ ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ,

αἶ κ' ἀποκηδήσαντε φερώμεθα χεῖρον ἄεθλον·

ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον ὅττι τάχιστα.

ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς τεχνήσομαι ἥδὲ νοήσω,

στεινωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ παραδύμεναι, οὐδέ μὲ λήσει.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλήν

μᾶλλον ἐπεδραμέτην ὀλίγον χρόνον· αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα

στεῖνος ὁδοῦ κοίλης ἶδεν Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης.

ῥωχμὸς ἦν γαίης, ἥ χειμέριον ἄλῃν ὕδωρ

420

ἐξέρῃξεν ὁδοῖο, βάθυνε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα·

τῇ ῥ' εἶχεν Μενέλαος ἀματροχιάς ἀλεείνων.

Ἀντίλοχος δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους

ἐκτὸς ὁδοῦ, ὀλίγον δὲ παρακλίνας ἐδίωκεν.

Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἔδδεισε καὶ Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐγεγώνει·

“Ἀντίλοχ', ἀφραδέως ἱππάζεαι· ἄλλ' ἀνεχ' ἵππους·

στεινωπὸς γὰρ ὁδὸς, τάχα δ' εὐρυτέρῃ παρελάσσεις,

μή πως ἀμφοτέρους δηλήσεται ἄρματι κύρσας.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔλαυνεν

κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, ὥς οὐκ αἰοῦντι ἐοικώς.

430

ὅσσα δὲ δίσκου οὔρα κατωμαδίῳ πέλονται,

ὄντ' αἰζῆς ἀφήκεν ἀνὴρ, πειρώμενος ἥβης,

τόσσον ἐπεδραμέτην· αἱ δ' ἠρώησαν ὀπίσσω

Ἀτρεΐδew· αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐκὼν μεθέηκεν ἐλαύνειν,

μή πως συγκύρσειαν ὁδῷ ἐνι μώνυχες ἵπποι,

δίφρους τ' ἀνστρέψειαν ἐϋπλεκέας, κατὰ δ' αὐτοὶ

ἐν κούρησι πέσοιεν ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης.

τὸν καὶ νεικεῖων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·

Next after whom was following Atreus' Son,  
When to his father's steeds Antilochus :

“ Put yourselves forth, ye two : strain every nerve :  
With those good horses of brave Tydeus' Son  
I may not bid you vie ; Athene grants  
To them such strength, and crowns him with such fame.  
But pass Atrides ; nor disgrace your breed,  
Vanquish'd by Æthè, vanquished by a mare.  
Why lag ye thus ? I warn you what shall hap :  
If of your slackness worse the prize we win,  
No more shall ye at royal Nestor's hands  
Have tendance, but he straight shall slay you both.  
On therefore, on together ; whilst I plan  
How best to pass him in the narrow way,  
There where he scarce can shun me, in the strait.”

• He spoke. They, quivering to their driver's cry,  
Answer'd the call a little space, till soon  
Their lord saw near the narrow strait a cleft  
Wherein the water had in winter stood,  
Broken the course, and hollow'd all the ground.  
Atrides now was there, and shunn'd a clash :  
But, slanting from the roadway, Nestor's Son  
Quickened his steeds, then slanted back, and bare  
Full on him, who in fear cried out and said :

“ Recklessly art thou driving, Nestor's Son !  
The way is narrow here ; soon mightst thou pass  
In broader space ; rein back, lest on my car  
Thou clash, and with the encounter wreck us both.”

He spoke ; Antilochus but drove the more,  
Like one who heard not, goading on his steeds.

Far as a quoit-cast from the shoulder thrown  
Of some fresh youth assaying of his strength,  
So far together, neck to neck, they raced ;  
Atrides' mares then yielded, and fell back :  
Himself had ceased to urge them, lest perchance  
The steeds should clash upon the straiten'd course,  
O'erturn the well-built cars, and cast their lords  
Down in the dust, for victory all too keen ;  
Yet, as he yielded place, in wrath he cried :

“ Ἀντίλοχ’, οὔτις σεῖο βροτῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος·  
 ἔρρ’, ἐπεὶ οὐ σ’ ἔτυμόν γ’ ἔφαμεν πεπνύσθαι Ἀχαιοί 440  
 ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰν οὐδ’ ὥς ἄτερ ὄρκου οἴσῃ ἄεθλον.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο φώνησέν τε·  
 “ μή μοι ἐρύκεσθον μηδ’ ἔστατον ἀχυνμένω κῆρ.  
 φθήσονται τούτοισι πόδες καὶ γούνα καμόντα  
 ἢ ὑμῖν· ἄμφω γὰρ ἀτέμβονται νεότητος.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ’, οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλήν  
 μάλλον ἐπεδραμέτην, τάχα δέ σφισιν ἀγχι γέγοντο.

Ἀργεῖοι δ’ ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσορόωντο  
 ἵππους· τοὶ δὲ πέτοντο κούλυντες πεδίλοι.  
 πρῶτος δ’ Ἰδομενεὺς, Κρητῶν ἀγὼς, ἐφράσαθ’ ἵππους· 450  
 ἦστο γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρτατος ἐν περιωπῇ,  
 τοιοῦ δ’ ἀνευθεν ἐόντος ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας  
 ἔγνω· φράσσατο δ’ ἵππον ἀριπρεπέα προὔχοντα,  
 ὃς τὸ μὲν ἄλλο τόσον φοῖνιξ ἦν, ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ  
 λευκὸν σῆμ’ ἐτέτυκτο περίτροχον ἥντε μῆνη.  
 στή δ’ ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

“ ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,  
 οἷος ἐγὼν ἵππους αὐγάζομαι ἡὲ καὶ ὑμεῖς ;  
 ἄλλοι μοι δοκεύουσι παροίτεροι ἔμμεναι ἵπποι,  
 ἄλλος δ’ ἡνίοχος ἰνδάλλεται· αἱ δὲ πού αὐτοῦ 460  
 ἔβλαβεν ἐν πεδίῳ, αἱ κεῖσέ γε φέρτεραι ἦσαν.  
 ἦτοι γὰρ τὰς πρῶτα ἴδον περὶ τέρμα βαλούσας,  
 νῦν δ’ οὔπη δύναμαι ἰδέειν· πάντα δέ μοι ὅσσε  
 Τρωικὸν ἅμ πεδίον παπταίνετον εἰσορόωντι.  
 ἡὲ τὸν ἡνίοχον φύγον ἡνία, οὐδ’ ἐδυνάσθη  
 εὖ σχεθέειν περὶ τέρμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησεν ἐλίζας·  
 ἐνθα μιν ἐκπεσέειν ὁῶ σύν θ’ ἄρματα ἄξαι,  
 αἱ δ’ ἐξηρώησαν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.  
 ἀλλὰ ἴδεσθε καὶ ὕμμες ἀνασταδόν· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 εὖ διαγινώσκω· δοκεῖ δέ μοι ἔμμεναι ἀνὴρ 470  
 Αἰτωλὸς γεγεῆν, μετὰ δ’ Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσει,  
 Τυδεὺς ἵπποδάμου υἱὸς, κρατερὸς Διομήδης.”

"Speed ! To perdition speed, Antilochus !  
 No mortal man e'er did a fouler wrong.  
 Falsely Achaia deems thee brave and true :  
 Yet, save thou back'st it by an oath forsworn,  
 Thou shalt not by this practice bear the prize."

Then, to his horses turning, cried, and said :  
 "Be ye not stay'd, nor chafed overmuch.  
 Then feet and limbs shall fail them sooner far  
 Than yours ; for they are of a youth outworn."

He spoke, and, quivering to their driver's cry,  
 They answer'd, and soon near the others drew.

Meantime the people sate, and watch'd the steeds  
 Clouded in dust and flying o'er the plain :  
 Till first the Cretan Chief Idomeneus  
 Distinguish'd whose the horses . for he sate  
 High on a place of vantage and outside  
 The general circle ; whence he caught the voice  
 Cheering the foremost on, though still afar ;  
 And knew the leader, by conspicuous mark -  
 A chestnut all parts else, but on the brow  
 Like the full moon one bright white circle shone.  
 Erect above the others thus he spake :

"My friends, and captains of Achaia's host !  
 Do ye descry the steeds, or I alone ?  
 I see the foremost shifted, and in front  
 Another driver shows ; for his who led  
 First from the start, have fall'n in their career.  
 I saw them foremost round the goal, but now  
 No more descry them, though I roll my eyes  
 O'erlooking hence the whole wide field of Troy.  
 Either the reins have slidden from his hands,  
 Or he hath fail'd, when wheeling round the goal,  
 To hold his horses, and hath met mishap.  
 Fallen I deem him, and his car destroy'd,  
 His mares astray and with wild fear distraught.  
 But rise, and see with your own eyes ; myself  
 Distinguish clear ; the first is now the son  
 Of noble Tydeus, valiant Diomed,  
 By birth Aitolian, and in Argos King."

Τὸν δ' αἰσχρῶς ἐνένιπεν Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας·  
 “ Ἴδομενεῦ, τί πάρος λαβρεύεαι ; αἱ δέ τ' ἀνευθεν  
 ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες πολέος πεδίοιο δίνονται.  
 οὔτε νωτότατός ἐσσι μετ' Ἀργείοισι τοσούτων  
 οὔτε τοι ὀξύτατον κεφαλῆς ἐκ δέρκεται ὅσσε·  
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μύθοις λαβρεύεαι. οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ  
 λιβραγόρην ἔμεναι· πάρα γὰρ καὶ ἀμείνονες ἄλλοι.  
 ἵπποι δ' αὐταὶ ἔασι παροίτεραι, αἱ τὸ πάρος περ,  
 Εὐμήλοῦ, ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἔχων εὐληρα βέβηκεν.”

480

Τὸν δὲ χολωσάμενος Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἀντίον ἠΐδα·  
 “ Αἴαν, νεῖκος ἄριστε, κακοφραδὲς, ἄλλα τε πάντα  
 δεύεαι Ἀργείων, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.  
 δεῦρό νυν, ἣ τρίποδος περιδόμεθον ἥ ἐ λέβητος·  
 ἵστορα δ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα θέλομεν ἄμφω,  
 ὁππότεραι πρόσθ' ἵπποι, ἵνα γνῶης ἀποτίνων.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', ὠρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας  
 χωόμενος χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείψασθαι ἐπέεσσιν.  
 καὶ νῦ κε δὴ προτέρω ἔτ' ἔρις γένετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ φάτο μῦθον·

490

“Μηκέτι νῦν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείβεσθον ἐπέεσσιν,  
 Αἴαν Ἴδομενεῦ τε, κακοῖς, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικεν.  
 καὶ δ' ἄλλω νεμεσᾶτον, ὅτις τοιαυτὰ γε ῥέξοι.  
 ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσορύασθε  
 ἵππους· οἱ δὲ τάχ' αὐτοῖς ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης  
 ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσονται· τότε δὲ γνῶσεσθε ἕκαστος  
 ἵππους Ἀργείων, οἳ δεῦτεροι οἳ τε πάροιθεν.”

“Ὡς φάτο, Τυδείδης δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλθε διώκων,  
 μᾶστι δ' αἶεν ἔλαυνε κατωμαδόν· οἱ δὲ οἱ ἵπποι  
 ὑψόσ' ἀειρέσθην ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἠνίοχον κονίης ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον,  
 ἄρματα δὲ χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένα κασσιτέρῳ τε  
 ἵπποις ὠκυπόδεσσι ἐπέτρεχον· οὐδέ τι πολλὴ  
 γίγνεται ἐπισσώτρων ἄρματροχιῇ κατόπισθεν  
 ἐν λεπτῇ κονίῃ· τῷ δὲ σπεύδοντε πετέσθην.  
 στῇ δὲ μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι, πολὺς δ' ἀνεκῆκιεν ἰδρῶς  
 ἵππων ἔκ τε λόφων καὶ ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χαμᾶζε.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος,  
 κλῖνε δ' ἄρα μᾶστιγα ποτὶ ζυγόν. οὐδ' ἐμάτῃσει  
 ἴφθιμος Σθένελος, ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως λάβ' ἄεθλον.”

500

510

To whom swift Ajax, great Oileus' son,  
Made answer, and with angry words assail'd :

"Why prate before the time, Idomeneus ?  
The steeds still gallop on the plain far off,  
Nor art thou so the youngest of the host,  
That thine should be the keenest ken of all.  
It is thy wont to prate ; yet scarce such talk  
Beseems thy place where better chieftains sit.

I tell thee, as at first, the selfsame mares  
Lead, and then lord Eumelus holds their reins " -

To whom in wrath the Cietan thus rejoind :

"Ajax, to strife most prompt and evil words,  
But else much lacking, ever rough in mood !

A tripod or a caldron stake thou down  
In wager ; and be witness Atreus' Son,  
The King, whose horses run the foremost now  
Losing and paying, thou wilt know me true."

He spoke, swift Ajax, Oilades,  
Rose anger'd, to requite with bitter words,  
And soon the strife betwixt them had waxen hot,  
Had not Achilles risen and spoken thus :

"Ajax ! Idomeneus ! these evil words  
Bandy no longer, all unmeet ; yourselves  
Were anger'd with whome'er should do the like.  
Be seated still ; ye soon will see the steeds ;  
Hasting to victory they will come, and bear  
Their own good witness, whose be first, whose next."

He spoke ; and now Tydides drew quite nigh,  
Pressing still onward, plying ceaseless thong,  
Lightly his coursers with uplifted limbs  
Made their swift passage, and with dust the spokes  
Sprinkled the driver ; on the horses' heels  
The car, with gold and dark enamel thick,  
Trod over, nor behind indented left  
In the fine sand the traces of the tires.  
So swift they flew ; till in the arena's midst  
He stay'd them ; and from off their chests and crests  
The sweat 'gan gush in runnels to the ground.  
Himself then bounding from the glittering car  
Laid on the yoke his goad ; and Sthenelus

δῶκε δ' ἄγειν ἑτάροισιν ὑπερθύμιοις γυναῖκα  
καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα φέρειν· ὁ δ' ἔλυσεν ὑφ' ἵππους.

· Τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀντίλοχος Νηλήϊος ἤλασεν ἵππους,  
κέρδεσιν, οὔτι τάχει γε, παραφθάμενος Μενέλαον·  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς Μενέλαος ἔχ' ἐγγύθεν ὠκέας ἵππους.  
ὅσσον δὲ τροχοῦ ἵππος ἀφίσταται, ὅς ῥά τ' ἀνακτα  
ἔλκησιν πεδίλοιο τιταινόμενος σὺν ὄχεσφιν·  
τοῦ μὲν τε ψαύουσιν ἐπισσώτρου τρίχες ἄκραι  
οὐράϊαι· ὁ δέ τ' ἄγχι μάλα τρέχει, οὐδέ τι πολλή 520  
χώρῃ μεσσηγὺς, πολέος πεδίλοιο θέοντος·  
τόσσον δὴ Μενέλαος ἀμύμονος Ἀντιλόχοιο  
λείπειτ'· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα καὶ ἐς δίσκουρα λείλειπτο,  
ἀλλὰ μιν αἶψα κίχανεν· ὀφέλλετο γὰρ μένος ἦν  
ἵππου τῆς Ἀγαμεμνονέης, καλλιτρίχος Αἴθης.  
εἰ δέ κ' ἔτι προτέρω γένετο δρόμος ἀμφοτέροισιν,  
τῷ κέν μιν παρέλασσ' οὐδ' ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν.  
αὐτὰρ Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος,  
λείπειτ' ἀγακλῆος Μενελάου δουρὸς ἔρωήν·  
βάρδιστοι μὲν γάρ οἱ ἔσαν καλλιτρίχες ἵπποι, 530  
ῥικιστος δ' ἦν αὐτὸς ἐλαυνέμεν ἄρμ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.  
υἱὸς δ' Ἀδμήτοιο πανύστατος ἤλυθεν ἄλλων,  
ἔλκων ἄρματα καλὰ, ἐλαύνων πρόσσοθεν ἵππους.  
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ὤκτειρε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
στὰς δ' ἄρ' ἐν Ἀργείοις ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·

“ Λοῖσθος ἀνὴρ ὄριστος ἐλαύνει μώνυχας ἵππους.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ οἱ δῶμεν ἀέθλιον, ὥς ἐπεικὲς,  
δεύτερ'· ὡτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα φερέσθω Τυδέος υἱός.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνεον ὥς ἐκέλευεν.  
καὶ νύ κέ οἱ πόρεν ἵππου—ἐπήνησαν γὰρ Ἀχαιοί— 540  
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱός,  
Πηλεΐδην Ἀχιλῆα δίκη ἡμέϊψατ' ἀναστὰς·

“Ὡ Ἀχιλεῦ, μάλα τοι κεχολώσομαι, αἶ κε τελέεσσης  
τοῦτο ἔπος· μέλλεις γὰρ ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἀέθλον,·  
τὰ φρονέων ὅτι βλάβεν ἄρματα καὶ ταχέ' ἵππω  
αὐτός τ' ἐσθλὸς ἐών. ἀλλ' ὥφελεν ἀθανάτοισιν  
εὖχεσθαι· τό κεν οὔτι πανύστατος ἦλθε διώκων.



Was ready there, his follower, handing o'er  
The prizes, maid and tripod, to his train,  
And his own self unharnessing the steeds.

Next came—yet not in Menelaus' front  
By speed, but by foul practice—Nestor's Son ;  
Whom Menelaus, nathless, press'd most hard ;  
Near as a horse before a wheel, who draws  
His master at full stretch across a plain,  
Brushing the tire behind, so near he runs,  
With narrow space betwixt him and the wheel,  
Whilst free and far he gallops, ev'n so near  
Show'd Menelaus to Antilochus,  
Albeit at first a full quoit-cast behind ;  
And fast was gaining, for his brother's mare  
Æthè was waxing of her noble might ;  
Yea, had the course some paces further stretch'd,  
He had flown foremost, clean, beyond demur.

A spear-throw after these, Meriones,  
The gallant follower of Idomeneus,  
Came fourth ; for of the horses in that race  
His were the slowest, and himself least skill'd  
To drive a chariot on the course. But, last,  
Driving some steps in front his horses loose,  
And with his own hands dragging slow his car,  
The King Eumelus. Peleus' fleetfoot Son  
Had ruth beholding, and arose, and said :  
“The best hath come the last ; the second meed  
Be his, his due ; the first be Tydeus' Son's.”

He spoke, and, to his bidding all acclaim'd.  
Thereafter had Eumelus ta'en the mare,  
Had not Antilochus, brave Nestor's son,  
Uprisen, and made just answer thus, and said :

“Achilles, wroth were I, if, as thou sayst,  
So thou shouldst do. Me of my meed thou robb'st,  
Considering this, that his swift steeds and car  
Were sudden maim'd, but he is brave and good ;  
Yet, had he, as behoved him, pray'd the Gods,  
He had not lagged the hindmost in this race.

εἰ δέ μιν οἴκτείρεις καὶ τοι φίλος ἔπλετο θυμῷ,  
 ἔστι τοι ἐν κλισίῃ χρυσὸς πολὺς, ἔστι δὲ χαλκὸς  
 καὶ πρόβατ', εἰσὶ δέ τοι δμῳαὶ καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι· 550  
 τῶν οἱ ἔπειτ' ἀνελὼν δόμεναι καὶ μεῖζον ἄεθλον,  
 ἢ καὶ αὐτίκα νῦν, ἵνα σ' αἰνήσωσιν Ἀχαιοί.  
 τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ δώσω· περὶ δ' αὐτῆς πειρηθήτω  
 ἀνδρῶν ὅς κ' ἐθέλῃσιν ἑμοὶ χεῖρεςσι μάχεσθαι."

Ὡς φάτο, μεῖδῃσεν δὲ ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς  
 χαίρων Ἀντιλόχῳ, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος·  
 καὶ μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ μὲν δὴ με κελεύεις οἴκοθεν ἄλλο  
 Εὐμήλῳ ἐπιδούναι, ἐγὼ δέ κε καὶ τὸ τελέσω.  
 δώσω οἱ θώρηκα, τὸν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων, 560  
 χάλκεον, ᾧ πέρι χεῦμα φαεινοῦ κασσιτέριοιο  
 ἀμφιδεδίνηται· πολέος δέ οἱ ἄξιός ἐσται."

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι φίλῳ ἐκέλευσεν ἑταῖρον  
 οἰσέμεναι κλισίῃθεν· ὁ δ' ὄψετο καὶ οἱ ἔνεικεν.  
 [Εὐμήλῳ δ' ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων.]

Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,  
 Ἀντιλόχῳ ἄμοτον κεχολωμένος· ἐν δ' ἄρα κῆρυξ  
 χερσὶ σκῆπτρον ἔθηκε, σιωπῆσαι τ' ἐκέλευσεν  
 Ἀργείους· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μετηύδα ἰσόθεος φῶς·

“ Ἀντίλοχε, πρόσθεν πεπνυμένε, ποῖον ἔρεξας.  
 ἦσχυνας μὲν ἐμὴν ἀρετὴν, βλάβῃς δέ μοι ἵππους,  
 τοὺς σοὺς πρόσθε βαλὼν, οἳ τοι πολὺ χεῖρονες ἦσαν. 570  
 ἀλλ' ἄγετ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,  
 ἐς μέσου ἀμφοτέροισι δικάσσετε, μηδ' ἐπ' ἀρωγῇ·  
 μήποτε τις εὔησιν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων

Ἐντὶντοῦτο Ἀντίλοχον ψεύδεσσι βηισάμενος Μενέλαος  
 οἴχεται ἵππον ἄγων, ὅτι οἱ πολὺ χεῖρονες ἦσαν  
 ἵπποι, αὐτὸς δὲ κρείσσων ἀρετῇ τε βίῃ τε.  
 εἰ δ' ἄγ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς δικάσω, καὶ μ' οὐτινὰ φημι  
 ἄλλον ἐπιπλήξειν Δαναῶν· ἰθεὶς γὰρ ἔσται. 580  
 Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφεῖς, ἢ θέμις ἐστίν,  
 σταὶς ἵππων προπάραιθε καὶ ἄρματος, αὐτὰρ ἱμάσθλην

And, if such ruth and favour thou wouldst show,  
Much gold thou hast, much brass, within thy tent,  
And flocks and herds; dawnsels thou hast, and steeds;  
Of these, an so thou list, a larger meed  
Bestow upon him to thine own high praise.  
'The mare I will not yield, and who shall seek  
'To take her, let him meet mē hand to hand."

He spoke, on whom the fleetfoot hero smiled,  
Rejoicing in him, for he loved him much;  
And thus in answer winged words address'd:

"Bid me yet more, Antilochus, bestow,  
And I fulfil thy bidding. I will give  
'The corslet that I stripp'd from off the breast  
Of brave Asteropæus, ubb'd with brass  
And edged with bright enamel; great its price.

"He spoke, and to Automedon gave word  
'To bring it from his tent, who brought it forth  
He gave it to Eumelus' hands; with joy  
Grateful, Eumelus took it.

Then uprose  
Amongst them Menelaus, chafed at heart,  
Exceeding wroth with Nestor's Son; to whom  
A herald gave the sceptre, ere he spake,  
And bade the host keep silence. He began:

"Antilochus, discreet esteem'd till now!  
Why hast thou done this? Who hast shamed my skill  
And hurt my horses, thrusting to the front  
Thine own, inferior far. 'To you I turn,  
Chiefs, captains of Achaia! 'Twixt us twain  
Give judgment fair, abetting neither side,  
Lest from our men-at-arms the cry should be,  
How Atreus' Son hath wrong'd Antilochus  
With falsehood, and hath ta'en the prize, the mare,  
For that, albeit his steeds were much the worse,  
Himself was mightier by his place and power.  
Yet might I speak the judgment in my cause,  
This ne'er were cast by Danaan in my teeth;  
For plain 'twill be and straight. "Antilochus,  
Stand forth, Zeusborn! And take into thine hand  
The selfsame limber thong wherewith thou draw'st,

χερσὶν ἔχων ῥαδιυήν, ἤπερ τὸ πρόσθεν ἔλαυνες,  
ἵππων ἀψάμενος γαυήοχον ἐννοσίγαιον  
ὄμνυθι μὴ μὲν ἔκων τὸ ἐμὸν δόλῳ ἄρμα πεδῆσαι.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἀντίλοχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἦῤα·  
“ ἄνσχεο νῦν· πολλὸν γὰρ· ἔγωγε νεώτερός εἰμι  
σεῖο, ἄναξ Μενελαε, σὺ δὲ πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων.  
οἴσθ' οἷαι νέου ἀνδρὸς ὑπερβασίαι τελέθουσιν·  
κραιπνότερος μὲν γάρ τε νόος, λεπτή δέ τε μῆτις. 590  
τῷ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη· ἵππον δέ τοι αὐτὸς  
δώσω, τῇν ἀρόμην. εἰ καὶ νῦ κεν οἴκοθεν ἄλλο  
μεῖζον ἐπαιτήσειας, ἄφαρ κέ τοι αὐτίκα δοῦναι  
βουλοίμην ἢ σοίγε, διοτρεφεῖς, ἥματα πάντα  
ἐκ θυμοῦ πεσέειν καὶ δαίμοσιν εἶναι ἀλιτρός.”

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἵππον ἄγων μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς  
ἐν χείρεσσι τίθει Μενελίου. τοῖο δὲ θυμὸς  
λίανθη, ὥσει τε περὶ σταχύεσσιν ἔερση  
λήϊου ἀλδήσκοντος, ὅτε φρίσσουσιν ἄρουραι·  
ὥς ἄρα σοί, Μενέλαε, μετὰ φρεσὶ θυμὸς λίανθη. 600  
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“ Ἀντίλοχε, νῦν μὲν τοι ἐγὼν ὑποείξομαι αὐτὸς  
χωόμενος, ἐπεὶ οὔτι παρήγορος οὐδ' ἀεσίφρων  
ῆσθα πάρος· νῦν αὖτε νόον νίκησε νεοίη.  
δεύτερον αὖτ' ἀλέασθαι ἀμείνουνας ἡπεροπεύειν.  
οὐ γάρ κέν με τάχ' ἄλλος ἀνὴρ παρέπεισεν Ἀχαιῶν·  
ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ δὴ πόλλ' ἔπαθες καὶ πόλλ' ἐμόγησας,  
σὸς τε πατὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἀδελφεὸς, εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο·  
τῷ τοι λισσομένῳ ἐπιπείσομαι, ἡδὲ καὶ ἵππον  
δώσω, ἐμήν περ ἐοῦσαν, ἵνα γνῶωσι καὶ οἶδε 610  
ὥς ἐμὸς οὔποτε θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής.”

Ἦ ῥα καὶ Ἀντιλόχοιο Νοήμονι δῶκεν ἐταίρῳ  
ἵππον ἄγειν· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα λέβηθ' ἔλεε παμφανόωντα.  
Μηριόνης δ' ἀνάειρε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα  
τέτρατος ὥς ἔλασεν. πέμπτου δ' ὑπελείπετ' ἄεθλου,

And with thy palm upon thy horses' heads  
Swear by the God whose billows clasp the earth,  
Ennosigæus, that thou didst not check  
My chariot or by malice or by guile.'

Antilochus made answer thus discreet :

"For my youth's sake this while forbear the wrong,  
Most noble Menelaus ! Thou in years  
Art elder, and in power excelling far.  
Thou know'st the faults to which a youth is prone ;  
Sudden his temper, and his forethought weak.  
But be appeased ; I render back the mare  
Which I have ta'en. Yea, aught from out my house  
That thou couldst ask, I'd gladlier bring forthwith,  
Than live, most noble chief, for all my days  
Fall'n from thy heart, and sinning against the Gods."

Speaking, the son of noble Nestor led  
The mare and gave her to his hands ; whose heart  
Was melted ; as in ripen'd field, when earth  
Is bristling with the bearded grain, the dew  
Softeneth the ears ; ev'n so, O Atreus' Son,  
The heart was soften'd in thee, and thou thus  
Mad'st answer, and address'd him wingèd words :

"Now, whatsoe'er mine anger, of free will,  
Antilochus, I yield it up to thee.  
'Twas ne'er thy use in wantonness to cry ;  
This while thy youth o'ercame thy better sense.  
Yet shun henceforth such practice on thy chiefs.  
No other man alive hath won me thus ;  
But thou hast labour'd much, hast suffer'd much,  
Thou, and thy brother, and thy father brave,  
For this my cause ; and therefore to thy voice  
I hearken, and will render up the mare,  
Though mine she is by right ; that all who see  
May know me of no proud, ungentle mood."

He spoke, and to the brave Noemon gave  
The mare, to lead her to Antilochus ;  
But took the glittering caldron for his meed.

Then fourth, as fourth he drave, Meriones  
Took the two golden talents. The fifth prize

ἀμφίθετος φιάλη· τὴν Νέστορι δῶκεν Ἀχιλλεύς,  
Ἀργείων ἄν' ἀγῶνα φέρων, καὶ ἔειπε παραστὰς·

“Τῇ νῦν, καὶ σοὶ τοῦτο, γέρον, κειμήλιον ἔστω,  
Πατρόκλοιο τάφου μνήμ' ἔμμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτόν  
ὄψει ἐν Ἀργείοισι· δίδωμι δέ τοι τόδ' ἄεθλον  
αὐτως· οὐ γὰρ πύξ γε μαχήσεται, οὐδὲ παλαίσεις,  
οὐδὲ τ' ἀκοντιστὴν ἐσδύσεται, οὐδὲ πόδεςσιν  
θεύσεται· ἤδη γὰρ χαλεπὸν κατὰ γῆρας ἐπέιγχει.”

620

Ὡς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων,  
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα.

“Ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·  
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα, φίλος, πόδες, οὐδ' ἔτι χεῖρες  
ὤμων ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπαίσσονται ἐλαφραί.  
εἴθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι βίη τέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη,  
ὥς ὁπότε κρείοντ' Ἀμαρυγκέα θάπτον Ἑπείοι  
Βουπρασίῳ, παῖδες δ' ἔθεσαν βασιλῆος ἄεθλα·  
ἔνθ' οὔτις μοι ὁμοῖος ἀνὴρ γένετ', οὔτ' ἄρ' Ἑπειῶν  
οὔτ' αὐτῶν Πυλίων οὔτ' Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων.  
πύξ μὲν ἐνίκησα Κλυτομήδεα, Ἥνοπος υἱὸν,  
Ἀγκαῖον δὲ πάλῃ Πλευρώνιον, ὅς μοι ἀνέστη·  
Ἴφικλον δὲ πόδεςσι παρέδραμον ἐσθλὸν ἔνυντα,  
δουρὶ δ' ὑπεirέβαλον Φυλῆά τε καὶ Πολύδωρον.  
οἷοισίν μ' ἵπποισι παρήλασαν Ἀκτορίωνε,  
πλήθει πρόσθε βαλόντες, ἀγασσάμενοι περὶ νίκης,  
οὔνεκα δὴ τὰ μέγιστα παρ' αὐτόφει λείπετ' ἄεθλα.  
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν διδυμοί· ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν,  
ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευ', ὁ δ' ἄρα μάστιγι κέλευεν.  
ὥς ποτ' ἔον· νῦν αὖτε νεώτεροι ἀντιοώντων  
ἔργων τοιούτων· ἐμὲ δὲ χρὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ  
πείθεσθαι, τότε δ' αὖτε μετέπραπον ἡρώεσσιν.”

630

640

Remain'd, the chalice with the double cup ;  
And this Achilles took and through the throng  
Bare it to Nestor, at whose side he spake :

“ Be this, my Sire, an heirloom in thy house,  
For memory of Patroclus and his grave ;  
’Since him alive thou ne’er again canst see  
Amongst the people. This I give to thee,  
Thy due, unwon, who mayst not enter now  
The arena, nor to wrestle, nor to box,  
Nor throw the javelin, nor in footrace run  
Victorious ; for thy years oppress thee sore.”

He spoke, and gave it to his hands ; with joy  
The Elder took it, and made answer thus .

“ Well, O my child, and truly hast thou said.  
My limbs, belovèd, are not firm, my feet  
Early give way, no longer may my hands  
Spring nimbly from my shoulders to and fro.  
Would I were young, and of such strength, as when  
’The Epeians buried in Buprasium  
’Their sovereign Amaryncees, and his sons  
Set forth their prizes at his funeral-feast.  
No man show’d then my equal ; none of all  
’The Epeians, or the brave Aitolian clans,  
Or mine own Pyliaus ; in the boxers’ bout  
I vanquish’d Clytomedes, Aënope’s son ;  
Ancæus in the wrestle, who was born  
In Pleuron, and rose up against me there ;  
Swift though he was of foot, Iphiclus fail’d  
Against me ; and with javelin I outthrew  
Phyleus and Polydorus. All I gain’d  
Save one ; for in the chariot-race the sons  
Of Actor, two upon the selfsame car  
O’ercame me ; for that they were two, and one  
Might ply the reins with undivided mind,  
And one might urge the steeds with ceaseless lash,  
And both begrudged to me the victory,  
For largest was its prize, and last remain’d.  
Such was I once ; but now let younger men  
Meet and partake such feats ; to painful age  
I yield me, who show’d first of heroes then.

ἀλλ' ἴθι καὶ σὸν ἑταῖρον ἀέθλοισι κτερεΐζε.  
 τοῦτο δ' ἐγὼ πρόφρων δέχομαι, χαίρει δέ μοι ἦτορ,  
 ὥς μεν αἰὲ μέμνησαι ἐννεός, οὐδέ σε λήθω  
 τιμῆς ἥστέ μ' ἔοικε τετιμῆσθαι μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.  
 σοὶ δέ θεοὶ τῶνδ' ἀντὶ χάριν μενοεικέα δοῖεν.” • 650

“Ὡς φάτο, Πηλεΐδης δὲ πολὺν καθ' ὄμιλον Ἀχαιῶν  
 ὥχετ', ἐπεὶ πάντ' αἶνον ἐπέκλυε Νηλεΐδαο.  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης ἀλεγεινῆς θῆκεν ἄεθλα·  
 ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κατέδησ' ἐν ἀγῶνι  
 ἐξέτε' ἀδμήτην, ἥτ' ἀλγίστη δαμάσασθαι·  
 τῷ δ' ἄρα νικηθέντι τίθει δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.  
 στή δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοῖ,  
 ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥπερ ἀρίστω,  
 πῦξ μάλ' ἀνασχομένω πεπληγέμεν. ᾧ δέ κ' Ἀπόλλων 660  
 δῶη καμμοινήν, γνῶσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ,  
 ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κλίσινυδε νεέσθω·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ νικηθεὶς δέπας οἷσεται ἀμφικύπελλον.”

“Ὡς ἔφατ', ὠρυντο δ' αὐτίκ' ἀνὴρ ἡὺς τε μέγας τε  
 εἰδὼς πυγμαχίης, υἱὸς Πανοπῆος Ἑπειός·  
 ἄψατο δ' ἡμίονου ταλαεργοῦ φώνησέν τε·

“Ἄσσον ἴτω ὅστις δέπας οἷσεται ἀμφικύπελλον·  
 ἡμίονον δ' οὐ φημί τιν' ἀξέμεν ἄλλον Ἀχαιῶν  
 πυγμῇ νικήσαντ', ἐπεὶ εὖχομαι εἶναι ἄριστος.  
 ἢ οὐχ ἄλλῃς ὅττι μάχης ἐπιδεύομαι ; οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν 670  
 ἐν πάντεσσ' ἔργοισι δαήμονα φῶτα γενέσθαι.  
 ᾧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·  
 ἀντικρὺ χροά τε ῥήξω σὺν τ' ὅστέ' ἀράξω.  
 κηδεμόνες δέ οἱ ἐνθάδ' ἀολλέες αἰθι μενόντων,  
 οἳ κέ μιν ἐξοίσουσιν ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμέντα.”



But go, and do thou honour to the grave  
Of thy lost friend. This gift I gladly take ;  
Yea, and my heart rejoiceth, that thou still  
Art mindful of me, and thou hast my love,  
Ne'er failing of the honour, wherewithal  
'Tis meet that I be honour'd in this host.  
The Gods requite thee with thy heart's desire ! ”

He spoke, whose praise Pelides heard, well pleased,  
Attentive, and thence turning through the throng  
Made way, and for the boxers' bruising fight  
Set forth the prizes. First a mule he brought,  
Unbroken yet and stubborn to the yoke,  
Six years of age, and tough and hard to toil,  
And bound it in the mid arena fast.  
This for the victor ; for the vanquish'd, next  
He laid a chalice with a double cup ,  
Then rose erect and spake before them all :

“ Atrides, and Achaia's mail'd host !  
We summon forth to combat for these needs  
The twain, whoe'er they be, who boast themselves  
Best skill'd to ply the cestus and endure.  
Whom with endurance Phœbus most endows,  
Here in the sight of all Achaia's host,  
Be his to take this toil-enduring mule ;  
The vanquish'd home may bear this double cup.”

He spoke ; and Epeus, son of Panopeus,  
Straightway rose up, a man of might and huge,  
Skill'd in the boxer's art, and laid his hand  
Upon the toil-enduring mule, and spake :

“ Let who would win the chalice draw him near.  
The mule no man shall gain from me, or vaunt  
A victory in this contest ; for herein  
I boast me without peer. To be excell'd  
In daily battle—is not that enow ?  
Yet none in every art may be supreme,  
But each in one ; and what I say shall be :  
Whoso ariseth, I will bruise his flesh  
And crush his jaws together ; let his friends  
Be near at hand and gather in a throng  
To bear him off, subdued before my arm.”

“ὦς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.  
 Εὐρύαλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, ἰσόθεος φῶς,  
 Μῆκιστέος υἱὸς Ταλαιονίδαο ἄνακτος,  
 ὅς ποτε Θήβασδ' ἦλθε δεδουπότος Οἰδιπόδαο  
 ἐς τάφον· ἔνθα δε πάντας ἐνίκα Καδμείωνας. 680  
 τὸν μὲν Τυδείδης δουρικλυτὸς ἄμφεπονεῖτο,  
 θαρσύνων ἔπесιν, μέγα δ' αὐτῷ βούλετο νίκην.  
 ζῶμα δέ οἱ πρῶτον παρακάββαλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 δῶκεν ἱμάντας ἐντμήτους βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο.  
 τῷ δὲ ζῶσά μιν βίητην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα,  
 ἄντα δ' ἀνασχομένῳ χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν ἅμ' ἅμφω  
 σὺν ῥ' ἔπесον, σὺν δέ σφι βαρεῖαι χεῖρες ἔμιχθεν.  
 δεινὸς δὲ χρύμαδος γενύων γένετ', ἔρρεε δ' ἰδρὼς  
 πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων· ἐπὶ δ' ὄρνυτο δῖος Ἑπειδός,  
 κόψε δὲ παπτήναντα παρήιον· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν 690  
 ἐστήκειν· αὐτοῦ γὰρ ὑπήριπε φαίδιμα γυῖα.  
 ὥς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ φρικτὸς Βορέῳ ἀναπάλλεται ἰχθὺς  
 θίν' ἐν φυκίεντι, μέλαν δέ ἐ κῦμα κίλνυφεν,  
 ὥς πληγεῖς ἀνέπαλτ'. αὐτὰρ μεγάλθυμος Ἑπειδὸς  
 χερσὶ λαβὼν ὥρθωσε· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι,  
 οἳ μιν ἄγον δι' ἀγῶνος ἐφέλκομένοισι πόδεσσιν,  
 αἶμα παχὺ πτύοντα, κάρη βάλλονθ' ἐτέρωσε·  
 καδ δ' ἄλλοφρονέοντα μετὰ σφίσιν εἶσαν ἄγοντες,  
 αὐτοὶ δ' οἰχόμενοι κύμισαν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.

Πηλεΐδης δ' αἰψ' ἄλλα κατὰ τρίτα θῆκεν ἕεθλα,  
 δεικνύμενος Δαναοῖσι, παλαισμοσύνης ἀλεγεινῆς·  
 τῷ μὲν νικήσαντι μέγαν τρίποδ' ἐμπυριβίητην,  
 τὸν δὲ δυωδεκάβοιον ἐνὶ σφίσιν τιόν Ἀχαιοί·  
 ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι γυναικ' ἐς μέσσον ἔθηκεν,  
 πολλὰ δ' ἐπίστατο ἔργα, τίον δέ ἐ τεσσαράβοιον.  
 στή δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

“Ὅρνυσθ' οὐ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθον.”

He spoke ; awhile they sate in silence all,  
Till rose a godlike man, Euryalus,  
Son of Mecistus, grandson of the King  
Talaion. He, when in his prime, at Thebes,  
At funeral of the son of (Edipus  
In battle slain, of old had vanquish'd all  
The chiefs of Cadmus. Now alone he rose,  
Prompted thereto by gallant Tydeus' Son  
Who craved the victory to his arm, and gave  
With hopeful words good heart and girt his loins,  
Doing him service, binding fast the gloves  
Fashion'd from out the hide of grazing ox.  
So, midmost of the ring, with loins begirt,  
The two came forth ; and face to face, erect  
Stood with clench'd fists ; then each on other dash'd  
And plied their mungling arms with all their force.  
Dread was the clatter of their jaws , and sweat  
Stream'd down their limbs ; till godlike Epeus rush'd  
Close in, and dealt upon the cheek a blow  
Under his eyes bewilder'd ; long in fight  
He stood not, for his limbs thereat gave way.  
And, as upon a foaming coast a fish  
Shows out of ocean ruffled by a breath  
Of Boreas, thrown up high, and then forthwith  
Falls swallow'd in the blackening wave again ;  
Such leap he leapt, hardsmitten ; whom his foe,  
The noble Epeus, raised and set erect :  
And soon his loyal followers stood around,  
And led him through the crowd, with trailing feet  
And nodding head, and placed him all distraught  
Safe on a seat, then went and brought his meed.

Then other prizes Peleus' Son set forth  
Before them for the toilsome wrestling-match ;  
A tripod, huge, of brass, and proof to fire,  
For him who won ; the Danaans, where they sate,  
Priced it at oxen twelve. For him who fell,  
A damsel, in their midst display'd, well-skill'd  
In divers arts, and priced at oxen four.  
Then straight he rose and spake before them all :  
“ Let, who would venture for these meeds, arise.”

ὥς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·  
 ἂν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς πολύμητις ἀνίστατο, κέρδεα εἰδώς.  
 ζῶσαμένω δ' ἄρα τώγε βάτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα, 710  
 ἀγκὰς δ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην χερσὶ στιβαρῆσιν  
 ὥς ὅτ' ἀμείβοντες, τούστε κλυτὸς ἦραρε τέκτων,  
 δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων.  
 τετρίγῃ δ' ἄρα νῶτα θρασειᾶων ἀπὸ χειρῶν  
 ἐλκόμενα στερεῶς· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἰδρῶς·  
 πυκναὶ δὲ σμώδιγγες ἀνὰ πλευράς τε καὶ ὦμους  
 αἵματι φοῖνικέσσαι ἀνέδραμον· οἱ δὲ μάλ' αἰεὶ  
 νίκης ἰέσθην τρίποδος πέρι ποιητοῖο.  
 οὔτ' Ὀδυσσεὺς δύνατο σφῆλαι οὔδεις τε πελάσσαι,  
 οὔτ' Αἴας δύνατο, κρατερῇ δ' ἔχεν Ἰς Ὀδυσῆος. 720  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀνιάζον ἐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
 δὴ τότε μιν προσέειπε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·

“ Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,  
 ἦ μ' ἀνάειρ', ἦ ἐγὼ σέ· τὰ δ' αὖ Δίι πάντα μελήσει.”

“Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνάειρε· δόλου δ' οὐ λήθετ' Ὀδυσσεύς·  
 κόψ' ὅπιθεν κώληπα τυχῶν, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα·  
 καδ δ' ἔβαλ' ἐξοπίσω· ἐπὶ δὲ στήθεσσιν Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ' αὖ θηεύντό τε θάμβησάν τε.  
 δεύτερος αὖτ' ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς,  
 κίνησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς, οὐδέ τ' ἄειρεν, 730  
 ἐν δὲ γόνυ γνάμψεν· ἐπὶ δὲ χθονὶ κάππεσον ἄμφω  
 πλησίοι ἀλλήλοισι, μίανθησαν δὲ κονίη.  
 καὶ νύ κε τὸ τρίτον αὖτις ἀναίξαντ' ἐπάλαιον,  
 εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ κατέρυκεν·

“Μηκέτ' ἐρείδεσθον, μηδὲ τρίβεσθε κακοῖσιν·  
 νίκη δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀέθλια δ' ἴσ' ἀνελόντες  
 ἔρχεσθ', ὅφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἀεθλεύωσιν Ἀχαιοί.”

“Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἦδ' ἐπίθοντο,  
 καὶ ῥ' ἀπομορξαμένω κονίην δύσαντο χιτῶνας.

He spoke ; and Telamonian Ajax first  
 Rose up ; Odysseus next, the king of craft ;  
 And both anon, with loins begirt, came forth  
 Into the ring, and grapp'd with brawny hands  
 Each other by the elbows ; show'd their arms  
 Like interlacing rafters, fitted firm  
 By a famed builder in a lofty roof  
 From forceful winds the shelter ; off them stream'd  
 Their sweat, and in the stern strain of strong hands  
 Creak'd their broad backs, whilst, purple with their blood,  
 The veins rose on their ribs and shoulders swoll'n ;  
 And either's heart was longing ardently  
 To win the brass-wrought tripod. For some while  
 Odysseus could not trip or stretch on earth  
 Ajax, nor Ajax him, whose strength held firm ;  
 Till, when the mail'd crowd 'gan feel annoy,  
 Ajax thus spake, the son of Telamon

“ Most wise, most brave, Laertes' Zeus-sprung Son !  
 Suffer that I lift thee, or thou lift me,  
 And leave the issue to the care of Zeus.”

He spoke, and lifted first from off the ground  
 Odysseus, who, not therefore of his craft  
 Unmindful, with his heel enwound behind  
 In the knee-bend, o'erturn'd him, and made slack  
 The limbs beneath him, that he backward fell  
 Flat, with Odysseus on his chest enclasp'd :  
 The crowd admiring gazed, and gave applause.  
 Much-suffering brave Odysseus in his turn  
 Then raised the other, yet from off the ground  
 Could lift but little space, nor hold at all ;  
 But his own knee gave way, that both fell down  
 Beside each other, in the dust bespall'd.  
 Then up sprang both, and quick had closed again  
 For a third bout, had not Achilles risen

Himself and stay'd them and address'd them thus :

“ Strive ye no more, of such discomfort fond ;  
 Either hath conquered ; equal guerdons take,  
 And part, that others may have place to win.”

He spoke ; to whom they hearken'd, nothing loth,  
 Cleansed them of dust, and donn'd their coats of mail.

Πηλείδης δ' αἶψ' ἄλλα τίθει ταχυτήτος ἄεθλα,  
 ἀργύρεον κρητήρα, τετυγμένον· ἔξ δ' ἄρα μέτρα  
 χάνδανεν, αὐτὰρ κύλλει ἐνίκα πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν  
 πολλόν, ἐπεὶ Σιδόνες πολυδαίδαλοι εὖ ἤσκησαν,  
 Φοῖμικες δ' ἄγον ἄνδρες ἐπ' ἡεροειδέα πόντον,  
 στήσαν δ' ἐν λιμένεσσι, Θόρῳτι δὲ δῶρον ἔδωκαν·  
 υἱὸς δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάοιτος ὦνον ἔδωκεν  
 Πατρύκλῳ ἥρωϊ Ἰησονίδης Εὐνήος.  
 καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλεὺς θῆκεν ἀέθλιον οὐ ἐτάριοι,  
 ὅστις ἐλαφρότατος ποσσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέλοιτο·  
 δευτέρῳ αὖ βοῦν θῆκε μέγαν καὶ πίονα δημῶ,  
 ἡμιτάλαντον δὲ χρυσοῦ λισσθήρι' ἔθηκεν.  
 στή δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

“Ὅρνυσθ' οἷ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε.”  
 οἷς ἔφατ', ὥρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Λῆας,  
 ἂν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς πολύμητις, ἔπειτα δὲ Νέστορος υἱὸς,  
 Ἀντίλοχος· ὁ γὰρ αὖτε νέους ποσὶ πάντας ἐνίκα.  
 [στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί· σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεὺς]  
 τοῖσι δ' ἀπὸ νύσσης τέτατο δρόμος· ὅκα δ' ἔπειτα  
 ἔκφερ' Ὀϊλιάδης· ἐπὶ δ' ὥρνυτο δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 ἄγχι μάλ', ὥς ὅτε τίς τε γυναικὸς εὐζώνοιο  
 στήθεός ἐστι κανὼν, ὅντ' εὖ μάλα χερσὶ ταυύσση  
 πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀγρόθι δ' ἴσχει  
 στήθεος· ὥς Ὀδυσσεὺς θέεν ἐγγύθεν, αὐτὰρ ὀπισθεν  
 ἵχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι·  
 καὶ δ' ἄρα οἱ κεφαλῆς χεῖ' αὐτμένα δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 αἰεὶ ῥίμφα θέων· ἴαχον δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 νίκης ἰεμένῳ, μάλα δὲ σπεύδοντι κέλευον.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον, αὐτίκ' Ὀδυσσεὺς  
 εὐχετ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκῶπιδι ὃν κατὰ θυμόν·  
 “κλυθί, θεὰ, ἀγαθή μοι ἐπὶ ῥόθοις ἔλθῃ παδοῖν.”  
 ὥς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος· ταῦ δ' ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,  
 γυῖα δ' ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρὰ, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθεῖν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τάχ' ἔμελλον ἐπαῖξασθαι ἄεθλον,

Next, other prizes Peleus' Son set forth  
For speed of foot ; a cup of silver wrought,  
Holding six measures, peerless through the world  
For beauty ; in rich Sidon fashioned first  
By cunning city-craftsmen , thence aboard  
Brought by Phœnicians o'er the misty sea,  
Who stay'd their vessel in the Lesbian ports  
And gave it to King Thoas . Jason's Son  
Eunœus gave it next as ransom-price  
For young Lycaon, noble Priam's child,  
Ev'n to Patroclus ; in whose honour now  
Achilles for the fleetest made it prize.  
A lusty bull he made the second meed ;  
The third, a full half-talent of pure gold ;  
Then rose erect, and spake before them all .

“ Let who would venture for these meeds arise.”  
He spokē Oileus' fleetfoot son first rose,  
The lesser Ajax , sage Odysseus next ;  
Then agēd Nestor's son, Antilochus,  
Of all Achaia's youth the fleetest foot.  
They ranged them side by side, and Peleus' Son  
Mark'd them their goals. But from the start they made  
Their utmost pace , and swift Oileus' son  
Bare foremost, but on him Odysseus press'd ;  
As near as to a well-girt damsel's breast  
The shuttle which she plies with nimble hand,  
Drawing the yarn from off the reel, and holds  
Near to her bosom ; ev'n so near still sped  
Divine Odysseus, hard on Ajax' heel,  
Treading his footsteps ere their dust had risen,  
And breathing hot upon his nape, and ever  
Lightly pursuing ; whom Achaia's host  
Cheer'd, as he hasten'd, longing for the meed.  
And both had near'd the finish of the course,  
When in his own brave heart Odysseus call'd  
With prayer on Pallas, Maiden azure-eyed :

“ Be helpful, mighty Goddess, to my foot.”

He spokē, whose prayer Athene heard, and made  
Lighter his limbs and feet, and arms above ;  
And they had well-nigh sprung upon the prize,

ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὄλισθε θέων—βλάψεν γὰρ Ἀθήνη—  
τῇ ῥα βοῶν κέχυτ' ὄνθος ἀποκταμένων ἐριμύκων,  
οὓς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ πέφνευ πόδας ὠκύς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
ἔν δ' ὄνθου βοέου πλητο στόμα τε ῥινας τε.

κρητῆρ' αὐτ' ἀνάειρε πολύτλας διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς,  
ὥς ἦλθε φθάμενος· ὁ δὲ βοῶν ἔλε φαίδιμος Αἴας.  
στῇ δὲ κέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,  
ὄνθον ἀποπτύων, μετὰ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

780

“ὦ πόποι, ἦ μ' ἐβλάψε θεὰ πόδας, ἦ τὸ πάρος περ  
μήτηρ ὡς Ὀδυσῆϊ παρίσταται ἡδ' ἐπαρήγει.”

ὦς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἡδὺν γέλασαν.  
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἄρα δὴ λουισθήϊον ἔκφερ' ἄεθλον  
μειδιῶν, καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

“Εἰδῶσιν ἤμῃ ἐρέω πᾶσιν, φίλοι, ὥς ἔτι καὶ νῦν  
ἀθάνατοι τιμῶσι παλαιοτέρους ἀνθρώπους.  
Αἴας μὲν γὰρ ἐμεῖ' ὀλίγον προγενέστερός ἐστιν,  
οὗτος δὲ προτέρης γενεῆς προτέρων τ' ἀνθρώπων·  
ὠμογέροντα δέ μιν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀργαλέον δὲ  
ποσσὶν ἐριδήσασθαι Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεῖ.”

790

ὦς φάτο, κύδηνεν δὲ ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.  
τὸν δ' Ἀχιλλεύς μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·

“Ἀντίλοχ', οὐ μέν τοι μέλεος εἰρήσεται αἶνος,  
ἀλλὰ τοι ἡμιτάλαντον ἐγὼ χρυσοῦ ἐπιθήσω.”

ὦς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων.  
αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος  
θῆκε' ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων, κατὰ δ' ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν,  
τεύχεα Σαρπηδόντος, ἃ μιν Πάτροκλος ἀπηύρα.  
στῇ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·

800

“Ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥπερ ἀρίστω,  
τεύχεα ἐσσαμένῳ, ταμεσίχροα χαλκὸν ἐλόντε,  
ἀλλήλων προπάραιθεν ὀμίλου πειρηθῆναι.  
ὁππότερός κε φθῆσιν ὀρεζάμενος χροά καλὸν,  
ψαύσῃ δ' ἐνδίνων διὰ τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἶμα,  
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ δώσω τόδε φάσγανον ἀργυρόηλον,  
καλὸν Θρηάκιον, τὸ μὲν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων·  
τεύχεα δ' ἀμφοτέροι ξυνήϊα ταῦτα φερέσθων·



When Ajax slid and fell—(Athene's hand  
So tripp'd him, where the offal had been flung  
Of those loud-bellowing bulls, by Peleus' Son  
Slaughter'd and thrown upon Patroclus' tomb) :  
He lay with mouth and nostril choked in mire ;  
Whilst on Odysseus ran, and lifted high  
The silver goblet. Noble Ajax rose  
And took the ox ; one hand upon its horn  
He stood, and spat from out his lips the mire,  
And midmost of the Danaans spake and said :

“The Goddess tripp'd me—she who, ever fond,  
Cleaves to Odysseus—mother to her babe !”

He spoke , at whom right merrily they laughed.  
The last prize then Antilochus took up,  
Smiling well-pleased, and spake before them all :

“I speak but what ye all, my friends, know well.  
The Gods delight to honour ancient men.  
Ajax is elder scarce than mine own self ;  
But he, divine Odysseus, who hath won,  
Is of the generations now gone by ;  
A green old age is his ; and him to pass  
Were task to any, save to Peleus' Son.”

He spoke ; and to Achilles gave the fame ;  
Who, answering, thus address'd his wingèd words :

“Not to no purpose shall be this thy praise  
So spoken ; but I add half-talent more.”

He said, and gave it to his hands ; the youth  
Received it blithe.

Then Peleus' Son set forth  
The shadowing spear, the buckler, and the helm  
Late by Patroclus from Sarpedon spoil'd ;  
Then rose again and spake before them all :

“For these we summon forth the best in arms  
To don their harness and with spear in hand  
Attempt each other in a single fight.  
Whoso with outstretch'd spear shall draw the blood,  
To him I give this silver-hilted sword,  
For brave Asteropæus wrought in Thrace,  
Won when I slew him on the yester day.  
These other arms shall either take in shares,

[καί σφιν δαίτ' ἀγαθὴν παραθήσομεν ἐν κλισίῃσιν.]” 810

Ὡς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
 ἅν δ' ἄρα Τυδεΐδης ὦρτο, κρατερός Διομήδης.  
 οἱ δ' ἔπει οὖν ἐκάτερθεν ὁμίλου θωρήχθησαν,  
 ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρω συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,  
 δεινὸν δερκομένω· θάμβος δ' ἔχε πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,  
 τρὶς μὲν ἐπήϊξαν, τρὶς δὲ σχεδὸν ὠρμήθησαν.  
 ἐνθ' Αἴας μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' εἰσην  
 νύξ', οὐδὲ χροὶ ἴκανε· ἔρυτο γὰρ ἐνδοθὶ θώρηξ·  
 Τυδεΐδης δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ὑπὲρ σάκεος μέγαλοιο 820  
 αἶεν ἐπ' αὐχένι κῦρε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.  
 καὶ τότε δὴ ῥ' Αἴαντι περιδδείσαντες Ἀχαιοὶ  
 παυσαμένους ἐκέλευσαν ἀέθλια ἴσ' ἀνελέσθαι.  
 αὐτὰρ Τυδεΐδῃ δῶκεν μέγα φάσγανον ἥρως  
 σὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ εὐτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.

Αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης θῆκεν σόλον αὐτοχόωνον,  
 ὃν πρὶν μὲν ῥίπτασκε μέγα σθένος Ἡετίωνος·  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι τὸν ἔπεφνε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 τὸν δ' ἄγεται ἐν νήεσσι σὺν ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσιν.  
 στή δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν· 830

“Ὅρnungst' οἷ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε·  
 εἴ οἱ καὶ μάλα πολλὸν ἀπόπροθι πῖονες ἀγροὶ,  
 ἔξει μιν καὶ πέντε περιπλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς  
 χρεώμενος· οὐ μὲν γάρ οἱ ἀτεμβόμενός γε σιδήρου,  
 ποιμὴν οὐδ' ἄροτῆρ εἶς' ἐς πόλιν, ἀλλὰ παρῆξει.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,  
 ἅν δὲ Λεοντήος κρατερὸν μένος ἀντιθέοιο,  
 ἅν δ' Αἴας Τελαμωνιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἐπειός.  
 ἐξείης δ' ἴσταντο, σόλον δ' ἔλε δῖος Ἐπειός,  
 ἦκε δὲ δινήσας· γέλασαν δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοί. 840  
 δεῦτερος αὐτ' ἀφέηκε Λεοντεύς, ὄζος Ἄρῃος·  
 τὸ τρίτον αὐτ' ἔρριψε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,  
 [χειρὸς ἀπο στιβαρῆς, καὶ ὑπέρβαλε σήματα πάντων.]  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σόλον εἶλε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,  
 ὅσσον τίς τ' ἔρριψε καλαῦροπα βουκόλος ἀνὴρ·

And we will serve them banquet in our tent.'

He spoke. The giant son of Telamon,  
Ajax, uprose, and valiant Diomed ;  
Some short way off the crowd they donn'd their mail ;  
Then in the midst, with hearts for battle fain,  
Both, fiercely glaring, met. Achaia's host  
Beheld, admiring. Each the other near'd ;  
And thrice sprang on, and thrice were hand to hand ;  
Till Ajax through the orbèd shield pierced sheer,  
Yet wounded not ; the corslet stay'd the point ;  
Whilst Tydeus' Son sought still his rival's throat  
With sharp spear-point above the giant shield ;  
Till, fearing for him, all Achaia's host  
Bade both be stay'd from battle and receive  
Their equal guerdons , but on 'Tydeus' Son  
Bestow'd the hero that great glittering brand  
With sheath and baldric of a smooth-cut lude.

Then Peleus' Son set forth of iron ore  
A mass unwelded, crude. Ilietion's strength  
Of old would hurl it ; him Achilles slew,  
And bare this off along with all his wealth  
Aboard his galleys ; now he rose and spake :

" Let who would venture for this need arise.  
Who wins it, though his fields be wide and rich,  
For five full years it shall suffice his use ;  
Nor shall he need for lack of iron ore  
Take him to city-market ; let him be  
Shepherd or ploughman, he shall have to spare."

He spoke, and warlike Polypoetes rose ,  
And with him strong Leontes, match for Gods ;  
Then Epeus, and the Son of Telamon.  
In turn they stood to throw ; first Epeus poised  
And hurl'd the iron ; but the host, who sate  
Beholding, laugh'd derisive : next, the flower  
Of Ares, young Leontes : third, the son  
Of Telamon, huge Ajax, raised, and threw  
Beyond their marks ; but, when at last the quoit  
Was ta'en by warlike Polypoetes up,  
Far as a herdsman throws his staff, which flies

ἡ δέ θ' ἐλισσομένη πέτεται διὰ βοῦς ἀγελαίας·  
 τόσσον παντὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρβαλε· τοὶ δ' ἐβόησαν.  
 ἄνσταντες δ' ἔταροι Πολυποίταο κρατεροῖο  
 νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἔφερον βασιλῆος ἀέθλον.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ τοξευτῆσι τίθει ἰόεντα σίδηρον,  
 καδ' ἐτίθει δέκα μὲν πελέκεας, δέκα δ' ἡμιπέλεκκα,  
 ἰστὸν δ' ἔστησεν νηὸς κυανοπρόροιο  
 τηλοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ἐκ δὲ τρήρωνα πέλειαν  
 λεπτῇ μηρίνθῳ δῆσεν ποδὸς, ἧς ἄρ' ἀνώγει  
 τοξεύειν. “ὅς μὲν κε βάλῃ τρήρωνα πέλειαν,  
 πάντας ἀειράμενος πελέκεας οἰκόνδε φερέσθω·  
 ὅς δέ κε μηρίνθοιο τύχῃ, ὄρνιθος ἀμαρτῶν—  
 ἦσσω γὰρ δὴ κεῖνος—ὁ δ' οἴσεται ἡμιπέλεκκα.”

850

“ὦς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα βίῃ Τεύκροιο ἄνακτος,  
 ἄν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος.  
 κλήρους δ' ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκῆρει πάλλον ἐλόντες,  
 Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος κλήρῳ λάχεν. αὐτίκα δ' ἰὸν  
 ἦκεν ἐπικρατέως, οὐδ' ἠπείλησεν ἄνακτι  
 ἄρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.  
 ὄρνιθος μὲν ἄμαρτε· μέγῃ γάρ οἱ τόγ' Ἀπόλλων·  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ μήρινθον βάλε παρ πόδα, τῇ δέδετ' ὄρνις·  
 ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπὸ μήρινθου τάμε πικρὸς οἰστός.  
 ἡ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἦιξε πρὸς οὐρανόν, ἡ δὲ παρείθη  
 μήρινθος ποτὶ γαίαν· ἀτὰρ κελάδησαν Ἀχαιοί.  
 σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χεῖρὸς  
 τόξον· ἀτὰρ δὴ οἰστὸν ἔχεν πάλαι, ὥς ἴθυνεν.  
 αὐτίκα δ' ἠπείλησεν ἐκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι  
 ἄρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.  
 ὕψι δ' ὑπὸ νεφέων εἶδε τρήρωνα πέλειαν·  
 τῇ ῥ' ὄγγε διενέουσαν ὑπὸ πτέρυγος βάλε μέσσην,  
 ἀντικρὺ δὲ διήλθε βέλος· τὸ μὲν ἄψ ἐπὶ γαλῇ  
 πρόσθεν Μηριόναο πάγῃ ποδός· αὐτὰρ ἡ ὄρνις  
 ἰστῷ ἐφεξομένη νηὸς κυανοπρόροιο  
 αὐχέν' ἀπεκρέμασεν, σὺν δὲ πτερὰ πυκνὰ λίασθεν.

860

870

Whirring amongst the herd, so far beyond  
The allotted space he threw it. All acclaim'd ;  
And his brave followers rose, and bare the prize  
Back to the hollow galleys of their chief.

- Next, to the bowmen he set forth a prize  
Of violet-colour'd iron, axes, ten  
With double head, and ten with single head ;  
Then raised upright a dark-prow'd galley's mast  
Far on the sands, and bound a fluttering dove  
With a thin riband by the foot thereto,  
And bade them take their aims .

“ Whoe'er shall stike

Yon fluttering dove, let him uplift and bear  
These doubleheaded axes to his tent ;  
• But, who shall miss the bird, though ev'n he cleave  
The string, yet, forasmuch as less of skill  
He miss'd his aim, the single heads be his.”

He spoke ; the strength of kingborn-Teucer rose,  
With the brave follower of Idomeneus,  
Meriones ; and in a brazen helm  
They cast their lots, and Teucer gain'd the first.  
Strongly he sent his arrow, yet had fail'd  
To vow upon the altar of the God  
A farfamed hecatomb of firstborn lambs ;  
Wherefore the bird he miss'd ; Apollo grudged  
That honour ; yet beside the foot he struck  
The string whereby the bird was bound ; the string  
Was sunder'd by the bitter arrow through ;  
The bird soar'd up tow'rd heaven, whilst down the string  
Dangled to earth ; and loud acclaim'd the host.  
Whereat Meriones incontinent  
Seized from his hand the bow (he held his shaft  
Prepared already, whilst the other aim'd) ;  
And, vowing to the God who smites from far  
A farfamed hecatomb of firstborn lambs,  
Look'd up and spied beneath the clouds aloft  
The fluttering dove, and pierc'd her as she wheel'd  
Under the wing ; right through her went the shaft ;  
Yet, as she fell, once more upon the mast

ὦκὺς δ' ἐκ μελέων θυμὸς πτάτο, τῆλε δ' ἰπ' αὐτοῦ 880  
 κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ' αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησιν τε.  
 ἄνδ' ἄρα Μηριόνης πελέκεας δέκα πάντας ἄειρει,  
 Τεῦκρος δ' ἡμιπέλεκκα φέρει κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

Αὐτὰρ Πηλείδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,  
 καδ δὲ λέβητ' ἄπυρον, βοὸς ἄξιον, ἀνθεμόνεντα  
 θῆκ' ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων· καὶ ῥ' ἤμονες ἄνδρες ἀνέστησαν·  
 ἄν μὲν ἄρ' Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,  
 ἄν δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος.  
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Ἀτρεΐδη· ἴδμεν γὰρ ὅσον προβέβηκας ὑπάντων — 890  
 ἦδ' ὅσον δυνάμει τε καὶ ἡμασιν ἔπλευ ἄριστος·  
 ἰλλὰ σὺ μὲν τόδ' ἄεθλον ἔχων κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας·  
 ἔρχευ, ἀτὰρ δόρυ Μηριόνη ἥρωι πόρωμεν,  
 εἰ σύ γε σὼ θυμῷ ἐθέλοισ· κέλομαι γὰρ ἔγωγε.”

ὦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·  
 δῶκε δὲ Μηριόνη δόρυ χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἥρως  
 Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον.

She settled, and there hung, with neck awry  
And wings asunder, till the spirit fled  
Swift from her members, and she dropp'd to earth.  
The crowd, admiring, gazed and gave acclaim.  
But blithe Meriones uptook the ten  
With double heads, whilst Teucer bare his meed,  
The single-headed hatchets, to his tent.

Then Peleus' Son brought forth a shadowing spear,  
And one bright caldron, valued at an ox,  
Untarnish'd yet by fire ; and who would throw  
The javelin, rose to contest. First uprose  
Broad-ruling Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
And next, the follower of Idomeneus,  
Meriones , but thus Achilles spake :  
" Atrides, well we know how far above  
All others thou dost stand ; nor more in rank  
Than in the javelin-throw. Wherefore accept  
This gueidon, and to brave Meriones  
Let us, according to thy pleasure, give  
The brazen spear : I speak mine own desire."

He spoke ; the king, Atrides, nothing loth,  
Gave to Meriones the spear, but charged  
Talthybius with his own bright glittering meed.

# ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ω΄.



“Εκτορος λύτρα.

Αὐτο δ' ἄγων, λαοὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἕκαστοι  
 ἐσκίδναι· τοὶ μὲν δόρποιο μέδοντο  
 ὕπνου τε γλυκεροῦ ταρπήμεναι. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 κλαῖε φίλου ἐτάρου μεμνημένος, οὐδέ μιν ὕπτιος  
 ἦρει πανδαμίτωρ, ἀλλ' ἐστρέφετ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,  
 Πατρόκλου ποθέων ἄδροτῆτά τε καὶ μένος ἧ  
 ἦδ' ὅποσα τολύπευσεν σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ πάθεν ἄλγη,  
 ἀνδρῶν τε πτολέμους ἀλεγεινά τε κύματα πείρων·  
 τῶν μιμνησκόμενος θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυον εἶβεν,  
 ἄλλοτ' ἐπὶ πλευρὰς κατακείμενος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 ὕπτιος, ἄλλοτε δὲ πρηνής· τοτὲ δ' ὀρθὸς ἀναστὰς  
 δινεύεσκ' ἀλύων παρὰ θῖν' ἀλός. οὐδέ μιν ἦως  
 φαινομένη λήθεσκεν ὑπεῖρ ἅλα τ' ἠϊόνας τε.  
 ἀλλ' ὄγ' ἐπεὶ ξεύξειεν ὑφ' ἄρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,  
 “Εκτορα δ' ἔλκεσθαι δησάσκετο δίφρου ὀπισθεν,  
 τρὶς δ' ἐρύσας περὶ σῆμα Μενoitιάδαο θανόντος  
 αὐτὶς ἐνὶ κλισίῃ παύεσκετο, τούδε δ' ἔασκεν  
 ἐν κόνι ἐκτανύσας προπρηνέα. τοῖο δ' Ἀπόλλων  
 πᾶσαν ἀεικέειν ἄπεχε χροῦ, φῶτ' ἐλαίρων,  
 καὶ τεθυῖότα περ· περὶ δ' αἰγίδι πάντα κάλυπτεν  
 χρυσείῃ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἐλκυστάζων.

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“Ὡς ὁ μὲν” Εκτορα δῖον ἀείκιζεν μενεαίνων·  
 τὸν δ' ἐλαίρεσκον μάκαρες θεοὶ εἰσορόωντες,



## ILIAD · XXIV.

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THE throng was loosen'd, and the nations went  
Each to their separate ships, and turned their thoughts  
To joyance of repast or sweet repose ;  
Only Achilles, still remembering, mourn'd  
His dear companion. Sleep, all-conquering Sleep,  
Subdued him not ; but up and down he toss'd,  
In yearning for the manhood and great might  
Of lost Patroclus. All the sufferings borne—  
All the works wrought—together in their lives,  
Warrings with men, sore wrestlings with the waves—  
Remembering all these things, he wept on still.  
Now prone with face to earth, now on his side  
Turning, and now upon his back, he lay ;  
Then to his feet would start, and o'er the sands  
Roam to and fro, lamenting ; morning brake  
Above that meadowy coast and eastern sea,  
And found him wakeful still. Anon he yoked  
His horses to his car, and hung again  
Hector to trail behind it ; and, when so  
Thrice he had dragged him round Patroclus' cairn,  
Again in mire would leave him, stark and prone,  
And seek once more to slumber in his tent.  
Yet on that hero had Apollo ruth,  
Fall'n though he lay, and all unseemliness  
Kept from his body, with a golden shield  
Sheltering, that not a hair should suffer harm.

Such was the wrong Achilles' fury wrought ;  
Which the Gods seeing from their homes of bliss,  
Had pity on noble Hector, and would bid

κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνεσκον εὐσκοπον Ἀργειφόντην.  
 ἔνθ' ἄλλοις μὲν πᾶσιν ἐήνδανεν, οὐδέ ποθ' Ἥρῃ  
 οὐδέ Ποσειδάων' οὐδέ γλαυκῶπιδι κοῦρῃ,  
 ἀλλ' ἔχον ὥς σφιν πρῶτον ἀπήχθετο Ἴλιος ἱρή  
 καὶ Πριάμος καὶ λαὸς, Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔνεκ' ἄτης,  
 ὃς νείκεσσε θεᾶς, ὅτε οἱ μέσσανλον ἵκοντο,  
 τὴν δ' ἤνυσ' ἢ οἱ πόρε μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτη γένετ' ἡὼς,  
 καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἀθανάτοισι μετηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·

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“Σχέτλιοί ἐστε, θεοὶ, δηλήμονες· οὐ νύ ποθ' ὑμῖν  
 Ἔκτωρ μηρί' ἔκκη βοῶν αἰγῶν τε τελεῖων;  
 τὸν νῦν οὐκ ἔτλητε, νέκυν περ ἔοντα, σαῶσαι,  
 ἦ τ' ἀλόχῳ ἰδέειν καὶ μητέρι καὶ τέκει ᾧ  
 καὶ πατέρι Πριάμῳ λαοῖσί τε, τοί κέ μιν ᾧκα  
 ἐν πυρὶ κήαιεν καὶ ἐπὶ κτέρεα κτερίσαιεν.  
 ἀλλ' ὀλοῶ Ἀχιλῆι, θεοὶ βούλεσθ' ἐπαρήγειν,  
 ᾧ οὐτ' ἄρ φρένες εἰσὶν ἐναΐσιμοι οὔτε νόημα  
 γναμπτὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, λέων δ' ὥς ἄγρια οἶδεν,  
 ὅστ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ μεγάλη τε βίῃ καὶ ἀγήνορι θυμῷ  
 εὔξας εἶσ' ἐπὶ μῆλα βροτῶν, ἵνα δαῖτα λάβησιν·  
 ὥς Ἀχιλεὺς ἔλεον μὲν ἀπώλεσεν, οὐδέ οἱ αἰδώς  
 [γίγνεται, ἦτ' ἄνδρας μέγα σίνεταί ἡδ' ὀνύνησιν].  
 μέλλει μὲν πού τις καὶ φίλτερον ἄλλον ὀλέσσαι,  
 ἢ κασίγνητον ὁμογύστριον ἢ καὶ υἷόν·  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι κλαύσας καὶ ὀδυράμενος μεθέηκεν·  
 τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν.  
 αὐτὰρ ὅγ' Ἔκτορα δῖον, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,  
 ἵππων ἐξάπτων περὶ σῆμ' ἐτάριοιο φίλοιο  
 ἔλκει· οὐ μὲν οἱ τόγε κάλλιον οὐδέ τ' ἄμεινον.  
 μὴ ἀγαθῷ περ ἔοντι νεμεσσηθῶμέν οἱ ἡμεῖς·  
 κωφὴν γὰρ δὴ γαῖαν ἀεικίζει μενεαίνων.”

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Τὸν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσέφη λευκώλενος Πηρῇ·  
 “εἴη κεν καὶ τοῦτο τεὸν ἔπος, ἀργυρότοξε,

Far-glancing Aigeiphontes steal the corse.  
And all gave voice, save Herè, queen in heaven,  
Poseidon, and the Maiden azure-eyed.  
For ev'n as from the first these three had loathed  
The people and their king and sacred towers,  
So still they loathed them, for the self-same cause,  
The curse that Alexander bare to Troy ;  
Who judged betwixt the Goddesses, what time  
They came before his sheepfold to be judged,  
Approving Her, who gave his lust's desire.  
But when the twelfth day dawned above the dead,  
Apollo thus amongst the Immortals spake :

“ Injurious Gods, and graceless ! Say, were ne'er  
Your altars fed of Hector with the flesh  
Of bulls and rams ? Whom yet of late from death  
Ye saved not, and, now dead, ye will not grant  
Back to the sight of his dear wife and child,  
Father and mother, and his country's care.  
There soon would they consume him on his pyre,  
There all observance to the dead fulfil.  
Rather ye love to grace this man of blood,  
Of mind unrighteous, and of heart like flint,  
Wild, savage-thoughted as a lion, driven  
By his own strength and fury over-bold  
To make his feast upon the flocks of men.  
Not more hath he of pity or of shame  
(Shame, man's surpassing profit, or his bane).  
Yet well we know the dearest may be lost,  
An own twin brother or a son ; but he  
Who loseth, after sorrow, findeth rest ;  
For Fate hath given endurance unto men.  
But, lo, with Hector's death not yet content,  
This man hath bound the dead behind his car,  
And trails him still about his comrade's tomb --  
Vengeance dishonourable, and perchance  
On his own head recoiling, who will change  
Our love for his high valour into wrath,  
Venting such outrage on the senseless clay ! ”

But Herè, all in wrath, return'd reply :  
“ O thou, the Godhead of the silver bow,

εἰ δὴ ὁμῆν Ἀχιλλῆι καὶ Ἐκτορι θήσετε τιμὴν.  
 Ἐκτωρ μὲν θνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν·  
 αἶψ' ἂρ Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστι θεᾶς γόνος, ἣν ἐγὼ αὐτῇ  
 θρέψα τε καὶ ἀτίτηλα καὶ ἀνδρὶ πόρον παράκοιτιν, 60  
 Πηλῆϊ, ὃς περὶ κῆρι φίλος γένετ' ἀθανάτοισιν.  
 πάντες δ' ἀντιάσθε, θεοὶ, γάμου· ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσιν  
 δαίνυ' ἔχων φόρμιγγα, κακῶν ἔταρ', αἰὲν ἄπιστε."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς·  
 "Ἥρη, μὴ δὴ πάμπαν ἀποσκύδμαινε θεοῖσιν·  
 οὐ μὲν γὰρ τιμὴ γε μὴ' ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἐκτωρ  
 φίλτατος ἔσκε θεοῖσι βροτῶν οὐκ ἐν Ἰλίῳ εἰσίν·  
 ὥς γὰρ ἔμοιγ', ἐπεὶ οὐτι φίλων ἡμάρτανε δώρων.  
 οὐ γάρ μοι ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐίσσης,  
 λοιβῆς τε κυίσσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς. 70  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι κλέψαι μὲν ἔασομεν—οὐδέ πη ἔστιν  
 λάθρη Ἀχιλλῆος—θρασὺν Ἐκτορα· ἦ γάρ οἱ αἰεὶ  
 μήτηρ παρμέμβλωκεν ὁμῶς νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμαρ.  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τις καλέσειε θεῶν Θέτιν ἄσσον ἐμεῖο,  
 ὄφρα τί οἱ εἴπω πυκινὸν ἔπος, ὥς κεν Ἀχιλλεύς  
 δώρων ἐκ Πριάμοιο λάχῃ ἀπὸ θ' Ἐκτορα λύσῃ."

Ὡς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δὲ Ἴρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,  
 μεσσηγὺς δὲ Σάμου τε καὶ Ἰμβρου παιπαλοέσσης  
 ἐνθόρε μείλανι πόντῳ· ἐπεστονάχῃσε δὲ Λίμνῃ.  
 ἥ δὲ μολυβδαίνῃ ἱκέλη ἐς βυσσὸν ὄρουσεν, 80  
 ἥτε κατ' ἀγραύλοιο βοὸς κέρας ἐμβεβανῖα  
 ἔρχεται ὠμηστῆσιν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι κῆρα φέρουσα.  
 εὖρε δ' ἐνὶ σπῆϊ γλαφυρῷ Θέτιν, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄλλαι  
 εἴαθ' ὁμηγερέες ἄλιαι θεαῖ· ἥ δ' ἐνὶ μέσσης  
 κλαῖε μόρον οὐ παιδὸς ἀμύμονος, ὃς οἱ ἔμελλεν  
 φθίσεσθ' ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης.

Could ye hold great Achilles and the slain  
 To equal honour, this thy rede might be.  
 But Hector is a mortal boin, and suck'd  
 The paps of mortal woman ; but the son  
 The other of a Goddess, whom myself  
 Cherish'd and nurtured, and at last made wife  
 To Peleus—Peleus to Immortals dear.  
 At whose great bridal, Gods, ye all did meet,  
 Thysel' amidst the banquet, harp in hand,  
 Thou faithless, graceless favourer of the ill ! ”

To whom the Ruler of the clouds rejoin'd :  
 “ My Herè, spend not thus on Gods thy wiath ;  
 We grant not equal honour to the twain.  
 But likewise thou forget not, that, of all  
 Who dwelt in Ilion, dearest to the Gods  
 Was Hector, and, beyond you all, to me.  
 Who fail'd not of his grateful gifts to heaven ,  
 Ne'er stood my altar lacking from his hand  
 Libation, or the steam of victim's flesh,  
 Or aught of offering due to Powers divine.  
 Yet pass we by this counsel of a theft  
 To steal away brave Hector ; nor in sooth  
 Might such escape Achilles ; o'er him still  
 Wakeful his mother watcheth day and night.  
 But forth and bid ye Thetis to my side ;  
 With her some sager counsel will I share,  
 Whereby Achilles from the king shall gain  
 Meed of rich gifts, but render Hector home.”

He ended, and storm-footed Iris rose  
 To hear the message ; down 'twixt Samos isle  
 And rocky Imbros, into waters black  
 She plunged, and o'er her foam'd the level main.  
 Down straight she dropp'd into th' abyss, most like  
 Some plummet, that, to tube of cowhorn bound,  
 Sinks baited to the death of ravenous fish :  
 Anon within a hollow grot she found  
 Thetis, around whom sate the Ocean-Nymphs,  
 Her sisters, where she midmost wail'd the doom  
 Of him her noble son, in Troy's rich fields  
 Destin'd to early death and far from home.

ἀγχού δ' ἰσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις·

“Ὅρσο, Θέτι· καλέει Ζεὺς ἄφθιτα μῆδεα εἰδώς.”  
τῇ δ' ἡμέλιβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·

“Τίπτε με κείνος ἄνωγε μέγας θεός; αἰδέομαι δὲ 90  
μίσγεσθ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἔχω δ' ἄχε' ἄκριτα θυμῷ.  
εἰμι μὲν, οὐδ' ἄλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃ.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσασα κάλυμμ' ἔλε δία θεάων  
κυάνεον, τοῦ δ' οὔτι μελάντερον ἔπλετο ἔσθος.  
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, πρόσθεν δὲ ποδὴν εἰς ὠκέα Ἴρις  
ἡγεῖτ'· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι λιάζετο κύμα θαλάσσης.  
ἀκτὴν δ' ἐξαναβάσαι ἐς οὐρανὸν ἀνχθήτην,  
εὖρον δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην, περὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἅπαντες  
εἶαθ' ὁμηγερέες μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες·  
ἣ δ' ἄρα παρ Διὶ πατρὶ καθέζετο, εἶξε δ' Ἀθιγόνη. 100  
Ἥρῃ δὲ χρύσειον καλὸν δέπας ἐν χειρὶ θήκεν  
καί ῥ' εὐφρην' ἐπέεσσι· Θέτις δ' ὥρεξε πιούσα.  
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἡρξε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·

“Ἥλυθες Οὐλυμπόνδε, θεὰ Θέτι, κηδομένη περ,  
πένθος ἄλαστον ἔχουσα μετὰ φρεσίν· οἶδα καὶ αὐτός·  
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς ἐρέω τοῦ σ' εἵνεκα δεῦρο κίλεσσα.  
ἐννῆμαρ δὴ νέικος ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ὄρωρεν  
Ἑκτορος ἀμφὶ νέκυι καὶ Ἀχιλλῇι πτολιπόρθῳ·  
κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνουσιν εὐσκοπον Ἀργειφόντην·  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε κῦδος Ἀχιλλῇι προτιάπτω, 110  
αἰδῶ καὶ φιλότῃ τε τῇ μετόπισθε φυλάσσω.  
αἶψα μάλ' ἐς στρατὸν ἔλθε καὶ νίει σῶ ἐπίτειλον.  
σκύζεσθαι οἱ εἶπε θεοὺς, ἐμὲ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων  
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένησιν  
Ἑκτορ' ἔχει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσεν,  
αἷ κέν πως ἐμέ τε δέισῃ ἀπὸ θ' Ἑκτορα λύσῃ.  
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Πριάμφω μεγαλήτορι Ἴριον ἐφίσω  
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῇϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα,

Whom Iris nea approach'd, and thus address'd :

“Thetis, arise ; Zeus calls thee on some best  
Of his eternal wisdom to his side.”

To whom the silver-footed Nymph return'd :

“And wherefore calls He me, who shun for shame, -

For very shame, to mingle with the Gods ?

Yea, for my heart is breaking with my woes.

Yet tarry, for He will not speak in vain.”

She spoke, the queen of Nymphs, and raised her robe,

(Was never azure robe of deeper dye)

And rose, and went ; and Iris led her thence.

The waters stood asunder as they came,

And up the strand they moved and flew to heaven.

There found they their wide-glancing Lord amid

The congregated throng of Gods in bliss.

And Thetis took her seat by Father Zeus,

Athene yielding place , and Heið put

Into her hands a golden cup, and spake

Her welcome ; Thetis took the cup and drank,

Whilst He, the Father of the world, began :

“Thetis, I know the anguish of thy heart ;

Yet, for that thou hast come to this high hill,

Despite thine ineradicable woe,

Hearken ; I tell thee why I call thee thus.

Nine days among the Gods hath strife been waged

O'er Hector's corse, and Hector's mightier foe.

Yea, they had bidden Hermes steal the corse.

But I of my undying love for thee

Will yet another honour to thy son.

Quick hie thee to his camp, and give thy hest ;

Tell him, the Gods now murmur, and myself

Beyond all others wrathful, that he still

Holds Hector, in this madness of his soul,

Amongst the long-beak'd barks, nor yields him back.

So may he reverence me, and loose the dead.

Meantime to Troy's great-hearted King I send

Iris, to bid him venture forth alone

Into Achaia's fleet, and bear rich gifts,

To move Achilles and redeem his son.”

Nor silver-footed Thetis disobey'd.

βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων αἰξασα.  
 ἴξεν δ' ἐς κλισίην οὗ υἱέος· ἔνθ' ἄρα τόνγε  
 εἴρ' ἀδινὰ στενάχοντα· φίλοι δ' ἄμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι  
 ἐσσυμένως ἐπέοντο καὶ ἐντύνοντο ἄριστον·  
 τοῖσι δ' οἷς λάσιος μέγας ἐν κλισίῃ ἰέρευτο.  
 ἦ δὲ μάλ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο πότνια μήτηρ,  
 χειρὶ τῇ μιν κατέρεξευ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' οὐνόμαζεν·

“Τέκνον ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων  
 σὴν ἔδεια κραδίην, μεμνημένος οὔτε τι σίτου  
 οὔτ' εὐνῆς ; ἀγαθὸν δὲ γυναικί περ ἐν φιλότῃτι  
 μίσγεσθ'· οὐ γάρ μοι δηρὸν βέη, ἀλλὰ τοι ἤδη  
 ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.  
 ἀλλ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα, Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι.  
 σκύζεσθαί σοί φησι θεοὺς, ἐξ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων  
 ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένησιν  
 Ἕκτορ' ἔχεις παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσας.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ λῦσον, νεκροῖο δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα.”

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Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “τῇδ' εἴη· ὅς ἄποινα φέροι, καὶ νεκρὸν ἄγοιτο,  
 εἰ δὴ πρόφρονι θυμῷ Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἀνώγει.”

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Ὡς οἷγ' ἐν νηῶν ἀγύρει μήτηρ τε καὶ υἱὸς  
 πολλὰ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον.  
 Ἴριν δ' ὥτρυνε Κρονίδης εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν·

“βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἴρι ταχεῖα· λιποῦς' ἔδος Οὐλύμποιο  
 ἄγγελιον Πριάμφ μεγαλήτορι Ἴλιον εἶσω  
 λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῇι φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνη,  
 οἶον, μηδὲ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἔτω ἀνὴρ.  
 κῆρύξ τίς οἱ ἔποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ' ἰθύνοι  
 ἡμιόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐντροχόν, ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτῖς  
 νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστν, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 μηδὲ τί οἱ θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·

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Down springing, from Olympus' crests she flew,  
And gain'd the tent, wherein she found her son  
Yet weeping without ceasing ; but around  
His comrades labour'd with all zest, and made  
A breakfast ready ; in the tent unskinn'd  
The carcase of a sheep before them lay.  
Midmost the mother of their chief took seat,  
Laid a soft hand upon him, and began :

“How long, my child, in lamentations lost,  
Turning thee not to sleep, nor food, nor love  
(And woman's love were solace of thy grief),  
Consuming thine own heart wilt thou remain ?  
Oh, heed thee, for I shall not have thee long  
In this world, but already Death and Fate,  
Relentless Fate, are standing by thy side.  
But hearken, for mine errand is of Zeus ;  
He saith, the Gods now murmur, and himself  
Beyond all others wrathful, that thou still  
Hold'st Hector, in this madness of thy soul,  
Amongst the long-beak'd barks, nor yield'st him back.  
Then loose him ; take a ransom for the dead.”

To whom her fleetfoot son return'd reply :  
“If such the great Olympian's will and word,  
So be it ; let them ransom home their dead.”

Such converse in the assembly of the ships  
Unbroken held the mother with her son.

But Zeus the while sent Iris into Troy :  
“Hence, Iris, haste thee from this high abode ;  
And take to Ilion and her noble King  
This message, that he now redeem his son,  
Amid Achaia's galleys venturing forth,  
Bearing rich gifts to move Achilles' heart,  
Alone—let no man else go with him there.  
Only one aged herald let him take  
To guide the mules straight, and a gliding car,  
Thereon to carry back to Ilion's halls  
His body, whom divine Achilles slew.  
Nor heed of death be his nor aught of dread ;  
So great a guide we grant him, ev'n a God,

τοῖον γάρ οἱ πομπὸν ὀπάσσομεν Ἀργειφόντην,  
ὃς ἄξει εἴως κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆι πελάσση.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγησιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,  
οὗτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπὸ τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·  
οὔτε γάρ ἐστ' ἄφρων οὗτ' ἄσκοπος οὗτ' ἀλιτήμων,  
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐνδυκέως ἰκέτεω πᾶσι δέσεται ἀνδρός."

Ὡς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δὲ Ἴρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα.  
ἶξεν δ' ἐς Πριάμοιο, κίχεν δ' ἐνοπὴν τε γόον τε.  
παῖδες μὲν πατέρ' ἀμφὶ καθήμενοι ἐνδοθεν αὐλῆς  
δάκρυσιν εἴματ' ἔφυρον, ὃ δ' ἐν μέσσοισι γεραίος  
ἐντυπὰς ἐν χλαίνῃ κεκαλυμμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλῇ  
κόπρος ἦν κεφαλῇ τε καὶ αὐχένι τοῖο γέροντος,  
τὴν ῥα κυλινδόμενος καταμήσατο χερσὶν ἐΐησιν.  
θυγατέρες δ' ἀνὰ δώματ' ἰδὲ νυοὶ ὠδύροντο,  
τῶν μιμνησκόμεναι οὐδὲ πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ  
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες.  
στῆ δὲ παρὰ Πριάμον Διὸς ἄγγελος, ἡδὲ προσηύδα  
τυτθὸν φθεγξαμένη· τὸν δὲ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα.

“Θάρσει, Δαρδανίδη Πρίαμε, φρεσὶ, μηδέ τι τάρβει·  
οὐ μὲν γάρ τοι ἐγὼ κακὸν ὀσσομένη τόδ' ἰκάνω,  
ἀλλ' ἀγαθὰ φρονέουσα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,  
ὃς σευ ἀνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδετα ἡδ' ἐλεαίρει.  
λίσασθαί σ' ἐκέλευσεν Ὀλύμπιος Ἐκτορα δῖον,  
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνη,  
οἶον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνὴρ.  
κῆρύξ τίς τοι ἔποιτο γεραίτερος, ὃς κ' ἰθύνει  
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἅμαξαν εὐτροχον, ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτὶς  
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  
μηδέ τί τοι θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·  
τοῖος γάρ τοι πομπὸς ἅμ' ἔψεται Ἀργειφόντης,  
ὃς σ' ἄξει εἴως κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆϊ πελάσση.  
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγησιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,  
οὗτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπὸ τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·

Far-glancing Argeiphontes ; he shall lead  
His feet, and bring him to Achilles nigh.  
But, when he so hath gain'd Achilles' tent,  
Achilles shall not slay him, and shall keep  
All others off him ; for no fool is he,  
Murderous and aimless, but shall have his heart  
Open, and spare the suppliant at his feet."

He ended ; wind-foot Iris rose, to bear  
The message, and to Priam's palace sped.  
Therein she found the cry of wail and woe.  
Watering their raiment with their tears, they sate  
The children round their father in the court ;  
Midmost the old man grovelling on the earth,  
With cloak close muffled around his limbs, but dust  
And mire all clotted on his neck and head,  
By his own hands besprinkled on himself .  
Whose daughters through their chambers wail'd and wept  
For memory of the many noble men  
Dead, fallen beneath the hands of Argos' sons.  
The messenger of Zeus by Priam's side  
Took station and address'd him ; soft her voice  
Saluting ; yet he trembled as he heard :

"Cheer thee, Dardanian Priam, fear thou nought ;  
No prophetess of ill, but good, I come,  
The messenger of Zeus, who cares for thee,  
Albeit remote on high, and pitieth much.  
He bids thee now to ransom Hector home,  
Bearing rich gifts to move Achilles' heart,  
Alone—let no man else go with thee there.  
Only one aged herald mayst thou take  
To guide the mules straight, and a gliding car,  
Thereon to carry back to Ilion's halls  
His body, whom divine Achilles slew.  
Nor heed of death be thine nor aught of dread ;  
So great a guide he grants thee, ev'n a God,  
Far-glancing Argeiphontes ; he shall lead  
Thy feet, and bring thee to Achilles nigh.  
But, when thou so hast gain'd Achilles' tent,  
Achilles shall not slay thee, and shall keep  
All others off thee ; for no fool is he,

οὔτε γάρ ἐστ' ἄφρων οὔτ' ἄσκοπος οὔτ' ἀλιτήμων,  
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐνδυκέως ἐκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."

Ἦ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦς ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἴρις,  
αὐτὰρ ὄγ' υἷας ἄμαξαν εὐτροχον ἡμιονεῖην  
ὀπλίσαι ἠνώγει, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαι ἐπ' αὐτῆς.  
αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσето κηώεντα,  
κέδρινον, ὑψόροφον, ὃς γλήνεα πολλὰ κεχάνδει·  
ἐς δ' ἄλοχον Ἑκάβην ἐκαλέσσατο φώνησέν τε·

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“Δαιμονίη, Διόθεν μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἄγγελος ἦλθεν  
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν, ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῇ φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ, τί τοι φρεσὶν εἴδεται εἶναι ;  
αἰνῶς γάρ μ' αὐτόν γε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἄνωγεν  
ἵσ' ἵέναι ἐπὶ νῆας ἔσω στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν.”

Ὡς φάτο, κώκυσεν δὲ γυνὴ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·  
“ὦ μοι, πῇ δὴ τοι φρένες οἴχονθ', ἧς τὸ πάρος περ  
ἔκλευ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ξείνους ἢ δ' οἷσιν ἀνάσσεις ;  
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,  
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὃς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς  
υἷας ἐξενάριξε· σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.  
εἰ γάρ σ' αἰρήσει καὶ ἐσόψεται ὀφθαλμοῖσιν  
ὤμησθης καὶ ἄπιστος ἀνὴρ ὅδε, οὐ σ' ἐλεήσει,  
οὐδέ τί σ' αἰδέσεται. νῦν δὲ κλαίωμεν ἀνευθεν  
ἦμενοι ἐν μεγάρῳ· τῷ δ' ὥς ποθὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή  
γεينوμένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκον αὐτῇ,  
ἀργίποδας κύνας ἄσαι, ἔδῳ ἀπάνευθε τοκήων,  
ἀνδρὶ πάρα κρατερῷ, τοῦ ἐγὼ μέσον ἦπαρ ἔχοιμι  
ἐσθέμεναι προσφύσα· τότε ἂν τιτὰ ἔργα γένοιτο  
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ, ἐπεὶ οὐ ἔκακιζόμενόν γε κατέκτα,  
ἀλλὰ πρὸ Τρώων καὶ Τρωιάδων βαθυκόλπων  
ἔσταότ', οὔτε φόβου μεμνημένον οὔτ' ἀλεωρῆς.”

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Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·  
“μή μ' ἐθέλουτ' ἵέναι κατερύκανε, μηδὲ μοι αὐτῇ  
ὄρνις ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κακὸς πέλεν· οὐδέ με πείσεις.

Murderous and aimless, but shall have his heart  
Open, and spare the suppliant at his feet."  
Speaking, wind-footed Iris pass'd away.

Then the King bade his sons to harness quick  
With mules a gliding car, and thereon bind  
Its sides of basket ; but himself alone  
Enter'd the fragrant chamber, cedar-built  
And lofty-roof'd, and stored with curious wealth ;  
There call'd he to him Hecuba, and spake :  
" Message hath come, my wife, from Father Zeus,  
Bidding me go amid Achaia's fleet,  
Bearing rich gifts to move Achilles' heart,  
And ransom our dear son. But tell thy thought ;  
My own desire and heart are strong within me  
To go, yea, 'mid their very camp and fleet."

He ended, but with cry she thus replied :  
" Where now that wisdom flown, thy fame of old  
Through realms abroad, and this thine own domain ?  
Ah me, and hast thou will to venture forth  
Alone amid Achaia's barks, and stand  
Before the face of him who slew thy sons  
So many and so noble ? Oh, thy heart  
Needs be of steel ! For should thy murderous foe,  
The traitor, take thee there, or cast an eye  
Upon thee, dream not mercy shown from him !  
Rather sit down and mourn with me alone !  
Well know I that fell Fate on Hector's birth  
Enwove the doom, that he the carrion prey  
Of hounds should perish, slain by mightier foe ;  
Nathless I now could fasten on his heart  
And suck his lifeblood who hath slain my son,  
Nor then be more than quit ! For not in shame  
Nor in wrong cause he slew him, but erect,  
Standing before the men and women of 'Troy,  
Fearless, in single battle for their sakes ! "

To her the godlike elder gave reply :  
" Think not to stay my going ; croak not thus  
A bird of evil boding in my house.  
Thou wilt not move me. Had he been of men,

εἰ μὲν γάρ τίς μ' ἄλλος ἐπιχθονίων ἐκέλευεν, 220  
 ἢ οὐ μάντιές εἰσι, θυοσκόοι ἢ ἱεῖρες,  
 ψευδὸς κεν φαίμεν καὶ νοσφίζοίμεθα μᾶλλον·  
 νῦν δ'—αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄκουσα θεοῦ καὶ ἐσέδρακον ἄντην—  
 εἰμι, καὶ οὐχ ἄλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται. εἰ δέ μοι αἶσα  
 τεθνάμεναι παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,  
 βούλομαι· αὐτίκα γάρ με κατακτείνειεν Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 ἀγκὰς ἑλόντ' ἐμὸν υἷον, ἐπὴν γόου ἐξ ἔρον εἴην."

Ἡ καὶ φωριαμῶν ἐπιθήματα κάλ' ἀνέφγεν,  
 ἔνθεν δώδεκα μὲν περικαλλέας ἔξελε πέπλους,  
 δώδεκα δ' ἀπλοῖδας χλαίνας, τόσσους δὲ τάπητας, 230  
 τόσσα δὲ φάρεα καλὰ, τόσους δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι χιτῶνας.  
 χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας ἔφερεν δέκα πάντα τάλαντα,  
 ἐκ δὲ δὺ' αἰθώνας τρίποδας, πύσυρας δὲ λέβητας,  
 ἐκ δὲ δέπας περικαλλῆς, ὃ οἱ Θρήκες πόρον ἀνδρῆς  
 ἐξεσίην ἑλθόντι, μέγα κτέρας· οὐδὲ νῦν τοῦπερ  
 φείσατ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ὁ γέρων, περὶ δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ  
 λύσασθαι φίλον υἷον. ὁ δὲ Τρῶας μὲν ἅπαντας  
 αἰθούσης ἀπέεργεν ἔπεσσ' αἰσχροῖσιν ἐνίσσων·

"Ἐρρέτε, λωβητῆρες, ἐλεγχεές· οὐ νῦν καὶ ὑμῖν  
 οἴκοι ἔνεστι γόος, ὅτι μ' ἤλθετε κηδήσοντας ; 240  
 ἢ οὐόσασθ' ὅτι μοι Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν,  
 παῖδ' ὀλέσαι τὸν ἄριστον ; ἀτὰρ γνώσεσθε καὶ ὕμμες.  
 ῥῆγῆτεροι γὰρ μᾶλλον Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὴ ἔσεσθε  
 κείνου τεθνηῶτος ἐναιρέμεν. αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε,  
 πρὶν ἀλαπαζομένην τε πόλιν κεραϊζομένην τε  
 ῥφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδεῖν, βαίην δόμον Ἀΐδος εἴσω."

Ἡ καὶ σκηπανίῳ δῖεπ' ἀνέρας· οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἔξω  
 σπερχομένοιο γέροντος. ὁ δ' υἰάσιν οἷσιν ὁμόκλα,  
 νεικεῖων Ἐλενὸν τε Πάριον τ' Ἀγάθωνά τε δῖον  
 Πάμμονά τ' Ἀντίφονόν τε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸν τε Πολίτην 250  
 Δηΐφοβόν τε καὶ Ἰππόθοον καὶ Δῖον ἀγαυόν·  
 ἐννέα τοῖς ὁ γεραίς ὁμοκλήσας ἐκέλευεν·

"Σπεύσατέ μοι, κακὰ τέκνα, κατηφόνες. αἶθ' ἅμα παντες

A seer, an augur-prophet, or a priest,  
Then haply we might deem his bidding false,  
And put the matter from us. But myself  
Beheld the Goddess, heard with mine own ears,  
And know her words not vain. Therefore I go ;  
Yea, though it be my doom to perish there,  
I reckon not ; welcome straight Achilles' sword,  
So I may clasp my son and weep my fill !”

He spoke, and off his coffers raised the lids ;  
Thence took he out twelve mantles passing fair,  
Twelve single cloaks, as many broader'd rugs,  
As many woven shawls, as many robes.  
Next weigh'd ten talents out of gold, full weight,  
And bare them forth ; two burnish'd tripods, then,  
Four caldions, and a cup of costly work,  
Possession of vast price, to him bestow'd  
Of Thrace, what time in embassy he came ;  
Which yet the old man spared not now to take,  
For this his longing to redeem his son.  
Then drove he from the corridor the throng  
Of townsmen, and in fretful mood reviled :

“ Begone, you wretched cowardly brood, begone !  
Have ye not grief enow in your own homes,  
That thus ye come to fret me with annoy ?  
Or gloat you o'er the sorrows of your king,  
Stricken by Zeus, reft of his bravest son ?  
Ye too shall know the anguish, when ye fall  
Far easier victims to Achilles' sword  
Than when he lived to save you ! but for me—  
Heaven grant, that, ere the spoiler waste and bring  
My town to dust, with Hades I may dwell ! ”

He spoke, and chased asunder all the throng,  
Who ran before the anger'd elder driven.  
Then loudly call'd he chiding to his sons,  
To Paris, Helenus, Deiphobus,  
Pammon, Polites brave in battle's need,  
Hippothous, and the godlike Agathon,  
And noble Dius, and Antiphonus ;  
These nine he call'd upbraiding, and he bade  
“ Haste you, ye vile reproaches to my name.

"Εκτορος ὠφέλετ' ἀντὶ θεῆς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ πεφάσθαι •  
 ὧ μοι ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον νῆας ἀρίστους  
 Τρῶϊν ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔτινά φημι λελείφθαι,  
 • Μήστορά τ' ἀντίθεον καὶ Τρωῖλον ἵππιοχάρμην  
 "Εκτορά θ', ὃς θεὸς ἔσκει μετ' ἀνδράσιν, οὐδὲ ἐφάκει  
 ἀνδρός γε θνητοῦ πάϊς ἔμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῖο •  
 τοὺς μὲν ἀπώλεσ' Ἀρης, τὰ δ' ἐλέγχεα πάντα λέλειπται, 260  
 ψεύσται τ' ὀρχησταί τε, χοροῖτυπλήσιν ἄριστοι,  
 ἀρνῶν ἢ δ' ἐρίφων ἐπιδήμιοι ἀρπακτῆρες.  
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ μοι ἄμαξαν ἐφοπλίσσαιτε τάχιστα,  
 ταῦτά τε πάντ' ἐπιθεῖτε, ἵνα πρήσωμεν ὁδοῖο ;"

"Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλήν  
 ἐκ μὲν ἄμαξαν ἄειραν ἐύτροχον ἡμιονεῖην,  
 καλλὴν πρωτοπαγῇ, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαν ἐπ' αὐτῆς,  
 καὶ δ' ἀπὸ πασσαλόφει ζυγὸν ἤρεον ἡμιόνειον,  
 πύξινον ὀμφαλόεν, εὖ οἰήκεσσιν ἀρηρός •  
 ἐκ δ' ἔφερον ζυγόδεσμον ἅμα ζυγῷ ἐννεάπηχυ. 270  
 καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκαν ἐϋξέστη ἐπὶ ῥυμῷ,  
 πέζην ἐπὶ πρώτῃ, ἐπὶ δὲ κρίκον ἔστορι βάλλον,  
 τρὶς δ' ἐκάτερθεν ἔδησαν ἐπ' ὀμφαλὸν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 ἐξείης κατέδησαν, ὑπὸ γλαγχίνα δ' ἔκαμψαν.  
 ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φέροντες ἐϋξέστης ἐπ' ἀπήνης  
 νήεον Ἐκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,  
 ζευξάν δ' ἡμιόνους κρατερώνυχας ἐντεσιερгоύς,  
 τοὺς ῥά ποτε Πριάμφ Μυσοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.  
 ἵππους δὲ Πριάμφ ὕπαγον ζυγὸν, οὓς ὁ γεραίὸς  
 αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλεν ἐϋξέστη ἐπὶ φάτνῃ. 280

Τὼ μὲν ζευγνύσθην ἐν δώμασιν ὑψηλοῖσιν  
 κῆρυξ καὶ Πριάμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μῆδε' ἔχοντες •



I would that, so it were that Hector lived,  
Ye all were dead together in yon fleet !  
Unhappy that I am, whose sons of late  
Were bravest of all men throughout broad Troy ;  
Not one of all those bravest now remains.  
- Brave Mestor, charioteering Troilus,  
And Hector, who was as a God to men,  
Nor seem'd of mortal but immortal born—  
All these hath Ares ta'en, and in their stead  
Left me my dregs—men able well to lie,  
Or dance—yea, excellent bright popinjays,  
And strong to rob my people of their flocks !  
Hear ye me not ? Prepare the car, and set  
These wares thereon, that we may go our way "

He ceased, they quail'd beneath their sire's rebuke,  
And lifted forth a litter to the mules,  
Well-wheel'd, and fair to view, and newly wrought,  
And bound the sides of basket fast thereon.  
Then took they down the mule-yoke from its peg ;  
A yoke of boxwood ; 'twixt its collars rose  
A boss with rings thick studded ; with the yoke  
They carried forth a rope nine cubits long ;  
This they bound fast upon the polish'd pole,  
Where the pole ends, and on its ready peg  
Let drop the ring whereby the yoke was fix'd ;  
Then thrice around the upper boss they twined  
The rope, and wound it to and fro, and loop'd  
The tag into a knot beneath the pole.  
This done, they from the chamber brought and piled  
On the smooth-polish'd car the costly gifts,  
Ransom of noble Hector ; to the yoke  
They put the iron-hoov'd mules of draught,  
The splendid gift of Mysia to the king ;  
Last, led to Priam's car his favourite steeds  
(The old man loved to feed them in their stall  
With his own hand), and set them near the yoke.

Then in the lofty courtyard of the house  
The herald and the King 'gan yoke those steeds,  
Silent, for either's soul was sad with thought.

ἀγχίμολον δέ σφ' ἦλθ' Ἑκάβη τετιηότι θυμῷ,  
οἶνον ἔχουσ' ἐν χειρὶ μελίφρονα δεξιτερῇφιν,  
χρυσέῳ ἐν δέπαι, ὄφρα λείψαντε κιοίτην·  
στῆ δ' ἵππων προπάρουθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“Τῇ, σπείσον Διὶ πατρὶ, καὶ εὖχεο οἴκαδ' ἰκέσθαι  
ἅψ' ἐκ δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν, ἐπεὶ ἂρ σέγε θυμὸς  
ὀτρύνει ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐμεῖο μὲν οὐκ ἐθελούσης.  
ἀλλ' εὖχευ σύγ' ἔπειτα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι  
Ἰδαίῳ, ὅσπερ Τροίην κατὰ πᾶσαν ὀράται,  
αἴτει δ' οἶωνόν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅσπερ οἱ αὐτῷ  
φίλτατος οἶωνών, καὶ εὐκράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,  
δεξιόν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας  
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴης Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων.  
εἰ δέ τοι οὐ δώσει ἐν ἄγγελον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς,  
οὐκ ἂν ἔγωγέ σ' ἔπειτα ἐποτρύνουσα κελόλιμνη  
νῆας ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἰέναι, μῦλα περ μεμαῶτα.”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφε Πρίαμος θεοειδής·  
“ὦ γύναι, οὐ μὲν τοι τοδ' ἐφιεμένη ἀπιθίσω·  
ἔσθλόν γάρ Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχέμεν, αἶ κ' ἐλείψῃ.”

Ἡ ῥα καὶ ἀμφίπολον ταμῖν ὥτρυν' ὁ γεραιὸς  
χερσὶν ὕδωρ ἐπιχεῦναι ἀκήρατον· ἥ δὲ παρέστη  
χέρνιβον ἀμφίπολον πρόχρον θ' ἄμα χερσὶν ἔχουσα.  
νιψάμενος δὲ κύπελλον ἐδέξατο ἥς ἀλόχοιο·  
εὖχετ' ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἔρκει, λείβε δὲ οἶνον  
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδῶν, καὶ φωνήσας ἔπος ἠὔδα·

“Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἴδθ' ἐν μεδέων, κύνδιστε μέγιστε,  
δός μ' ἐς Ἀχιλλῆος φίλον ἐλθεῖν ἥδ' ἐλεεινόν,  
πέμψου δ' οἶωνόν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅσπερ σοὶ αὐτῷ  
φίλτατος οἶωνών, καὶ εὐκράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,  
δεξιόν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας  
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων.”

To whom with harass'd heart came Hecuba,  
 And in her right hand bare a golden cup  
 Charged with soul-soothing wine, that, ere they went,  
 Libation might be duly pour'd to Heaven.

Across the chariot's front she stood, and spake :

“ Take this, and pour thou forth to Father Zeus  
 Libation, and make prayer, that home once more  
 Thou mayst return unscathed from 'mongst thy foes,  
 Seeing that thy heart impels thee thus to go  
 Though I be loth to let thee. Therefore pray,  
 Pray Him, who sitteth in the clouds enthroned  
 On Ida, and thence looketh wide o'er Troy ;  
 Besecch him that he send on thy right hand  
 The bird, his wingèd messenger, by him  
 Best-loved, and mightiest of the fowls of air ;  
 So, if that sign be to thine eyes vouchsaf'd,  
 Thou mayst go forth reliant mid thy foes ;  
 But if great Zeus withhold his messenger,  
 I yet again would warn thee, howsoe'er  
 Thou long to go, yet go not to their fleet.”

Whom godlike Priam answering thus return'd :

“ Woman, thou speakest well, and I obey.

Good is it ever to uplift our hands

To Zeus, if haply he may pity us.”

Thus agèd Priam spoke, and order'd quick

Th' attendant matron pour upon his hands

Fresh water : by his side the damsel stood,

Proffering a basin and a pitcher there.

He wash'd, and took the chalice from his wife ;

Then, in the mid enclosure standing clear,

And lifting up his eyes to Heaven, pour'd forth

Libation ; and he utter'd prayer, and said :

“ Father, who from thy throne on Ida rul'st,  
 Great Zeus, most glorious ! grant me that I find  
 Favour and grace before Achilles' sight.

So send thy wingèd messenger, best-loved

By thee, the mightiest of the fowls of air,

A sign on my right hand, that, when I see

The sign, my heart being strengthen'd I may go  
 Bold through the ships and chariots of my foes.”

ὦς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητιέτα Ζεὺς.  
 αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἦκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,  
 μόρφινον θηρητῆρ' ὃν καὶ περκνὸν καλέονσιν.  
 ὄσση δ' ὑψορόφοιο θύρῃ θαλάμοιο τέτυκται  
 ἀνέρος ἀφνειοῖο, ἐν κληῖς' ἀραρυῖα,  
 τόσσ' ἄρα τοῦ ἐκάτερθεν ἔσαν πτερά· εἴσατο δέ σφιν  
 δεξιὸς ἄλξας ὑπὲρ ἄστεος. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες 320  
 γήθησαν, καὶ πᾶσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.

Σπερχόμενος δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἐοῦ ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,  
 ἐκ δ' ἔλασε προθύροιο καὶ αἰθούσης ἐριδούπου.  
 πρόσθε μὲν ἡμίονοι ἔλκον τετράκυκλον ἀπήνην,  
 τὰς Ἰδαίος ἔλαυνε δαίφρων· αὐτὰρ ὅπισθεν  
 ἱπποὶ, τοὺς ὁ γέρων ἐφέπων μᾶστιγι κέλευεν  
 καρπαλίμως κατὰ ἄστν· φίλοι δ' ἅμα πάντες ἔποντο  
 πόλλ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι ὥσεί θάνατόνδε κιόντα.  
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πόλιος κατέβαν, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκοντο,  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀψορῶροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο, 330  
 παῖδες καὶ γαμβροὶ, τῶ δ' οὐ λάθον εὐρύοπα Ζῆν  
 ἐς πεδίον προφανέντε· ἰδὼν δ' ἐλέησε γέροντα.  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Ἑρμείαν, υἱὸν φίλον, ἀντίον ἠΐδα·

“Ἑρμεία· σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε φίλτατόν ἐστιν  
 ἀνδρὶ ἐταιρίσσαι, καὶ τ' ἔκλυες ᾧ κ' ἐθέλησθα·  
 βάσκ' ἴθι, καὶ Πρίαμον κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν  
 ὥς ἄγαγ', ὥς μήτ' ἄρ τις ἴδῃ μήτ' ἄρ τε νοήσῃ  
 τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν, πρὶν Πηλεϊωνάδ' ἰκέσθαι.”

ὦς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·  
 αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα  
 ἀμβρόσια χρύσεια, τὰ μιν φέρον ἡμὲν ἐφ' ὑγρῇν  
 ἥδ' ἐπ' ἀπείρουνα γαῖαν ἅμ' ἀπνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο·  
 εἴλετο δὲ ῥάβδον, τῇδ' ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει 340

He spoke, whose prayer the Lord of wisdom, Zeus,  
 Hearken'd, and straightway sent an eagle forth,  
 The dark-plumed hunter of the sky, Dusk-named,  
 Of all wing'd signs the surest. Like some door  
 Rear'd lofty to the lofty-rafter'd room  
 \*Of a rich man, with bars and bolts complete,  
 So wide each wing outstretch'd on either side.  
 And o'er the town it flew, and full appear'd  
 Athwart the right hand darting; they, who saw,  
 Joy'd, with hearts quieted and cheer'd thereby.

Then with all haste the aged King upclomb  
 The chariot's smooth-bright seat, and drave ~~it~~ forth  
 \*Clear of the echoing court and corridor.  
 \*In front the four-wheel'd litter by the mules  
 Went drawn, and brave Idæus held the reins;  
 Behind, the Elder on the car, and press'd  
 With voice and thong his horses through the streets;  
 And weeping with him went his kith and kin,  
 Mourning, as though he mov'd forth to death.  
 But when, descended from the town, they gain'd  
 The level, there his sons and kith and kin  
 To Ilion turned them back; but forward prick'd  
 The twain in full aspect, nor 'scaped the ken  
 Of Zeus, who with wide-glancing eyes beheld  
 Pitying the Elder, and address'd his son:

"Hermes, for of all Gods thou most dost love  
 To add thyself companion unto man,  
 And, whom thou listest, him to hear and help;  
 Now go thou forth, and so guide Priam's feet  
 Amongst Achaia's galleys, that none else  
 Of all the host behold him or suspect  
 Ere he hath gained the tent of Peleus' Son."

He ceased; nor Argiphontes disobey'd,  
 But first beneath his feet his sandals bound  
 Beauteous, ambrosial, golden; oft their wont  
 Over the sea, over the limitless earth,  
 To bear him on the breathings of the wind.  
 \*Then took he up the wand wherewith he seals

ὦν ἐθέλει, τοὺς δ' αὖτε καὶ ὑπνώνοντας ἐγείρει·  
τὴν μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων πέτετο κρατὺς Ἀργειφόντης.  
αἶψα δ' ἄρα Τροίην τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκανε,  
βῆ δ' ἰέναι κούρῳ αἰσυμνητῇρι ἔοικως,  
πρῶτον ὑπηνήτη, τοῦπερ χαριεστάτη ἦβη.

Οἷδ' ἐπεὶ οὖν μέγα σῆμα παρέξ Ἴλοιο ἔλασσαν,  
στήσαν ἄφ' ἡμιόνους τε καὶ ἵππους, ὅφρα πίοιεν, 350  
ἐν ποταμῷ· δὴ γὰρ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλυθε γαῖαν.  
τὸν δ' ἐξ ἀγχιμόλοιο ἰδὼν ἐφράσσατο κῆρυξ  
Ἑρμείαν, ποτὶ δὲ Πριάμον φάτο φώνησέν τε·

“Φράζεο, Δαρδανίδη· φραδέος νόου ἔργα τέτυκται·  
ἄνδρ' ὁρώ, τάχα δ' ἄμμε διαρρῆαισεσθαι οἶω.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ φεύγωμεν ἐφ' ἵππων, ἣ μιν ἔπειτα  
γούνων ἀψάμενοι λιτανεύσομεν, αἶ κ' ἐλεήσῃ.”

Ὡς φάτο, σὺν δὲ γέροντι νόος χύτο, δειδίδε δ αἰνῶς,  
ὀρθαὶ δὲ τρίχες ἔσταν ἐνὶ γναμποῖσι μέλεσσιν,  
στή δὲ ταφών· αὐτὸς δ' ἐριούνιος ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν, 360  
χεῖρα γέροντος ἐλὼν, ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπεν·

“Πῆ, πάτερ, ὦδ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἡμιόνους ἰθύνεις  
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, ὅτε θ' εὖδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;  
οὐδὲ σὺ γ' ἔδδειςας μένεα πνείοντας Ἀχαιοὺς,  
οἳ τοι δυσμενέες καὶ ἀνάρσιοι ἐγγὺς ἔασιν;  
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἰδοίτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν  
τοσσάδ' ὀνείατ' ἄγοντα, τίς ἂν δῆ τοι νόος εἴη;  
οὗτ' αὐτὸς νέος ἐσσί, γέρων δέ τοι οὗτος ὀπηδεῖ,  
ἄνδρ' ἀπαμύνασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ.  
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ οὐδέν σε βέξω κακὰ, καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλον 370  
σεῦ ἀπαλεξήσαιμι· φίλῳ δέ σε πατρὶ ἐέσκω.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πριάμος θεοειδής·  
“οὕτω πη τάδε γ' ἐστὶ, φίλου τέκος, ὥς ἀγορεύεις.  
ἀλλ' ἔτι τις καὶ ἐμείο θεῶν ὑπερέσχεθε χεῖρα,  
ὅς μοι τοιούδ' ἤκεν ὁδοιπόρον ἀντιβολῆσαι,

The eyes of whom he listeth, but from sleep  
 Awaketh others ; this in hand outstretch'd,  
 Forth Argeiphontes flew, the guide from heaven ;  
 And, lighting on the shores of Hellespont,  
 There walk'd in likeness of some princely boy,  
 When youth's first bloom is fairest on his cheek.

Meantime the twain had pass'd the stately tomb  
 Of Ilus, and had rein'd upon the stream  
 Their steeds and mules to drink, for evening now  
 Had fall'n ; when first the herald mark'd the God  
 Thus walking nigh, and, startled, turn'd and said :

“ Priam, take heed ; our task requires our care ;  
 And yonder I descry an enemy near,  
 Who well may crush us. Say then, flee we now  
 Together on the chariot, or shall both  
 Fall down, and pray for mercy at his feet ? ”

He ceased ; a cloud came o'er the Elder's soul,  
 For very fear stiff-stricken ; and the hair  
 Bristled upright along his trembling limbs,  
 And still he stood, astonished. But the God,  
 Who loveth man and helpeth, nearer drew,  
 And took the wrinkled hand,<sup>1</sup> and ask'd, and said :

“ Say, whither, Father, thus these mules and steeds  
 Through balmy night thou guidest at the hour  
 When other mortals slumber ? Fear'st thou not  
 The fury of Achaia, nigh encamp'd,  
 And foes irreconcilable around ?  
 What then would be thy thought, should they behold thee,  
 Bearing thy treasures through the night's thick gloom,  
 Thyself not young, and this one aged man  
 Thine only guard, should any chance assail ?  
 But fear not me ; I do to thee no wrong ;  
 Nay—rather will defend thee ; for my heart  
 Likens thee to my father far away.”

And godlike aged Priam gave reply :  
 “ My Son, these things are ev'n as thou hast said.  
 Surely some God hath moved him to mine aid,  
 Sending across my path so fair a guide,

<sup>1</sup> Cowper.

αἴσιον, οἷος δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἶδος ἀγῆτος,  
πέπνυσαι τε νόφ, μακάρων δ' ἕξ ἔσσι τοκῆων.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·  
“ναὶ δὲ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.  
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἄτρεκέως κατὰλεξον, 380  
ἥέ πη ἐκπέμπεις κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ  
ἄνδρας ἔς ἀλλοδαπούς, ἵνα περ τάδε τοι σόα μίμνη,  
ἣ ἥδη πάντες καταλείπετε Ἴλιον ἱρήν  
δειδιότες· τοῖος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὄριστος ὄλωλεν  
σὸς παῖς· σὺ μὲν γάρ τι μάχης ἐπεδεύετ' Ἀχαιῶν.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμεῖβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·  
“τίς δὲ σὺ ἔσσι, φέριστε, τέων δ' ἕξ ἔσσι τοκῆων;  
ὥς μοι καλὰ τὸν οἶτον ἀπότμου παιδὸς ἐνίσπες.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης·  
“πειρᾶ ἔμεῖο, γεραίη, καὶ εἶρεαι Ἑκτορα δῖον. 390  
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ μάλα πολλὰ μάχη ἐνὶ κυδιανείρῃ·  
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὅπωπα, καὶ εὖτ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἐλάσσας  
Ἀργείους κτείνεσκε, δαίζων ὀξείῃ χαλκῷ·  
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐσταότες θαυμάζομεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
εἶα μάρνασθαι, κεχολωμένος Ἀτρεΐωνι.  
τοῦ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεράπων, μία δ' ἤγαγε νηὺς εὐεργίης·  
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἕξ εἰμι, πατὴρ δέ μοι ἔστι Πολύκτωρ·  
ἀφνεῖος μὲν ὄγ' ἔσσι, γέρων δὲ δὴ ὥς σύπερ ᾧδε,  
ἕξ δέ οἱ υἱες ἔασιν, ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἔβδομός εἰμι·  
τῶν μέτα παλλόμενος κλήρῳ λάχον ἐνθάδ' ἔπεσθαι. 400  
νῦν δ' ἦλθον πεδίονδ' ἀπὸ νηῶν· ἠῶθεν γὰρ  
θήσονται περὶ ἄστει μάχην ἐλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.  
ἰσχαλῶσι γὰρ οἷδε καθήμενοι, οὐδὲ δύνανται  
ἴσχειν ἐσσυμένους πολέμου βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν.”

Τὸν δ' ἡμεῖβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·  
“εἰ μὲν δὴ θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος  
εἶς, ἄγε δὴ μοι πᾶσαν ἀληθείην κατὰλεξον,  
ἣ ἔτι παρ νήεσσιν ἐμὸς παῖς, ἥέ μιν ἥδη  
ῆσι κυσὶν μελεῖσσι ταμὼν προὔθηκεν Ἀχιλλεύς.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης· 410



Of such auspicious presence, and of mind  
Not less discreet. Blest parents thine, my Son !"<sup>1</sup>

And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven :  
" My father, fair and seemly these thy words.  
But tell me, and speak freely without fear,  
Sendest thou forth these treasures from thy home  
To be safe-stow'd the while in lands abroad ?  
Or take ye all your flight from sacred Troy,  
For that your bravest, he thy son, the peer  
To ev'n Achaia's noblest, now lies low ?"

And godlike aged Priam gave reply :  
" Who art thou, noble youth, and whence thy birth ?  
I love thee for the honour wherewithal  
Thou nam'st the doom of my unhappy son."

And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven :  
" Thou tempt'st my tongue, my sire, while thus thou ask'st  
Of noble Hector. Him in glorious war  
Most glorious, oft these eyes have seen, and then  
Remember, when with blood-red sword he stood  
Cleaving us down amid our very barks.  
We look'd and marvell'd ; for Achilles' wrath  
'Gainst Atreus' Son forbade us from the war.  
He is my lord ; aboard his bark I came,  
His vassal, of the tribe of Myrmidons.  
Polyctor is my father ; he a chief  
Wealthy, but now an old man, like thyself ;  
Six sons are his, and I the seventh born ;  
When we shook lots, I drew to join the host :  
This eve I wander'd hither from the fleet  
Viewing the plain, where with the morrow's dawn  
Again Achaia's sons shall wage their war ;  
Who chafe their hearts at this enforced rest,  
Nor can their chieftains hold them longer back."

And godlike aged Priam gave reply :  
" If thou be one of great Achilles' troop,  
Tell me the truth, yea, though it be the worst :  
Lieth my son still whole amid the fleet ?  
Or hath he flung him to his bounds piecemeal ?"

And Argeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven :

<sup>1</sup> Cowper.

“ὦ γέρον, οὐπω τόνγε κύνες φάγον οὐδ' οἰωνοί,  
 ἀλλ' ἔτι κείνος κεῖται Ἀχιλλῆος παρὰ νηὶ  
 αὐτῶς ἐν κλισίῃσι· δυωδεκάτῃ δέ οἱ ἥως  
 κειμένῳ, οὐδέ τί οἱ χρώς σήπεται, οὐδέ μιν εὐλαὶ  
 ἔσθουσ', αἶ' ῥά τε φώτας ἀρηιφάτους κατέδουσιν.  
 ἦ μὲν μιν περὶ σῆμα ἐοῦ ἑτάροιο φίλοιο  
 ἔλκει ἀκηδέστως, ἥως ὅτε δῖα φανήῃ·  
 οὐδέ μιν αἰσχύνει· θηοῖό κεν αὐτὸς ἐπελθὼν  
 οἶον ἔερσήειδ' κεῖται, περὶ δ' αἶμα νένιπται  
 οὐδέ ποθι μιαιρός· σὺν δ' ἔλκεα πάντα μέμυκεν,  
 ὅσσ' ἐτύπη· πολέες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ χαλκὸν ἔλασσαν.  
 ὥς τοι κήδονται μάκαρες θεοὶ νῖος ἑῆος,  
 καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐπεὶ σφί φίλος περὶ κῆρι.”

420

Ὡς φάτο, γήθησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, καὶ ἀμετρετο μῦθῳ·  
 “ὦ τέκος, ἦ ῥ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἐναίσιμα δῶρα διδοῦναι  
 ἀθανάτοισ, ἐπεὶ οὐποτ' ἐμὸς παῖς, εἴποτ' ἔην γε,  
 λήθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι θεῶν, οἷ' Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν·  
 τῷ οἱ ἀπεμνήσαντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιο περ αἴσῃ.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τόδε δέξαι ἐμεῦ πάρα καλὸν ἄλειςον,  
 αὐτόν τε ῥῦσαι, πέμψον δέ με σὺν γε θεοῖσιν,  
 ὄφρα κεν ἐς κλισίην Πηληιάδεω ἀφίκωμαι.”

430

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·  
 “πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιᾷ, νεωτέρου, οὐδέ με πείσεις,  
 ὅς με κέλεαι σέο δῶρα παρεῖξ Ἀχιλλῆα δέχεσθαι.  
 τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ δεῖδοικα καὶ αἰδέομαι περὶ κῆρι  
 συλεύειν, μή μοί τι κακὸν μετόπισθε γένηται.  
 σοὶ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ πομπὸς καὶ κε κλυτὸν Ἄργος ἰκοίμην,  
 ἐνδυκέως ἐν νηὶ θοῇ ἢ πεζὸς ὁμαρτέων·  
 οὐκ ἂν τίς τοι, πομπὸν ὀνοσσάμενος μαχέσαιτο.”

Ἦ καὶ ἀναίξας ἐριούνιος ἄρμα καὶ ἵππους  
 καρπαλίμως μάλιστα καὶ ἡνία λάξετο χερσίν,  
 ἐν δ' ἔπνευσ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἡμιόνοισ μένος ἡύ.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύργους τε νεῶν καὶ τάφρον ἵκοντο,  
 οἱ δὲ νέον περὶ δόρπα φυλακτῆρες πονέοντο·  
 τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνον ἔχευε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης

440

“Nor hound nor bird has yet devour’d thy son.  
Still there beside Achilles’ ship he lies  
Whole in mid camp. Though this day’s dawn the twelfth  
That riseth o’er him lying stark outstretch’d,  
Yet incorrupt he lies, by worms untouch’d  
(Where to the mightiest yield a meal at last).  
Albeit Achilles round his comrade’s tomb  
Remorseless, at each rise of sacred morn,  
Drags him his victim, yet he harms him not ;  
Thyself wouldst marvel, couldst thou go and gaze,  
So dewy-fresh he lies and clear of taint,  
The blood wash’d off him, and the mouthed wounds  
All closed, though many were the stabs upon him !  
So much the blessed Gods regard thy son,  
Though dead, for he was to their hearts most dear.”  
• He spoke, and comforted the King, who said :  
“Hence learn thou, Son, how good a thing it is  
To render to the Immortals gifts their due.  
Never would Hector, while he lived, forget  
To offer in his palace to the Gods ;  
And lo, how they have honour’d him in death !  
But take of me this cup, and help redeem  
My son, and, by the suffrance of heaven,  
Conduct me till I gain Pelides’ tent.”

And Aigeiphontes spake, the guide from heaven :  
“My sire, thou speakest this to tempt my youth,  
Bidding me take a gift of thee and cheat  
Thereby my lord Achilles—but in vain.  
I fear him, and my heart forbids me seek  
To wrong him, lest some evil light on me.  
But far as Argos’ famous vale thy guide  
Willing, on land or shipboard, I would go ;  
Nor any durst assail thee, while I guide.”

He spoke ; and to the chariot-seat he sprang,  
Grasping incontinent the reins and lash,  
And breathed fresh vigour on the mules and steeds.

But, when they gain’d the bulwark and the trench,  
Before the galleys, o’er their late repast  
They found the guards still busied ; o’er whose eyes  
A cloud of slumber with his wand he shed,

πᾶσιν, ἄφαρ δ' ὤϊξε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀχῆας,  
 ἐς δ' ἄγαγε Πρίαμόν τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' ἐπ' ἀπήνης.  
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκοντο  
 ὑψηλήν, τὴν Μυρμιδόνες ποίησαν ἀνακτι  
 δοῦρ' ἐλάτης κέρσαντες· ἀτὰρ καθύπερθεν ἔρεψαν . 450  
 λαχρήεντ' ὄροφον λειμωνόθεν ἀμήσαντες·  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μεγάλην αὐλήν ποίησαν ἀνακτι  
 σταυροῖσιν πυκινοῖσι· θύρην δ' ἔχε μῶνος ἐπιβλής  
 εἰλάτινος, τὸν τρεῖς μὲν ἐπιῤῥήσσεσκον Ἀχαιοὶ,  
 τρεῖς δ' ἀναοίγεςκον μεγάλην κληῖδα θυράων,  
 τῶν ἄλλων· Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπιῤῥήσσεσκε καὶ οἶος·  
 δὴ ῥα τόθ' Ἑρμείας ἐριούνιος ᾧξε γέροντι,  
 ἐς δ' ἄγαγε κλυτὰ δῶρα ποδώκει Πηλεΐωνι,  
 ἐξ ἵππων δ' ἀπέβαινευ ἐπὶ χθόνα φώνησέν τε·

“ὦ γέρον, ἦτοι ἐγὼ θεὸς ἄμβροτος εἰληλουθα, 460  
 Ἑρμείας· σοὶ γάρ με πατὴρ ἅμα πομπὸν ὅπασσεν·  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ἐγὼ πάλιν ἔισομαι, οὐδ' Ἀχιλλῆος  
 ὀφθαλμοὺς εἴσειμι· νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη  
 ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἄντην·  
 τύνη δ' εἰσελθὼν λαβὲ γούνατα Πηλεΐωνος,  
 καί μιν ὑπὲρ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος ἠνυκόμοιο  
 λίσσεο καὶ τέκεος, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὀρίνης.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον  
 Ἑρμείας· Πρίαμος δ' ἐξ ἵππων ἄλτο χαμᾶζε,  
 Ἰδαίου δὲ κατ' αὐθι λίπεν· ὁ δὲ μίμνευ ἐρύκων 470  
 ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε· γέρων δ' ἰθὺς κίεν οἴκου,  
 τῇ ῥ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἕζεσκε δίφιλος· ἐν δὲ μιν αὐτὸν  
 εὖρ', ἔταροι δ' ἀπάνευθε καθείατο· τῷ δὲ δύ' οἶω,  
 ἥρως Ἀυτομέδων τε καὶ Ἀλκιμος, ὄζος Ἄρῃος,  
 ποίπνυον παρεόντε· νέω δ' ἀπέληγεν ἐδωδῆς  
 ἔσθων καὶ πίνων· ἔτι καὶ παρέκειτο τράπεζα.  
 τοὺς δ' ἔλαθ' εἰσελθὼν Πρίαμος μέγας, ἄγχι δ' ἄρα στὰς

And quickly thrust aside the bars and oped  
The gates, and drew the King within and all  
The wain, and splendid ransom thereupon.  
Anon they reach'd the tent of Peleus' Son,  
The lofty dwelling for their prince uprear'd  
By hands of Myrmidonians ; these had lopp'd  
High ribs of fir, and slop'd a roof thereto  
Shaggy, of rushes from the meadow mown,  
And round with stake by stake an ample court  
Had planted ; to its gate one only bar,  
A single beam of fir ; three men were task'd  
To lift this to its socket ; three again,  
(Such men as others of Achaia's sons,)  
To loose the mighty barrier from the door ;  
Yet this their lord would lift with single hand.  
And thus the God of help now oped, and drew  
The glorious gift to Peleus' Son within ;  
Then, from the car dismounting, spake and said :

“ Know me, O King, no mortal, but a God,  
Sent by the world's great Father for thy guide,  
Ev'n heavenly Hermes. Now I leave thee here,  
Departing, nor will see Achilles' face.  
Profane it were for an immortal God  
To converse overmuch with mortal men.  
But enter thou, there clasp his knees, and pray—  
By his own father pray him, by the love  
He bears his own dear mother and his child—  
So haply shalt thou move the heart within him.”

He spoke, and to the Olympian steep away  
Departed. Priam from the chariot sprang  
And left Idæus there to bide and rein  
The mules and horses ; but himself passed on  
Into the house, wherein the loved of Zeus,  
Achilles, ofttest sate ; whom now within  
He found, and of his train all lay aloof,  
Save two, Automedon and Alcimus.  
These lay there ministering to their lord,  
Who just had ceased regale of food and wine ;  
Still lay the table as before him served.  
To whom had Priam come unseen, till, lo,

χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος λάβε γούνατα καὶ κύσε χεῖρας  
 δειγὰς ἀνδροφόνους αἷ οἱ πολέας κτάνον νῆας.  
 ὥς θ' ὅτ' ἂν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ, ὅστ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ 480  
 φῶτα κατακτείνας ἄλλων ἐξίκετο δῆμον,  
 ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀφνειοῦ, θάμβος δ' ἔχει εἰσορόωντας,  
 ὥς Ἀχιλλεύς θάμβησεν ἰδὼν Πρίαμον θεοειδέα·  
 θάμβησαν δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι ἐς ἀλλήλους δὲ ἴδοντο.  
 τὸν καὶ λισσόμενος Πρίαμος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ Μνήσαι πατρὸς σοῖο, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,  
 τηλίκου ὥσπερ ἐγὼν, ὀλοῶ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ.  
 καὶ μέν που κείνον περιναίεται ἀμφὶς ἔοντες  
 τείρουσ', οὐδέ τίς ἐστιν ἀρῆν καὶ λαιγὸν ἀμῦναι,  
 ἀλλ' ἦτοι κείνός γε σέθεν ζώντος ἀκούων 490  
 χαίρει τ' ἐν θυμῷ, ἐπὶ τ' ἔλπεται ἡματα πάντα.  
 ὄψεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ Τροίῃθε μολόντα·  
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον νῆας ἀρίστους  
 Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔτινά φημι λελεῖφθαι.  
 πεντήκοντά μοι ἦσαν, ὅτ' ἤλυθον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν·  
 ἐννεακαίδεκα μέν μοι ἰῆς ἐκ νηδύος ἦσαν,  
 τοὺς δ' ἄλλους μοι ἔτικτον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γυναῖκες.  
 τῶν μὲν πολλῶν θούρος Ἄρης ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·  
 ὃς δέ μοι οἶος ἔην, εἴρυτο δὲ ἄστνυ καὶ αὐτοὺς,  
 τὸν σὺ πρῶην κτείνας ἀμυνόμενον περὶ πάτρης, 500  
 Ἐκτορα· τοῦ νῦν εἴνεχ' ἰκάνω νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,  
 λυσόμενος παρὰ σείο, φέρω δ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.  
 ἀλλ' αἰδεῖο θεοὺς, Ἀχιλεῦ, αὐτόν τ' ἐλέησον,  
 μνησάμενος σοῦ πατρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεεινότερός περ,  
 ἔτλην δ' οὔ' οὔπω τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,  
 ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνιοι ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι.”

Ὡς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑφ' ἱμερον ὤρσε γόοιο·

A sudden apparition, there he knelt  
Clasping Achilles' knees, kissing the hands,  
The terrible murderous hands, that slew his sons !  
But as, when one, to whom some foul deed clings,  
On whom lies guilt of bloodshed in his land,  
Hath fled his village-home, and sudden seeks  
Refuge and sanctuary in a rich man's hall—  
As they to whom he enters stand aghast—  
Ev'n thus, when he beheld the godlike form  
Of Priam, stood Achilles all aghast ;  
Likewise the others, looking each at each ;  
Till Priam, trembling at his feet, began .

“Thy father—O thou image of the Gods,  
Achilles, think of him—then look on me,  
Take him, upon the threshold-step of death.  
Haply the neighbours harry his estate,  
Nor hath he who may drive the ill away.  
Nathless, whilst hearing thou art yet alive,  
He still hath joy at heart, and day by day  
Hath hope to see his son, from Troy return'd.  
A thousandfold more wretched I than he !  
The bravest men through Troy were all my sons ;  
Not one of all those bravest now remains.  
Fifty were mine, or e'er Achaia came ;  
Twenty save one were of one mother's womb,  
The rest were born of women in my halls.  
Aheady to the war the most had fall'n ;  
And now the one who yet survived to me,  
Sole saviour of his brethren and his home,  
Him, standing for his country, thou hast slain—  
Ev'n Hector. For which cause I now have come,  
Here 'mid mine enemy's fleet, and make this moan,  
And bear a priceless ransom. Hear then, hear,  
Achilles ! of the Gods have reverence ;  
Pity me, if but for thy father's sake !  
Yet surely none more pitiable than I,  
Who now have borne, what never man on earth  
Hath borne before me, lifting to my lips  
The hands of the destroyer of my sons !”

He ceased, and woke within the other's heart

ἀψάμενος δ' ἄρα χειρὸς ἀπώσατο ἦκα γέροντα.  
 τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἴκτορος ἀνδροφόνιοι  
 καὶ ἄδινά, προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλλῆος ἐλυσθεῖς, 510  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς κλαῖεν ἐδὼν πατέρ', ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτὲ  
 Πάτροκλον· τῶν δὲ στοναχὴ κατὰ δώματ' ὀρώρει.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥα γόοιο τετάρπετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,  
 [καὶ οἱ ἀπὸ πρᾶπίδων ἦλθ' ἕμερος ἦδ' ἀπὸ γυνῶν,]  
 αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο, γέροντα δὲ χειρὸς ἀνίστη,  
 οἰκτεῖρων πολλὸν τε κάρη πολλὸν τε γένειον,  
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

“Ἄ δεῖλ', ἣ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ' ἄνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.  
 πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,  
 ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς 520  
 υἷας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ·  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ κατ' ἄρ' ἔξευ ἐπὶ θρόνου, ἄλγεα δ' ἔμπησ  
 ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἑάσομεν, ἀχνύμενοί περ.  
 οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο.  
 ὥς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν,  
 ζῶειν ἀχνυμένοις· αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσιν.  
 δοιοὶ γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει  
 δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἑάων·  
 ᾧ μὲν κ' ἀμμίξας δοίῃ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,  
 ἄλλοτε μὲν τε κακῷ ὄγε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ 530  
 ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δοίῃ, λωβητὸν ἔθηκεν·  
 καὶ ἐ κακῇ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα διαν ἐλαύνει,  
 φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.  
 ὥς μὲν καὶ Πηληϊ θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα  
 ἐκ γενετῆς· πάντας γὰρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο



Mourning and yearning for his father old ;  
 Who touch'd his hand yet gently for the while  
 Repell'd him ; and remembrance melted <sup>1</sup> both.  
 For Priam, prone before Achilles' feet,  
 Bitterly weeping lay for Hector's sake ;  
 •Nor less the other wept, by turns his sire  
 Lamenting, and by turns his own lost friend.  
 Their sound of wail went up and filled the hall.  
 But when his sorrow's thirst was slaked of tears,  
 And that strong yearning for his father pass'd,  
 Sudden divine Achilles, from his seat  
 Upstarting, raised the elder by the hand,  
 Pitying the silver head and silver chin,  
 And with wing'd words address'd him, and replied :  
 " Verily, vast the evil thou hast borne.  
 •Wretched indeed ! <sup>2</sup> Whence gott'st thou this thy strength  
 Single to venture 'midst Achaia's barks  
 Before the eyes of him who slew thy sons,  
 A noble brood ? Needs must thy heart be steel !  
 But rest thee on this scat ; and these our woes,  
 Despite the pain and anguish, yet awhile  
 Suffer we to lie buried in our hearts.  
 For what the gain of all these chilling tears ?  
 The Gods have wov'n across the web of Fate  
 One doom to wretched mortals— life with pain ;  
 Themselves in bliss serene, without a care.  
 There on the floor of Zeus two vessels lie,  
 Each of his wonted gifts to man fill'd full ;  
 But one the good, the other holds the ill :  
 To whom the Lord of thunder grants his gifts  
 Mingling from either vessel, falls to him  
 At one time evil, at another good ;  
 But unto whom he only gives of ill,  
 He maketh him accursèd, and a dire  
 Hunger shall hunt him o'er the sacred earth,  
 Passing, of no esteem with God or man.  
 Thus hath it happ'd that from his birth the Gods  
 Gave splendid gifts to Pelcus ; all mankind  
 He pass'd in wealth and glory, crown'd the King

<sup>1</sup> Cowper.<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

ὀλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε, ἄνασσε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,  
 καὶ οἱ θνητῷ ἐόντι θεῶν ποιήσαν ἄκοιτιν.  
 ἄλλ' ἐπὶ καὶ τῷ θῆκε θεὸς κακὸν, ὅττι οἱ οὔτι  
 παίδων ἐν μεγάροισι γονὴ γένετο κρειόντων,  
 ἀλλ' ἓνα παῖδα τέκεν παναώριον· οὐδὲ νυ τόνγε 540  
 γηράσκοντα κομίζω, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης  
 ἦμαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σέ τε κήδων ἡδὲ σὰ τέκνα.  
 καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὀλβιον εἶναι  
 ὅσσον Λέσβος ἄνω, Μάκαρος ἔδος, ἐντὸς ἑέργει  
 καὶ Φρυγίῃ καθύπερθε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντος ἀπείρων,  
 τῶν σε, γέρον, πλούτῳ τε καὶ υἷάσι φασὶ κεκίσθαι  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τοι πῆμα τόδ' ἤγαγον Οὐρανῶνες,  
 αἰεὶ τοι περὶ ἄστυ μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε·  
 ἄνσχεο, μηδ' ἀλῖαστον ὁδύρεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.  
 οὐ γάρ τι πρήξεις ἀκαχήμενος υἱὸς ἔηος, 550  
 οὐδέ μιν ἀνστήσεις, πρὶν καὶ κακὸν ἄλλο πάθῃσθα."

Τὸν δ' ἡμέλιβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής.  
 "μή μέ πω ἐς θρόνον ἵζε, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα κεν" Ἐκτωρ  
 κῆται ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀκηδής, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα  
 λῦσον, ἵν' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδω· σὺ δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα  
 [πολλὰ, τά τοι φέρομεν· σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ἀπόναιο, καὶ ἔλθοις  
 σὴν ἐς-πατρὶδα γαῖαν, ἐπεὶ με πρῶτον ἔασας  
 αὐτόν τε ζῶειν καὶ ὄρῳ φάος ἡελίοιο].

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 "μηκέτι νῦν μ' ἐρέθιζε, γέρον· νοέω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς 560  
 "Ἐκτορά τοι λῦσαι· Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθεν  
 μήτηρ, ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἀλλόιο γέροντος.  
 καὶ δέ σε γιγνώσκω, Πρίαμε, φρεσὶν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,  
 ὅττι θεῶν τίς σ' ἤγε θεὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.  
 οὐ γάρ κε τλαίῃ βροτὸς ἐλθέμεν, οὐδέ μάλ' ἡβῶν,

Of Myrmidonia, and, though mortal born,  
Wedded of heaven to an immortal spouse.  
Yet ev'n to him the God hath mix'd this ill,  
No seed of princely children round his hearth—  
One only son, and he untimely doom'd !  
Nor can I help him in his aged need,  
Who here must bide, far from mine own dear land,  
In Troy, and be a scourge to thee and thine.  
So likewise have we heard of thee, old man,  
And thy high state aforetime ; how of all  
Who dwell within the region, to the south  
Looking to Lesbos, Makar's island throne,  
Northward to Phrygia and the spreading waves  
Of Hellespont—of all wast thou most bless'd  
In substance and the number of thy sons.  
But this the ik appointed thee of Heaven—  
Battle and bloodshed ceaseless round thy doors.  
Be patient then ; endure, nor break thy heart ;  
It boots thee nothing thus to mourn thy son ;  
For, ere thy tears bring back the dead to life,  
I wot, they will have other cause to flow."

But godlike aged Priam gave reply :  
" Bid me not sit me down, thou child of Zeus,  
While Hector lies untended in the camp ;  
Haste thee to loose him, let me gaze my fill ;  
And thou accept the ransom that we bring.  
And, for that thou hast suffered me to live  
And see the light of yet another day,  
So mayst thou have thy joy of all this wealth,  
And live to see thine own dear fatherland."

The other then with louring brow replied :  
" Fret me no more, old man ; and know, myself  
Am minded to loose Hector. Here to me  
A messenger from Zeus my mother came,  
The daughter of the elder Ocean-God.  
Yea, and full well of mine-own wit I know,  
O Priam, that a God hath led thy feet  
Here 'mid Achaia's barks. No son of man,  
No mortal, though in blooming youth's full flower,  
Durst venture thus amid a hostile host ;

ἐς στρατόν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν φυλάκους λάθοι, οὐδὲ κ' ὀχῆα  
ῥεῖα μετοχλίσσειε θυράων ἡμετεράων.

τῷ νῦν μή μοι μᾶλλον ἐν ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ὀρίνης,  
μή σε, γέρον, οὐδ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐάσω  
καὶ ἰκέτην περ ἔόντα, Διὸς δ' ἀλλίττωμαι ἐφετμάς.”

57

ὣς ἔφατ, ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρον καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ·

Πηλεΐδης δ' οἴκοιο λέων ὥς ἄλτο θύραζε,  
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷγε δύω θεράποντες ἔποντο,

ἥρως Αὐτομέδων ἦδ' Ἀλκιμος, οὗς ῥα μάλιστα  
τῷ Ἀχιλεὺς ἐτάρων, μετὰ Πάτροκλόν γε θανόντα,

οἱ τόθ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφιν λύον ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε,  
ἐς δ' ἄγαγον κῆρυκα καλήτορα τοῖο γέροντος,

κάδ δ' ἐπὶ δίφρου εἷσαν· ἐυξέστου δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης  
ἦρεον Ἐκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.

κάδ δ' ἔλιπον δύο φάρε' ἐννυητόν τε χιτῶνα,  
ὄφρα νέκυν πυκάσας δώῃ οἰκόνδε φέρεσθαι.

580

δμῳὰς δ' ἐκκαλέσας λούσαι κέλετ' ἀμφὶ τ' ἀλείψαι,  
νόσφιν ἀειράσας, ὥς μὴ Πρίαμος ἴδοι νῖδον,

μὴ ὁ μὲν ἀχυνυμένη κραδίῃ χόλον οὐκ ἐρύσαιτο  
παῖδα ἰδὼν, Ἀχιλῆϊ δ' ὀριωθείῃ φίλον ἦτορ

καὶ ἐκατακτείνειε, Διὸς δ' ἀλίστηται ἐφετμάς.

τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν δμῳαὶ λούσαν καὶ χρίσαν ἐλαίῳ,  
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν φᾶρος καλὸν βάλον ἦδ' ἐχιτῶνα,

αὐτὸς τόνγ' Ἀχιλεὺς λεχέων ἐπέθηκεν αἰέρας,  
σὺν δ' ἔταροι ἥειραν ἐυξέστην ἐπ' ἀπήνην.

590

ᾧ μωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἐταῖρον·

“Μή μοι, Πάτροκλε, σκυδμαινόμεν, αἶ κε πύθθαι  
εἰν Ἀιδόσ περ ἐὼν ὅτι Ἐκτορα δῖον ἔλυσα  
πατρὶ φίλῳ, ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ἀεικέα δῶκεν ἄποινα.  
σοὶ δ' αἶ ἐγὼ καὶ τῶνδ' ἀποδάσσομαι ὅσσ' ἐπέοικεν.”

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς κλισίην πάλιν ἦϊε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς,  
ἔξετο δ' ἐν κλισμῷ πολυδαιδάλῳ, ξυθεν ἀνέστη,  
τοίχου τοῦ ἐτέρου, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο μῦθον·

Nor could he 'scape the guards ; and task it were  
To lift the bar that binds Achilles' gates <sup>1</sup>  
Beware then , further anger not a heart  
Already stung with sorrow, lest perchance  
I bear not this thy presence in my tent,  
-Though suppliant, and transgress the will of Zeus." <sup>1</sup>

He ceased ; the elder, all in awe, obeyed.  
Then, lionlike, Pelides sprang without,  
Nor went companionless, but with him moved -  
Automedon and Alcimus, the chiefs  
After Patroclus dearest to their lord.  
'These loosed the mules and horses from their yokes,  
And led the herald-comrade of the king  
Within the tent, and bade him to a seat ;  
'Then off the well-wheel'd litter raised and took  
-The inestimable ransom of the dead ;  
Yet left two mantles and one linen robe  
Fine-spun, wherewith to pall the dead, or e'er  
'They gave him to his home. Next call' they forth  
Handmaidens, whom they bade anoint with oil  
'The corse, yet lift it first some space aloof  
Lest haply Priam see his son, and, so  
Beholding, from the anguish of his heart  
Break into wrath, and chafe Achilles more  
To slay him, and transgress the will of Zeus.  
But, when the maids had wash'd the corse and pour'd  
'The oil thereon and cast around the dead  
'The mantle and the robe, Achilles raised  
'The body off the bier, and, help'd thereto  
By his own followers, laid it on the wain ;  
'Then, turning, on Patroclus call'd, and said :

“ Be thou not wroth, Patroclus, though thou hear  
Haply in Hades' halls, that I have loosed  
'Thy slayer Hector to his father's hands ;  
For ransom hath he render'd, not unmeet,  
Whereof thy due I set apart for thee.”

Speaking, the heaven-sprung hero moved again  
Within the tent, and on the sculptured couch  
Whence he had risen, sate, beside the wall  
Facing the king, whom thus he then address'd :

“Τῖός μὲν δὴ τοι λέλυται, γέρον, ὥς ἐκέλευες,  
 κεῖται δ' ἐν λεχέεσσ'· ἅμα δ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν 600  
 ὄψαι αὐτὸς ἄγων· νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα δόρπου.  
 καὶ γάρ τ' ἡὔκομος Νιόβη ἐμνήσατο σίτου,  
 τῇπερ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὄλοντο,  
 ἕξ μὲν θύγατέρες, ἕξ δ' υἱέες ἡβώνοντες.  
 τοὺς μὲν Ἀπόλλων πέφνεν ἀπ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο  
 χωόμενος Νιόβη, τὰς δ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,  
 οὔνεκ' ἄρα Ἀητοῖ ἰσάσκετο καλλιπαρήφ·  
 φῆ δοιῶ τεκέειν, ἣ δ' αὐτὴ γείνατο πολλούς·  
 τῷ δ' ἄρα, καὶ δοιῶ περ ἐόντ', ἀπὸ πάντας ὄλεσσαν.  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐννημαρ κέατ' ἐν φόνῳ, οὐδέ τις ἦεν 610  
 κατθάψαι, λαοὺς δὲ λίθους ποίησε Κρονίων·  
 τοὺς δ' ἄρα τῇ δεκάτῃ θάψαν θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες  
 ἣ δ' ἄρα σίτου μνήσατ', ἐπεὶ κάμε δακρυχέουσα.  
 νῦν δέ που ἐν πέτρῃσιν, ἐν οὔρεσιν οἰοπόλοισιν,  
 ἐν Σιπύλῳ, ὅθι φασὶ θεάων ἔμμεναι εὐνὰς  
 νυμφάων, αὔτ' ἄμφ' Ἀχελώϊον ἐβρώσαντο,  
 ἐνθα λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶϊ μεδώμεθα, δῖε γεραιέ,  
 σίτου, ἔπειτά κεν αὐτε φίλον παῖδα κλαίοισθα,  
 Ἰλίον εἰσαγαγών· πολυδάκρυτος δέ τοι ἔσται.” 620

Ἡ καὶ ἀναίξας οἷν ἄργυφον ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς  
 σφάξ'· ἔταροι δ' ἔδερὸν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον εὔ κατὰ κόσμον,  
 μίστυλλον τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως πεῖράν τ' ὀβελοῖσιν,  
 ὥπτησάν τε περιφραδέως ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.  
 Αὐτομέδων δ' ἄρα σίτον ἐλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέξῃ  
 καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν· ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἱαλλον.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἕξ ἔρου ἐντο,

“Thy son is free according to thy word,  
Old man, and on the litter lies without.  
At dawn thyself shalt see and bear him home.  
But now bethink us of repast awhile.  
Not bright-hair'd Niobe herself from food  
Refrain'd, though in her halls twelve children fell,  
Six daughters slain, six sons in bloom of youth ;  
'These by the Godhead of the silver bow,  
And those by arrow-loving Artemis ;  
All for Apollo's wrath 'gainst Niobe,  
For that she dared herself the equal make  
To lovely Leto, yea, and spake her boast  
That Leto had but two, she many births :  
'Therefore the many fell, slain by the two.  
Nine days they lay there, weltering in their blood ;  
Nor was there man to bury them, for Zeus  
Had changed the neighbouring nations into stone.  
On the tenth day the heavenly Gods took ruth  
And dug their graves ; and yet their mother, 'mid  
Her ceaseless weeping, still took thought of food.  
Haply she now, a rock amongst the rocks,  
Amid the desert hills of Sipylus,  
There where they say the Nymphs divine, who whirl  
In dance round Acheloius, make their couch,  
Changed though she be to stone, retains her woe.  
As she, so likewise we take thought for food,  
Most noble King ; and, after, weep afresh  
Thy son, when thou hast borne him home to Troy ;  
Many the tears shall flow for his sake there.”

Speaking, the fleetfoot hero to his height  
Upsprang, and kill'd a sheep of glistening fleece ;  
'The which his followers slay'd and carved aright,  
And sliced it fine, and pierced each slice with spits,  
'Then roasted with all care and set it forth.  
Automedon put bread along the board  
To each in woven baskets, but the meat  
With his own hand Achilles, parting, gave ;  
And on the dainty fare they laid their hands.

But, when desire of drink and meat had pass'd,

ἦτοι Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος θαύμαζ' Ἀχιλλῆα,  
 ὅσσοις ἔην οἴος τε· θεοῖσι γὰρ ἄντα ἔφκει. 630  
 αὐτὰρ ὁ Δαρδανίδην Πρίαμον θαύμαζεν Ἀχιλλεύς,  
 εἰσορόων ὄψιν τ' ἀγαθὴν καὶ μῦθον ἀκούων.  
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐξ ἀλλήλους ὀρόωντες,  
 τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε γέρον Πρίαμος θεοειδής·

“ Λέξον νῦν με τάχιστα, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα κεν ἦδη  
 ὑπνω ὑπο γλυκερῷ ταρπώμεθα κοιμηθέντες·  
 οὐ γάρ πω μύσαν ὅσσε ὑπὸ βλεφάροισιν ἐμοῖσιν,  
 ἐξ οὗ σῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐμὸς παῖς ὤλεσε θυμὸν,  
 ἀλλ' αἰεὶ στενάζω καὶ κήδεα μυρία πέσσω,  
 αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτοισι κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρην. 640  
 νῦν δὲ καὶ σίτου πασάμην καὶ αἶθοπα οἶνον  
 λαυκανίης καθέηκα· πάρος γε μὲν οὔτι πεπιάσμην.”

Ἦ ῥ', Ἀχιλλεύς δ' ἐτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευσεν  
 δέμνι' ὑπ' αἰθούσῃ θέμεναι καὶ ῥήγεα καλὰ  
 πορφύρε' ἐμβαλέειν, στορέσαι τ' ἐφύεπρθε τάπητας,  
 χλαίνας τ' ἐνθέμεναι οὔλας καθύπερθεν ἔσασθαι.  
 αἱ δ' ἴσαν ἐκ μεγάρου δάος μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαι,  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρα στόρεσαν δοιὼ λέχε' ἐγκονέουσαι.  
 τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“ Ἐκτὸς μὲν δὴ λέξο, γέρον φίλε, μή τις Ἀχαιῶν 650  
 ἐνθάδ' ἐπέλθῃσιν βουληφόρος, οἷτε μοι αἰεὶ  
 βουλὰς βουλεύουσι παρήμενοι, ἣ θέμις ἐστίν·  
 τῶν εἴ τις σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,  
 αὐτίκ' ἂν ἐξείποι Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν,  
 καὶ κεν ἀνάβλησις λύσιος νεκροῖο γένηται.  
 ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἶπε καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,  
 ποσσῆμαρ μέμονας κτερεῖζέμεν Ἑκτορα δῖον,  
 ὄφρα τέως αὐτός τε μένω καὶ λαὸν ἐρύκω.”



Still on Achilles gazing Priam sate,  
Marvelling how large of limb, how great of might  
The hero was—the peer of Gods he seem'd :  
Nor less Achilles on the other gazed,  
Marvelling how sweet the face, how soft the voice :  
Till, when their eyes were sated with the sight,  
First of the twain, the god-like elder spake :

“ Bid them now strew my couch, thou child of Zeus ;  
So may we lay us down, and comfort take  
Of gentle slumber ; for not yet mine eyes  
Have closed beneath mine eyelids from the hour  
When he my son fell lifeless by thy hand.  
Still make I since mine everlasting moan,  
Still, grovelling in my courtyard's dust and mire,  
On these my myriad sorrows feed my heart.  
But now have I partaken of repast,  
And suffer'd glowing wine to pass my throat  
With thee ; nor had I tasted aught before.”

Straight to his word Achilles bade his men  
And handmaids set a couch within the porch,  
Thereon to throw fine purple rugs, and strew  
Sheeting above the rugs, and topmost lay  
Soft mantles wherewithal to clothe the king.  
Forth from the hall they hied them, torch in hand,  
And, working night and main, two couches strew'd.  
Achilles then with rallying<sup>1</sup> voice began :

“ Needs must thou lie without, mine aged Sire.  
Haply some other of Achaia's sons  
May enter asking counsel in this tent,  
As ever is their wont to ask of me ;  
And, should he see thee through the night's thick gloom,  
Perchance would straight pass on and bear the tale  
To Agamemnon, sovereign of the host ;  
So were the ransom of thy son delay'd.  
But speak and tell me freely without fear ;  
What length of days desires thy heart to keep  
The funeral-rite to noble Hector due ?  
So many days will I myself await,  
So many days will hold the nations back.”

<sup>1</sup> Cowper.

Τὸν δ' ἡμεῖβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·  
 “ εἰ μὲν δὴ μ' ἐθέλεις τελέσαι τάφον Ἑκτορι δῖῳ, 660  
 ὠδέε' κε μοι ῥέζων, Ἀχιλεῦ, κεχαρισμένα θείης.  
 οἷσθ' ἄρ' ὡς κατὰ ἄστρ' ἐέλμεθα, τηλόθι δ' ὕλῃ  
 ἄξιμεν ἔξ ὄρεος· μάλα δὲ Τρῶες δεδίασιν.  
 ἐννῆμαρ μὲν κ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάρρσι γοοοίμεν,  
 τῇ δεκάτῃ δέ κε θάπτοιμεν δαινυτό τε λαὸς,  
 ἐνδεκάτῃ δέ κε τύμβον ἐπ' αὐτῷ ποιήσαιμεν,  
 τῇ δὲ δυωδεκάτῃ πολεμίζομεν, εὔπερ ἀνάγκη.”

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·  
 “ ἔσται τοι καὶ ταῦτα, γέρον Πρίαμ', ὥς σὺ κελεύεις· 670  
 σχήσω γὰρ τόσσον πόλεμον χρόνον ὅσσον ἄνωγας.”

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρα γέροντος·  
 ἔλλαβε δεξιτερὴν, μή πως δείσει' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν προδόμῳ δόμου αὐτόθι κοιμήσαντο,  
 κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μῆδε' ἔχοντες·  
 αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς εὐδε μυχῷ κλισίης εὐπήκτου·  
 τῷ δὲ Βρισηὶς παρελέξατο καλλιπάρῃος.

Ἄλλοι μὲν ῥα θεοὶ τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἵπποκορυσται  
 εὐδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·  
 ἀλλ' οὐχ Ἑρμείαν ἐριούνιον ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν,  
 ὀρμαίνοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως Πρίαμον βασιλῆα 680  
 νηῶν ἐκπέμφσειε, λαθὼν ἱεροὺς πυλαωρούς.  
 στή δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καὶ μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

“ ὦ γέρον, οὗ νύ τι σοίγε μέλει κακὸν, οἷον ἔθ' εὔδεις  
 ἀνδράσιν ἐν δηίοισιν, ἐπεὶ σ' εἶασεν Ἀχιλλεύς.  
 καὶ νῦν μὲν φίλον υἱὸν ἐλύσαο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκας·  
 σείο δέ κε ζωοῦ καὶ τρὶς τόσα δοῖεν ἄποινα  
 παῖδες τοὶ μετόπισθε λελειμμένοι, αἱ κ' Ἀγαμέμνων  
 γνώη σ' Ἀτρείδης, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρον, κήρυκα δ' ἀνίστη.  
 τοῖσιν δ' Ἑρμείας ζεύξ' ἵππους ἡμιόονους τε, 690  
 ῥίμφα δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε κατὰ στρατὸν, οὐδέ τις ἔγνω.

And godlike aged Priam gave reply :  
 " If of a truth thou grant me to fulfil  
 The funeral-rite to noble Hector due,  
 No greater grace, Achilles, canst thou grant.  
 Thou know'st how we are leaguer'd in our walls,  
 And how the hill is far from whence to fetch  
 The fagots, and the people fear to fetch.  
 Suffer then that for nine days in our homes  
 We make our wail, but on the tenth we give  
 His burial, on the eleventh rear his caun ;  
 So on the twelfth to war, since war we must."  
 To whom the noble fleetfoot hero thus :  
 " Likewise these things shall, as thou biddest, be,  
 My father ; for so long the war shall cease."  
 Thus speaking, on the elder's right-hand wrist  
 He laid his finger, so to stay his fears.  
 And Priam and his herald in the court  
 Rested, with trouble at their hearts perplex'd,  
 While in the inner tent Achilles slept,  
 The fair Briseis lying by his side.

And all night long, by gentle Sleep subdued,  
 Slumber'd the Gods alike and warrior-men ;  
 But not the God of help—Sleep seized not him,  
 Hermes, but still he ponder'd how he best  
 Might 'scape the sentries watching by the gates,  
 And guide the king in safety from the fleet ;  
 At last took station o'er his head, and spake :  
 " Seemeth thy trouble light, old man, that thus  
 Thou sleepest all encompass'd by thy foes,  
 Here lingering, though Achilles lets thee pass ?  
 Heavy the price for Hector thou hast paid ;  
 But thrice as heavy ransom will thy sons  
 Have yet to pay for thee a captive here,  
 Were this thy presence known to Atreus' Son  
 Or known to other of Achaia's host."

Nor more. The elder all in fear awoke  
 The herald ; to whose aid the God quick yoked  
 The horses and the mules, and drave them forth  
 Right through the camp, nor any knew them pass.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἴξον εὐρῤῥεῖος ποταμοῖο,  
 [Ξάνθου δινήεντος, δν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεὺς,]  
 Ἑρμείας μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον,  
 ἥως δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,  
 οἱ δ' εἰς ἄστν ἔλων οἴμωγῇ τε στοναχῇ τε  
 ἵππους, ἡμίονοι δὲ νέκυν φέρων. οὐδέ τις ἄλλος  
 ἔγνω πρόσθ' ἀνδρῶν καλλιζώνων τε γυναικῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ἄρ' αὖ Κασσάνδρῃ, ἡκέλῃ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ,  
 Πέργαμον εἰσαναβάσα φίλον πατέρ' εἰσενόησεν,  
 ἑσταότ' ἐν δίφρῳ, κήρυκά τε ἀστνυβοώτῃν.  
 τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐφ' ἡμιόνων ἴδε κείμενον ἐν λεχέεσσιν.  
 κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα γέγωνέ τε πᾶν κατὰ ἄστν.

700

“Ὀψεσθῶ, Τρῶες καὶ Τρωάδες, Ἐκτορ' ἰόντες,  
 εἴποτε καὶ ζῶντι μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι  
 χαίρετ', ἐπεὶ μέγα χάσμα πόλει τ' ἦν παντὶ τῇ δῆμῳ.”

Ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδέ τις αὐτόθ' ἐνὶ πτόλει λίπετ' ἀνὴρ  
 οὐδὲ γυνή· πάντας γὰρ ἀάσχετον ἔκετο πένθος.  
 ἀγχοῦ δὲ ξύμβληντο πυλάων νεκρὸν ἄγοντι.  
 πρῶται τόνγ' ἄλοχός τε φίλη καὶ πότνια μήτηρ  
 τιλλέσθην, ἐπ' ἄμαξαν εἵτροχον αἵξασαι,  
 ἀπτόμεναι κεφαλῆς· κλαίων δ' ἀμφίσταθ' ὄμιλος,  
 καὶ νύ κε δὴ πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἐς ἡέλιον καταδύντα  
 Ἐκτορα δακρυχέοντες ὀδύροντο πρὸ πυλάων,  
 εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἐκ δίφροιο γέρων λαοῖσι μετηύδα·

710

“Εἴξατέ μοι οὐρεῦσι διελθέμεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 ἄσσεσθε κλαυθμοῖο, ἐπὴν ἀγάγωμι δόμονδε.”

Ὡς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ διέστησαν καὶ εἶξαν ἀπήνη.  
 οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ εἰσάγαγον κλυτὰ δώματα, τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα  
 τρητοῖς ἐν λεχέεσσι θέσαν, παρὰ δ' εἰσαν αἰδοῦς  
 θρήνων ἐξάρχους, οὔτε στονόεσαν αἰοιδὴν  
 οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐθρήνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.  
 τῇσιν δ' Ἀνδρομάχῃ λευκώλενος ἦρχε γόοιο,  
 Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο κάρη μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα·

720

“Ἄνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος ὦλεο, καὶ δέ με χήρην

But when they gain'd the ford of that brimm'd stream,  
Xanthus, own offspring of immortal Zeus,  
There Hermes to Olympus pass'd away.  
And Morn in saffron robes had risen on earth,  
And still the twain drave on with wail and woe  
Their steeds ; the mules still following bare the dead,  
Unseen of man's or well-girt woman's ken ;  
Till first Cassandra (mortal-born, yet fair  
As golden Aphrodite) clomb the tower  
Of Pergamus, and thence descried far-off  
Her father, standing upright on the car,  
With him the clear-voiced herald of the town,  
And Hector on the mule-drawn wain behind.  
She shriek'd, with cry that rang throughout the streets :

“ Men, women, children ! Oh, if e'er ye joy'd  
To meet him, coming safe from battle home  
(For joy he was to you and all the town),  
Forth to meet Hector ; forth to see him now ! ”

She said, and at the cry forthwith through Troy  
Nor man nor woman in the town was left.  
Insufferable longing fell on all.

They throng'd, and met the bringer of the dead  
Hard by the gates: first up the litter sprang  
His mother and his wife, and rent their hair  
Embracing, and the people wail'd around.

Yea, all that day, even to set of sun,  
Had they bode still beyond the gates, and wept  
In that their lamentation, but the King  
Address'd the people from the car, and said :

“ Now yield ye passage to the mules ; within  
Pass we ; and there content your hearts with wail.”

He spoke ; they, parting, gave the litter way.

Up to his far-famed halls they bore the dead,  
There laid him on a polish'd bier, and bade  
Their bards sit by him, leaders of a dirge,  
A sad low chaunt, and women joined their moan.  
To whom Andromache, 'twixt milk-white arms  
Clasping the head of Hector, led their wail :

“ Young from the earth, my husband, hast thou gone !

λείπεις ἐν μεγάροισι· παῖς δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὐτως,  
 δν τέκομεν σύ τ' ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι, οὐδέ μιν οἶω  
 ἥβημ' ἔξεσθαι· πρὶν γὰρ πόλις ἦδε κατ' ἄκρης  
 ἰπέρσεται· ἦ γὰρ ὄλωλας ἐπίσκοπος, ὅστε μιν αὐτὴν  
 ῥύσκει, ἔχεις δ' ἀλόχους κεδνὰς καὶ νήπια τέκνα· ~ 730 ~  
 αἰ δὴ τοι τάχα νηυσὶν ὀχῆσονται γλαφυρήσιν,  
 καὶ μὲν ἔγωγε μετὰ τῆσι· σὺ δ' αὖ, τέκος, ἣ ἔμοι αὐτῇ  
 ἔψαι, ἔνθα κεν ἔργα ἀεικέα ἐργάζοιο,  
 ἀθλεύων πρὸ ἄνακτος ἀμειλίχου· ἦ τις Ἀχαιῶν  
 ῥίψει χειρὸς ἑλὼν ἀπὸ πύργου, λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,  
 χωόμενος, ὃ δὴ πού ἀδελφεὸν ἔκτανεν Ἑκτωρ  
 ἢ πατέρ', ἥε καὶ υἱόν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν  
 Ἑκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν ὁδὰξ ἔλον ἄσπετον οὐδας.  
 οὐ γὰρ μείλιχος ἔσκε πατήρ τεός ἐν δαὶ λυγρῇ·  
 τῷ καὶ μιν λαοὶ μὲν ὀδύρονται κατὰ ἄστρ, 740  
 ἀρητὸν δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας,  
 Ἑκτορ· ἔμοι δὲ μάλιστα λελείφεται ἄλγεα λυγρά.  
 οὐ γάρ μοι θνήσκων λεχέων ἐκ χεῖρας ὄρεξας.  
 οὐδέ τί μοι εἶπες πυκινὸν ἔπος, οὐτέ κεν αἶει  
 μεμνήμην νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέματα δακρυχέουσα."

Ὡς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.  
 τῇσιν δ' αὖθ' Ἑκάβη ἀδινοῦ ἐξήρχε γόοιο·

"Ἑκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατε παίδων,  
 ἦ μὲν μοι ζῶός περ ἐὼν φίλος ἦσθα θεοῖσιν·  
 οἱ δ' ἄρα σεῦ κήδοντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιο περ αἴσῃ. 750  
 ἄλλους μὲν γὰρ παῖδας ἐμοὺς πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς  
 πέρνασχε, ὄντιν' ἔλεσκε, πέρην ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτιο,  
 ἐς Σάμον ἐς τ' Ἴμβρον καὶ Λῆμνον ἀμιχθαλόεσσαν·  
 σεῦ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξέλετο ψυχὴν ταναήκει χαλκῷ,  
 πολλὰ ῥυστάζεσκεν ἐοῦ περὶ σῆμ' ἐτάριοι,  
 Πατρόκλου, τὸν ἔπεφνες· ἀνέστησεν δέ μιν οὐδ' ὥς.  
 νῦν δέ μοι ἐρσήεις καὶ πρόσφατος ἐν μεγάροισιν

And left me widow'd in thy home, and this  
Thy child a helpless infant—how to grow  
To man's estate? For, ere that day arrive,  
This city shall be tumbled headlong down !  
For thou art slain, her guardian—thou, whose arm  
Saved her, and still was as a staff, whereon  
Her women and her infant children clung.  
Now in yon hollow galleys, spoil and prey,  
Shall these, and I amongst them, soon be borne ;  
And thou, mine only boy, 'twill be thy fate  
Or to be borne with me, and thenceforth slave  
To some stern master, at ignoble task ;  
Or shall some enemy whirl thee off the towers,  
Dash thee to horrible death before mine eyes,  
Venging a kinsman by thy father slain,  
A brother, or a father, or a son—  
For deep the grudge, and many an Argive erst  
Hath bit his mother-earth by Hector's spear ?  
No sweet encounter his in battle-fray,  
And for this cause the nations mourn through Troy !  
Accursed, accursed the anguish thou hast left,  
O Hector, to thy parents, but beyond  
Ev'n theirs, the wretchedness thou leav'st to me !  
Who dying couldst not stretch thy hand to mine,  
Nor speak me one kind word, to be for aye  
Remember'd in my weeping, nights and days !”

She ceased in tears; the women joined the dirge,  
Till Hecuba in turn led off their wail:

“Dearest of all the children I have borne !  
We knew that, living, thou wast dear to Gods,  
And they not less have honour'd thee in death.  
Of yore, if e'er Achilles captive took  
Son of this royal house, he sold him slave  
Across the barren seas, amongst the isles  
Samos or Imbros or the Lesbian cliffs ;  
But, when his sword had reft the life from thee,  
Many times round Patroclus, whom thou slew'st,  
He dragg'd thee, yet not thus undid thy fame.  
And now I have thee, to thy home restored  
As dewy-fresh, and taintless, as a babe

κείσαι, τῷ ἕκλος ὄντ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων  
οἷζ' ἀγανοῖς βελέεσσιν ἐποιοχόμενος κατέπεφνεν."

ᾠς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, γόον δ' ἄλλαστον ὄρινεν. 760  
τῇσι δ' ἔπειθ' Ἑλένη τριτάτη ἐξήρχε γόοιο·

"Ἐκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,  
ἣ μὲν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,  
ὅς μ' ἄγαγε Τροίηνδ'· ὥς πρὶν ὠφελλον ὀλέσθαι.  
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐεικοστὸν ἔτος ἐστὶν  
ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἔβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης·  
ἀλλ' οὐπω σέυ ἄκουσα κακὸν ἔπος οὐδ' ἀσύφηλον·  
ἀλλ' εἴ τίς με καὶ ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι  
δαέρων, ἣ γαλῶν, ἣ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,  
ἣ ἐκυρή—ἐκυρὸς δὲ πατήρ ὥς ἥπιος αἰεὶ— 770  
ἀλλὰ σὺ τόνγ' ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος κατ'έρκες,  
[σῇ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνῃ καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν.]  
τῷ σέ θ' ἅμα κλαίω καὶ ἔμ' ἄμμορον ἀχθυμένη κῆρ  
οὐ γὰρ τίς μοι ἔτ' ἄλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ  
ἥπιος οὐδὲ φίλος, πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν."

ᾠς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἐπὶ δ' ἔστενε δῆμος ἀπείρων.  
λαοῖσιν δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·

"Ἀξετε νῦν, Τρῶες, ξύλα ἄστυδε, μηδέ τι θυμῷ  
δείσῃτ' Ἀργείων πυκινὸν λόχον· ἣ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς  
πέμπων μ' ὧδ' ἐπέτελλε μελαινώων ἀπὸ νηῶν, 780  
μὴ πρὶν πημανέειν, πρὶν δωδεκάτῃ μόλῃ ἡώς."

ᾠς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ὑπ' ἀμάρτησιν βόας ἡμιόνους τε  
ζεύγνυσαν, αἶψα δ' ἔπειτα πρὸ ἄστεος ἡγερέθοντο.  
ἐννήμαρ μὲν τοίγε ἀγίνεον ἄσπετον ὕλην·  
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτῃ ἐφάνη φασσίμβροτος ἡώς,  
καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἐξέφερον θρασὺν Ἐκτορα δακρυχέοντες,  
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν, ἐν δ' ἔβαλον πῦρ.

Ἦμος δ' ἡριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,  
τῆμος ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κλυτοῦ Ἐκτορος ἔγρετο λαός.  
[αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἡγερθεν ὁμηγερέες τ' ἐγένοντο,]  
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἰθοπι οἶνφ 790  
πᾶσαν, ὀπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα



O'er whom the Godhead of the silver bow  
Hath pass'd with gentle darts, and, painless, slain."

She ceased in tears, and woke an endless moan,  
Till Helen spake, and led their wail, the third :

"Dearest of all my brethren unto me !

Ye know that godlike Paris is my spouse,  
Who brought me here. Would I had died before !

And now the twentieth year hath past and gone -

Since I came thence and left my native land ;

Yet never have I heard through all those years

One word of slight or scorning from thy lips.

Nay, if another of thy royal house

Pointed a taunt, a brother's wife perchance,

Thy brethren or thy mother—but thy sire

Was ever loving, as he were mine own—

Thou still wouldst chide it, and wouldst stay the blow

With thine own gentle heart and gentle words

Wherefore I weep thee and myself the while,

Weep for the very anguish of my soul,

For there is none left now throughout broad Troy,

Loving or kind to me—whom all abhor !"

She ceased in tears ; the vast crowd echo'd moan,

Whom then their aged monarch thus bespake :

"Trojans, now haste ye to fetch wood within ;

Nor ambush fear nor aught of Argive wile ;

For when Achilles sent me thence, he bade

They should not harm us, ere the twelfth day dawn."

They heard, and mules and oxen to their wains

Yoked, and without the gates were quickly throng'd.

Nine days they piled the pyre of wood immense ;

But, when the tenth shone forth in light to man,

Weeping they bare brave Hector forth, and laid

The body on the summit of the pyre,

And then cast fire therein.

The eleventh morn

With rosy fingers drew night's veil from heaven,

On all the people gathering round the pyre.

When they were gather'd into one vast throng,

'Then first they quench'd with glowing wine the pile

Where'er the fire yet linger'd ; next, with tears

ὅστέα λευκὰ λέγοντο κασίγνητοί θ' ἔταροί τε  
 μυρόμενοι, θαλερὸν δὲ κατεΐβετο δάκρυ παρειῶν.  
 καὶ τάγε χρυσεῖην ἐς λάρνακα θῆκαν ἐλόντες,  
 πορφυρέοις πέπλοισι καλύψαντες μαλακοῖσιν·  
 αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἐς κοίλην κάπετον θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθευ  
 πυκνοῖσιν λάεσσι κατἑστόρεσαν μεγάλοισιν·  
 ῥίμφα δὲ σῆμ' ἔχεαν, περὶ δὲ σκοποὶ εἴατο πάντῃ,  
 μὴ πρὶν ἐφορμηθεῖεν ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.  
 χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
 εὖ συναγειρόμενοι δαίνυντ' ἐρικυδέα δαῖτα  
 δώμασιν ἐν Πριάμοιο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος.

800

Ὡς οἷγ' ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἑκτορος ἵπποδάμοιο.

Dewing their cheeks, and lamentation loud,  
His brethren gather'd up his white-bleach'd bones.  
These they put in a golden coffin, pall'd  
With purple vestments soft. Anon, they dug  
The hollow grave, and let the coffin down,  
And choked it up with huge thick-wedgèd stones :  
Then heap'd a hasty mound of earth above,  
Their scouts still couch'd about, on either side,  
Lest haply foes assail them, ere the end.  
But, when the mound was heap'd, they hied them back,  
And all that night in full assembly sate  
Feasting on funeral-banquet in the halls  
Of Priam, crownèd King, and child of Zeus.

    This was the ministration of his kin  
Round the great tamer of horses Hector's tomb.



## NOTES TO VOL. II.

BOOK XIII. 13. — *For thence all Ida stands in view.*

THE hills of Samothrace are plainly visible from Troas across the island which intervenes. Dr. Kinglake has a well-known passage dilating on the delight of discovering upon the coast the correctness of the ancient poet, in what had, by the atlas and the map, appeared to be a physical impossibility. Mon. Perhaps, the hill referred to.

BOOK XIII. 115. — *To purge us (as brave hearts do use) from fear.*

ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θάσσον· ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἔσθλων.

In this passage I have taken the interpretation given by Bothe and others in preference to that of Heyne, who would make ἀκεώμεθα of the active instead of the middle voice, and refer it to Achilles, the sense then being: "But haste to heal him; noble minds are open to such healing." Mr. Grote must have had this rendering in his mind when he pointed out the inconsistency of such an address with the atonement offered in Book ix. The rendering given in the text does away with any such inconsistency, and avoids also a very abrupt transition in the speech itself.

BOOK XIV. 350. — *Whilst o'er them grew a golden cloud, and clung  
About them, slowly dropping sparkling dew.*

ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἔσσαντο  
καλὴν, χρυσεῖην, στιλπνὰ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἕρσαι.

It will be seen that I owe these two lines mainly to the imitation of this passage which will be found in Lord Tennyson's "Enone."

BOOK XV. 679. — *As when a master of the horseman's art.*

There is but one other passage in the Homeric poems where the practice of riding at all is alluded to, and there also it occurs as a simile. Odysseus bestrides a plank as a man does a riding-horse (ἀμφ' ἐνὶ δούρατι βαῖνε, κέληθ' ὡς ἵππον ἐλαύνων). This would seem to show that though this use of the animal in war had sprung up before the poet's own time, yet it was of too recent introduction to permit him to ascribe it to the heroic age of which he sang. The same, perhaps, was the case with the trumpet as a martial instrument; for the poet refers to it in precisely the same way.

BOOK XVI. 262.—*Whose living is a common pest to men.*

ζυγὸν δὲ κάρην πολέεσσι τιθεῖσιν I make the wasps the subjects of τιθεῖσιν, not the children. The Greek will admit either construction.

BOOK XVI. 856.—*Mourning the bloom and vigour that it left,  
The beauty of youth, and its own sad world.*

The imitation of this passage in 'Sohrab and Rustum' is worth notice to :—

'Regretting the warm mansion that it left  
And youth, and bloom, and this delusive world.

The Imitations which Mr. Matthew Arnold gave upon the translation of Homer are too well known to render it necessary for me to say more than that they contain those critical canons which I should most desire to be considered to have followed in my own attempt. But the poetic qualities shown in 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and in 'Balder Dead,' are so peculiarly Homeric—they are also so cultivated upon the Homeric model—that I will venture to add that, had the critic himself entered upon the task to which he pointed the way, his work would probably have left nothing further to be done in that direction. I regret, however, that the English hexameter should have received the benefit of his advocacy. The existence of his own blank verse alone would be to me a sufficient argument against the adoption of so forced an exotic.

BOOK XVIII. 241.—*So the sun sank, and all the host had rest.*

The extreme duration of this day has been fairly criticised. Morning begins at xi. 1; noon is described as having been reached at xi. 100; yet, still, the doings of the afternoon have filled seven intermediate books, the sun is now supposed to set before its natural time.

BOOK XVIII. 490.—*Fashion'd in gold, yet like to maids who live,  
In whom was speech, and wide discourse, and strength,  
And knowledge of all craft bestow'd by Heaven.*

The lines descriptive of the miraculous qualities given to these statues are confined by some commentators to the living women with whom they are compared. The miracle, it is argued, is not of the mythological type. Yet a sort of parallel may be found in line 376 of this book; and the story of the creation of Pandora presents another case exactly in point.

BOOK XVIII. 570.—*And sang the lay of Linos, slender-toned.*

This passage may be taken in several ways. That Linos was the name of a very early bard, whose birth and death were both ascribed to Apollo, we know from more than one source. And the word, as well as a variation of the word (αἰλινον), appears to have passed into the name of a song. A fragment of Hesiod speaks of the name as one—

ὅν δ' ἄνθρωποι βροτοὶ εἰσιν ᾠδοὶ καὶ κιθαριστοὶ  
πάντες μὲν θρηνοῦσιν ἐν εἰλαπνυαῖς τε χοροῖς τε.

## NOTES.

The Scholiasts seem unanimous in referring Homer's phrase to a secondary hero, and I have followed them in the text. But there is also a possibility, which might mean simply the string of a harp. And 'the string' then only be that 'the boy sang sweetly to the string,' or 'the string answered tenderly to his voice.'

BOOK XIX. 88.—*These cast a spirit of sin within*

ἀγριον ἄτην. The name of Ate has been taken by Shakspeare, both in *Julius Caesar* and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, as the Goddess of Hell; but this in no means represents the early conception. The Homeric meaning perhaps be best explained to an English ear by saying that if an early conception had desired to express the state of mind described by the sacred writer as the hardening of Pharaoh's heart from above, he would have said that Pharaoh was entangled in Ate, or that Ate had obtained possession of Pharaoh. The later proverb, '*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*,' is only another form of the same idea. Colonel Muir has remarked that out of the thirty-four times in which the term occurs in the *Iliad*, it is used in more than twenty-five with special reference to Agamemnon's conduct. The word 'sin,' or 'guilt,' which has been adopted in the text, must be taken, of course, with some qualifications, as at the deduction of all Christian associations. But I can find no nearer rendering for the name of the Power which (in the heathen conception) leads astray, cleaves to, and carries headlong into misfortune, god and man alike.

Where the word is no personification, it commonly represents the crime which formed the first step in the downward course to ruin; but still in most cases retaining the idea of a supernatural hold upon the man who committed it, the feeling of "a presence that is not to be put by": e.g. xxiv. 480:—

ὡς δ' ὅταν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ ὅς τ' ἐνὶ πατρὶ  
φῶτα κατακτείνῃς—κ.τ.λ.,

Il. III. Ζεὺς μ' ἄτη ἐνέδησε βαρείῃ; or vi. 356, Ἀλεξάνδρου ἔνεκ' ἄτης; or Odys. xxi. 295, where οἶνος Κένταυρον ἔασεν, and in many other places.

BOOK XX. 54.—*So God met God; but in the mortal crowd.*

A great difference of opinion has always existed regarding the merits of the six closing books of the *Iliad*; many critics having declared that they are unable to rise from their perusal without a painful sense of their inferiority to the earlier parts of the poem; whilst others have inquired why it is that no poems affect our feelings so strongly as these same books. The nature of the judgment which any reader will form for himself will depend, perhaps, upon the side of the narrative on which he is most inclined to dwell. So far as the human element of the story is concerned, it is difficult to detect any falling off. Indeed, the poetry appears to culminate as the climax of the argument is approached; the pathos becomes more intense as we proceed; the imagery more copious, and (if possible) more splendid. But, on the other hand, the gods now commence to play a much more active part than has been hitherto assigned to them; and perhaps on no occasion of their appearance will the reader rise without a sense of disappointment. Even where there is much grandeur in the conception of their action (as in xxi. 210-380), yet it is

seemingly of a fantastic, rather than of a real, order. And, more frequently, their interference will be found to be either immoral, or, at least, quite unworthy of any beings held up to our admiration or worship. In the passage in which this note is appended, their appearance has been heralded with a burst of poetry; but no fitting sequel follows. Their battle is deferred to l. 385; and, when it does occur, is full of details, most vividly rendered by the poet, but degrading to the subject. If, therefore, the effect is mainly by the greater prominence then given to the supernatural, they will strike the mind as inferior to each of what has preceded them. It is not a superiority which, when analysed, will be found to lie rather in the subject-matter than in the execution; whilst, in all other respects, I should venture to hold that it is a decrease, not a falling off, of power that is perceptible.

BOOK XXII. 70.—*Lap up my blood, and bask before my doors.*

I had originally translated this passage so as to conclude with a line, *Bask in my gates to unmolested rest*, and have altered it, not because any thought was thereby added which is not contained in the original, but because to draw out such a point in words is not the Homeric manner of exhibiting it, when external facts are sufficient by themselves to convey it. Homer desires to describe the utter friendlessness in which Priam would die, and he does this simply by mentioning that the very dogs that had mangled him would bask about in front of the palace (i.e. without anybody caring to drive them away). Such poetry, by mere collocation of incident, or by contrast of simple fact without any verbal antithesis at all, is especially common in Homer, and is one of the characteristics which render his manner so unlike to that of Pope. Take the lines 468-472 of this same book. The contrast between the bright hopes that attended the marriage of Andromache, with its miserable result, is given merely by the fall of the head-dress, which was one of her wedding gifts, at the moment when she sees her husband's fate. Or at xxi. 357 (though in that passage I have thought it better to draw out the meaning more explicitly), the force of a steam is, in the original, suggested only by the fact that brazen armour was carried down on its surface. The instantaneous perception of such correlations was perhaps easier to a Greek than to a modern ear. One more very beautiful instance may be mentioned out of many hundreds. The exaggerated estimate which a wife might form of her husband's prowess could not possibly be conveyed with more brevity or subtlety than when Andromache, in foreshadowing Hector's death, warns him that the Greeks may kill him *πάντες ἐφορμηθέντες*, all charging upon him together (i.e. at some vantage, vi. 410)—as though in fair fight he could never be outdone. The ancient poet draws no attention himself to these points; but if the eye be prepared to observe them, no book can be read without discovering some.

BOOK XXIV. 506.—I have preferred to retain in my text Heyne's construction of this line, as being most in accordance with the previous *κύε χεῖρας* of 478. It may, however, describe an attitude similar to that taken by Thetis when she supplicates Zeus. And if so, the rendering will be:

Stretching up my hand  
To touch the beard of him who slew my sons.



Books XXIII. XXIV.—The doubts regarding the position of these two books as part of the original Iliad have met, perhaps, more general approval than those urged against any other portion of the poem. Even Mr. Lloyd Jones considers that they are, most probably, additions by a later hand. The judgment of Paris; the nurture of Thetis by Here; the position of the island of the side of Zeus; the legend of Niobe; the appearance of Cassandra on the scene; the employment of Hermes as the messenger of Zeus, as in the Odyssey (whereas in the Iliad elsewhere that function is given to Iris); the circumstances leading to the rape of Helen; are all, it is asserted, so many points drawn from later traditions and now for the first time exhibited in the Iliad. A few, but not numerous, words and expressions are also adduced, as common to these books and to the Odyssey, but not to the remainder of the Iliad. The more subdued character of their colouring and tone is also said to be consentaneous with the general temper of the Odyssey rather than with the more-impetuous Iliad. The appearance of Odysseus and Diomed in Book xxiii. without their wounds, is a further argument not devoid of force, but which has been already touched upon in the Note to Book viii.

Yet there is hardly any book throughout the poem against which some similar objections could not be urged. Take the first book, for instance, against which scepticism has been comparatively silent. No subsequent mention appears either of the journey of the gods to Ethiopia, or of the delivery of Zeus from a conspiracy by the hands of Briareus at the counsel of Thetis, or of the fall of Hephæstus to Lemnos; and the last-named story is in contradiction with another account given in Book xviii. Many other books also will be found to contain *ἄπαξ λεγόμενα*, or some words or expressions not repeated elsewhere. All that is said, therefore, on this score, would be more fairly merged in the general question regarding the mode in which the whole poem, as we have it, was composed, than treated as specially applicable to the part which is the subject of the present Note.

The attention may be justly drawn, on the other side, to the very striking and artistic balance which exists between the first and last cantos of the poem as they now stand. They alone present a very rapid and numerous succession of events; they alone occupy a period of more than twenty days each; they alone are almost devoid of extraneous ornament in the way of simile. Such points are perhaps of natural occurrence, both at the opening and at the close of a long narrative; but they are of too systematic a character to be fortuitous. The coincidence has been dwelt upon especially, and in detail, by Colonel Mure.

It is true, I think, that a certain difference of tone is perceptible in these two books from that which has previously prevailed. But is not this abundantly accounted for by the change of subject? The lull of the storm is depicted in quieter colours than those in which its ravages were represented. Such doubts have perhaps met with more ready favour, because they fall in with a view which has been held by more critics than an ordinary reader would have expected to find entertaining it. The epic, it is argued, should have closed with the death of Hector; and all that follows upon that event is so much superfluous matter, not likely to have entered into the conception of the original master. There is a corresponding languor of action and deterioration of poetry also. The latter point is perhaps only a matter of feeling; but I know of hardly any poetry to be paralleled with that contained in the vision of

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Patroclus, in the chariot race in the interview of Priam with Achilles, or in the laments over the body of Hector. And I cannot but hold the former part of the criticism to be equally unsound. It is more legitimate art, it is certainly more in accordance with all that we gather of Greek taste, to conclude the epic of the wrath of Achilles by the representation of the manner in which it was appeased rather than by that of its indulgence at its highest and most ungovernable pitch. The nature of the hero's character has been entirely overturned by his grief for Hector. It is by his fury against the cause of his loss. The horrors which attend the funeral of his friend form the only way in which that nature is restored; the surrender of the body of Hector completes the restoration. Unless the national hero was to be left mutilated of his qualities that portion of the poem which portrays his rage seems hardly necessary, that which has portrayed his temporary madness. I have elsewhere urged that, if the unity of this character throughout be taken in conjunction with the grandeur and force of its delineation, the conclusion is almost forced upon us that there is no part of it which has not proceeded from the same master hand.

It may be admitted, indeed, that the songs which the poet pressed into his own service must have been both numerous and comprehensive. It may be admitted also that the skill or care with which he has incorporated the contingents thus drawn to his help from all quarters of his wanderings, has been of varying success. And yet it will remain good that the relation in which he stood to his materials was that of Shakspeare to the historical chronicles, of Goethe to the mediæval story of Faust, of Tennyson, in our own day, to the Arthurian legends, not that of a compiler to a compilation. And it is to the man (at whatever date he may have thriven) who so gathered into a single river the ballads floating throughout his country; who fused their various dialects and measures into his own liquid speech; who by a natural and unique grandeur transfigured all he touched; and who by the breath of his genius animated or re-created their several family heroes into everlasting types of character; that I would ascribe the personality implied in the name of Homer.



